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HYMNS

AND



SACRED LYRICS.

IN THREE PARTS.



BY JOSEPH COTTLE.

"THE SOLACE OF MY RIPER YEARS."

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL, STRAND.

1828.



BUTCHERED LYRICS.



P. ROSE, PRINTER, BROADMEAD, BRISTOL.

PREFACE.

A FEW copies of the present work were circulated, in the first instance, with the assumed name of “*Constantius* ;” but, in compliance with the recommendation of several friends, the remaining copies will bear my own name.

Some of the following pieces are, perhaps, not unsuitable to *congregational singing*, although a large proportion of them decidedly belong to the class of *Sacred Poems*: an important distinction, not always preserved. This observation is confirmed by several “*Collections of Hymns*,” where many of the materials are not sufficiently *individual*, and do not enough express the *language of the heart*, in the forms of *adoration, thanksgiving, supplication, and praise*. These deficiencies, it is to be feared, obstruct, in no unimportant degree, the beneficial effects of *singing*; that which ought, and often is, and might always be made the sublimest part of public worship; nor is

the presence of that languor, which occasionally manifests itself, in the exercise of psalmody, through a whole assembly, ascribable, frequently, to any other cause than some quality in the *hymn*. When the *right key* is touched, and a suitable spirit *can* be excited, it will generally be *observed* that the most inanimate congregations discover a sympathy which pervades all hearts, and an unison of feeling which at once operates on all voices. This is often strikingly exemplified with the *best* of the Hymns of Dr. Watts : that Prince of sacred poets!

Those who possess experience on *any* subject are entitled to some weight in the expression of their sentiments, and the result of thirty years' reflection justifies me in observing, that *singing* is the branch of divine worship, both in and out of the Establishment, which most requires substantial reformation. Very numerous hymns, (in combination with many, it is most cheerfully confessed, of an opposite description) are too inferior, as compositions, to be perused, and consequently to be sung, by men of cultivated taste, without painful regrets. Sometimes the accuracy of the sentiment partially atones for the homeliness of the phrase ; but with such ample materials, from which to choose, why are these defective productions so often obtruded on congregations ? on those who have, not unfrequently, a

relish for something better ; and whose good sense suggests to them, that, in order to praise their Maker, it is not necessary to adopt unworthy language, nor in any degree to abandon their pre-dilection for the refined and the elevated.

It might almost be supposed that pieces, in the lowest scale of excellence, were regarded, by some, as dignified enough for the *Sanctuary* : and in spite of all that may be said to the contrary, many good men, both north and south of the *Tweed*, will persist in affirming that the *sentiment* is every thing, and the *language* nothing. The hymns particularly referred to, so full of perverted fancy, and incongruous expression, would give little pleasure in the closet, but, when forced on an assembly, they necessarily offend every reflective mind.

It cannot be forgotten, that, spirits impressed with the solemn realities of religion, and stretching their views into eternity, deeply feel, when they meet in the temple of their GOD to sing with the understanding, that it *is*, exclusively, (in the least ostentatious array of words) to adore His greatness ; to supplicate His blessing ; to pour forth their gratitude ; to confess their unworthiness ; to exalt their views to heaven ; or to join in ascriptions of praise to their Divine Redeemer.

Some public instructors entertain the idea that each hymn they select for singing, should have *a bearing* on the subject of *their discourse*. This gives them much trouble in referring to indexes; and they often reject that which would be more generally edifying, for the sake of obtaining some imaginary advantage from stanzas, containing a reference to the leading parts of their *sermons*. This custom, (*unfortunate as a prevailing rule*) has, no doubt, prompted many, otherwise judicious Editors, to introduce into their *Collections*, pieces which they *could not approve*, and whose only recommendation was, the capacity which such pieces afforded them to extend the *range of their subjects*. It is not every minister who is sufficiently impressed with his responsibility, in requiring his hearers to sing *nothing* which does not tend to excite the *Spirit of Devotion*. An adherence to this simple guide would sweep away a large portion of most of the Collections extant,* but, it should be remembered, such hymns are not thereby *degraded*; they are only transferred to a different class, to which they essentially belong. As *poems*, either good or bad, they remain the same. There is

* The sentiments here advanced are of many years' standing. Some more recent *Collections*, (with which the Writer is but imperfectly acquainted,) may be more exempt from the defects which apply to their predecessors.

an incalculable *waste of moral power*, in the singing of feeble, and incompetent hymns.

This is a subject, on which, if the inclination were indulged, much more would be said, but the preceding observations are meant to be mere passing hints, wholly of a *general nature*; and my remarks are, perhaps, entitled to the more consideration, as I have excluded so many of *my own hymns*, on account of their *unsuitableness for public singing*.

I wish in this place, to bear my testimony against a practice that has been carried to great extent, and from which every writer of *Hymns* has cause to anticipate unpleasant consequences: I mean the liberty which most Editors of “*Collections of Hymns*” take, of adding to, or altering, *the productions of others!* Many of these are men of talent, and undoubted worth, but on questions of *poetry*, talent is not always associated with *judgment*, nor *taste* with piety. An *Addison*, and a *Cowper*, might have been elevated into the *critic's chair*, and their emendations have come with authority, but, it may be said, without meaning to be invidious, few *Editors* are entitled to the same unqualified deference. The evil must have been considerable, when some of our best hymns are rendered, by these successive alter-

ations, *uncertain* as to much of their *legitimate* language.

If such Editors possess the capability, let them compose hymns of *their own*, and when they have matured and polished their pieces, with laborious care, in their best frames, and under the influence of their most hallowed desires, they will then learn to be more tender in their *corrections*, and to participate in the feeling which dictates these, (it is hoped, not too severe) remarks. Every writer should bear *his own burdens*, and *only* his own; and, as a general position, it may be affirmed, that, *genuine defects* are preferable to *surreptitious improvements*. It is but common equity to require that when hymns *are* transplanted into these Collections, they should be presented exactly as they were left by their different authors; and those “*Collections*” are the *most* valuable where this fidelity is respected.

J. C.

(*The Purchasers of the first copies may be supplied, gratis, with this Preface, by applying at the Publisher's.*)

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The units express the number of Syllables in a line.

USUAL METRES.

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L. M.	8	8	8	8	1
C M.	8	6	8	6	53
S. M.	6	6	8	6	66

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ERRATA.

PAGE 428, L. 11, for *SEVEN* read *FIVE*.

— 437, — 27, for *HAND'S-BREATH* read *HAND'S-BREADTH*.

HYMNS AND SACRED LYRICS.

IN THREE PARTS.

HYMNS.

PART THE FIRST.

HYMN 1. L. M. (1800.)

Confidence in God, with intercession for Sinners.

TO thee, O Lord, the song we raise,
Our guard by night, our shield by day !
Our constant theme shall be *thy* praise,
Whom all the hosts of heaven obey.

Some honour not thy glorious name,
Whose minds are far estranged from thee ;
Whose hearts thy judgments cannot tame,
Who know not of their misery !

Before thy fearful storms descend,
Teach them how terrible to dare
That God, whose slightest thought might send
Their souls to blackness and despair.

But we will of thy goodness sing,
Thy thunders at a distance fly ;
Beneath the shadow of thy wing,
Contented, we will live or die.

2. L. M. *Crucifixion.*

TWAS not enough that Christ should bear
 Sorrows which never man opprest;
 That he, unlike the birds of air,
 Should have no home wherein to rest.

'Twas not enough that one, his friend,
 Should covenant for gold to sell ;
 That he, so oft, his nights should spend
 On mountains, 'mid th' assaults of hell !

That he, for man, alone, should tread
 The wine-press, ere to judgment brought !
 That *thorns* should wound his sacred head !
 By scoffing Gentiles set at nought !

'Twas not enough that while on *him*
 Angels attend, from night to morn,
 The Priest, the Scribe, the Sanhedrim
 Should heap their contumelious scorn !

The cup of suffering, wave on wave,
 He deigns to bear ! and drink entire !
 The Son of God, a world to save,
 Must on the cursed tree expire !

Then was the voice emphatic heard,
 Which strength to fainting earth could give,
 Mercy to judgment is preferr'd !
 The work is "*Finish'd!*" man shall live !

3. L. M. "*What shall a man give in exchange
 for his soul?*" Mat. xvi. 16.

THE soul ! exchange for aught the soul !
 Born to survive yon glorious sun !
 When age on age hath ceas'd to roll,
 Its endless being but begun !

What are the costliest gifts, thrice told,
 That men their choicest blessings call ;
 Thrones, sceptres, mines of gems and gold,
 The soul in worth exceeds them all !

Yet man, with an immortal mind,
Pursues through life his shadows vain ;
And, with mysterious folly, blind,
Barters his soul, and calls it gain !

[Pangs, keenest, to the lost, will spring
From memory of their earthly state ;
With moments ever on the wing,
Yet felt not, prized not, till too late !]

Lord ! teach us where our safety lies !
Let us the first of lessons learn !
All pilgrims here, may we be wise,
And make our souls our great concern !

4. L. M. *Our Father's Home.*

WHY should the men who trust in heaven,
Who view their sins in Christ forgiven ;
Who hope for an eternal crown,
Let sorrow press their spirits down ?

Though trials and afflictions rise,
While on our passage to the skies ;
It is the lot which all must bear,
It is th' appointed pilgrim's fare.

Far greater ills than we deplore,
The saints, our elder brethren, bore ;
They dropp'd the tear, and heaved the sigh,
But they have shouted, "Victory!"

They sing, with all th' angelic throng,
A new, and never-ending song ;
The spotless Lamb that once was slain,
Doth ever live, doth ever reign !

Whilst chain'd to this benighted sphere,
May we their heavenly anthems hear ;
And love, as through the world we roam,
To think upon our Father's Home.

5. L. M. "Abba Father." Mark xiv. 36.

AND will the Lord, in very deed,
For us, the friendless, intercede?
Will God on sinful man look down,
And change, for smiles, his awful frown?

May creatures, alien, and defiled,
To God, and heaven, be reconciled;
And, with the penitential eye,
Look up, and *Abba Father* cry?

What friend consoles us, "Dry your tears,"
What day's-man for our race appears;
Removes the veil our sins had spread,
And bids *us* live, who once were dead?

It is the Friend of Sinners, he
Who bled, and died on Calvary,
That all who on his name rely,
Henceforth might *Abba Father*, cry!

How shall we, *Thee*, O Lord! requite
For all thy favours infinite!
The words that can express such love,
Must be the language known above.

Immortal hopes our hearts revive,
Heaven is the prize for which we strive;
And all who reach that upper sky,
Shall nobler *Abba Fathers* cry!

6. L. M. "And Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with him." John xii. 12.

THE brightest days, since time began,
Were, when the Saviour dwelt with man;
How should our grateful hearts o'erflow,
That we his *words* and *actions* know!

His followers found communion sweet,
While sitting at their Master's feet;
And felt a foretaste of the joy
Reserv'd for heaven, with heaven's employ.

[On that blest spot what radiance blazed !
 Seraphic hosts, admiring, gazed !
 While *Evil*, with averted eye,
 Pass'd, in his native darkness, by.]

Their breasts were fill'd with holiest love,
 They heard of mansions fair above ;
 Of riches true, of pleasures pure,
 And of the crowns that will endure !

The listeners on his accents hung,
 'Till every heart for heaven was strung ;
 And each, impatient, mourn'd the chain
 That bound him to a world of pain.

If such delight and hallow'd cheer,
 To sit around his table *here* ;
 What transport in the soul will rise,
 To sit with him, in yonder skies !

7. L. M. “*Them that sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.*” 1 Thess. iv. 14.

THIE hireling, weary of his load,
 Longs to behold the evening sun ;
 And there remains a bless'd abode,
 To cheer *us*, when our race is run.

What privilege, to *see* the stream
 That bounds the worlds of faith and sight !
 To catch the first inspiring gleam
 Of heaven's unfolding visions bright !

To feel our tenement decline,
 Our fabric shake, without a sigh,
 Supported by a hope divine !—
 The hope of immortality !

At length, to pass the barrier dread,
 (The pang of parting scarce perceived,)
 And while survivors' tears are shed,
 To be, as sons, by Christ received !

To sleep in Jesus ! rapturous thought !

To close in peace our mortal days !
Safe to the heavenly Canaan brought,
To join the anthems angels raise !

To sleep in Jesus ! what delight !

Increasing still, and ever new !
To mingle with the saints in light,
And be as pure and happy too !

To fear no pain, to know no care,

No sin nor frailty to molest ;

And on each glorious object there,

To see *eternity* impress'd !

Haste, moments ! to unloose my chains !

Come, Jesus ! let me sleep in thee !

The happiest hour that time retains,

Is that which sets my spirit free !

8. L. M. “*To depart and to be with Christ is far better.*” Phil. i. 23.

TO dwell with Christ, when life is past ; —

May we indulge a thought so vast !

With such a hope our souls to cheer,

What should detain our spirits here !

The purest joys that earth can share

Will not with heavenly joys compare —

When, after life's laborious race,

We view our Saviour, face to face !

Then why should time such cords possess

To bind our souls to wretchedness ;

Why should we cling to earth and shrink,

With heaven before, from Jordan's brink ?

That conflict *once* we all must know,

Yet the dread waves shall not o'erflow ;

The Lord, his servants true, will guide

Safe over death's tempestuous tide.

And when the final pang is past,
 No cloud will more our scene o'ercast ;
 The wasting care, and heaving sigh
 Extend not to the upper sky !

What joy to serve our Maker here ! —
 To taste his love, his name to fear !
 But, in Elijah's flaming car —
 Oh ! to depart is better far !

9. L. M. “*Cut it down.*” Luke xiii. 7.

THREE is a *tree*, to death allied,
 Whose branches, never fruit display ;
 There is a *whirl-pool*, broad and wide,
 That bears the sons of men away !

Blessings to that eternal power,
 Whose counsels are a mighty deep ;
 Not *all* resist the sun and shower,
 And, like the barren fig-tree, sleep : —

Not *all* within the vortex glide,
 Who on the tide of life are found ;
 Some, prompted by an unseen guide,
 Escape the gulph where hosts are drown'd.

[These, sway'd by wisdom, fix their sight
 On forms of no precarious worth ;
 Taught to reject each mean delight,
 They dwell in heaven, while bound to earth.]

And shall we sleep, while others climb,
 And let our day of grace pass by ?
 Shall we pursue the things of time,
 And “ build ” on aught below the sky ?

Hastening to death's wide-open'd gate,
 Must *there* our splendid hopes expire ;
 And this probationary state
 Conduct to nothing, nobler, higher !

Oh ! may our fig-tree, Lord ! be found
 No longer barren, brown, and sear ;
 Lest, as a cumberer of the ground,
 The sentence, "Cut it down !" we hear.

10. L. M. "*Which things the Angels desire to look into.*" 1 Peter, i. 12.

REDEMPTION ! what a theme sublime !
 Heaven gazing on the things of time !
 The angels, stooping to behold —
 Jehovah's secret page unfold !

The lost and helpless to befriend,
 They see the Son of God descend ;
 And mercy, like a river, flow
 From realms on high, to man below.

Can names, in yonder world enroll'd,
 Spirits of light, who God behold,
 Suspend their anthems, to survey
Our progress to eternal day ?

For ransom'd man, the sacred love
 Pervades the shining hosts above !
 And softer, sweeter, louder, still,
 Their rapturous songs heaven's regions fill.

Shall mortals, in the midst, be found,
 Unmoved, with wonder reigning round !
 And while, astonish'd, angels gaze,
 Feel no delight, and no amaze !

Let others risk their souls, and deem
 Salvation but an idle dream ;
 Persist in sin, *his* anger dare,
 Whose smile is life, whose frown, despair !

But mine shall be a different choice,
 In God, the Lord, will I rejoice ;
 And make *his* favour, full and free,
 My portion for eternity !

11. L. M. “*When I have a convenient season
I will call for thee.*” Acts, xiv. 25.

DELUED mortals talk and dream
Of seasons which may never come ;
Time is an onward-rolling stream
That bears us to our narrow home.

The morning opens fair and bright,
And death disturbs the *distant day* ;
But ere the first dark cloud of night,
Our spirits may be call’d away.

Question, supreme of import ! where ?
Shall we ascend on wings of fire ?
Or, hurried downward to despair,
Must every hope with life expire ?

We cannot call our own, a year,
A month, a winter’s day, an hour :
Warnings on every hand appear,
That man is fading as the flower !

With time so fleeting, shall we live
Unmindful where our souls may dwell,
And, heedless of the future, give
No thought to heaven ! no thought to hell ?

[Behold celestial joys depart,
Unshielded by Jehovah’s arm ;
And, with the hard and icy heart,
‘Feel no regrets, and no alarm !’]

Father ! who hear’st thy children’s cry,
We now, ourselves, before thee cast ;
May we to Christ for refuge fly,
And in that hope expire at last !

12. L. M. *The Fear of God.*

SHALL mortals, creatures of a day,
Themselves against their God array ;
Attempt, like Cain, from him to fly,
Resist his laws, his power defy ?

He form'd the moon ! He bade the sun
 Through heaven his course perpetual run !
 He made the countless stars of night !
 He reigns, the One Great Infinite !

In him we live, in him we breathe,
 From him we all things good receive ;
 To him, through one eternal day,
 Angels their adorations pay !

And shall we trifle with *his* name,
 Who ever was, and is, the same ;
 Before whose look, though full of grace,
 The seraph, trembling, veils his face ?

May we, with other knowlege, still
 Prefer to know our Maker's will ;
 And fear that God, whose awful "train,"
 The heaven of heavens can not contain.

13. L. M. "*God is a Consuming Fire.*"

Heb. xii. 29.

OUR God, omnipotent as pure,
 Before whose face the heavens retire ;
 Who was, and is, and shall endure,
 Our God is a consuming fire !

On danger, some their eyes may cast,
 Proud of the hero's boasted name ;
 But who shall meet the fervid blast
 That wraps expiring worlds in flame !

What child of dust, what feeble worm,
 Shall stand before Jehovah's might ;
 Whose word can suns and systems form,
 Or send them back again to night !

Yet mortals, hastening to the grave,
 Unmindful of a portion higher ;
 Can madly *His* displeasure brave,
 Whose wrath is a consuming fire !

One haven, mid the storm, we trace,
One refuge, sure, from fire and flood,
A shelter, and a hiding-place,
All centred in a Saviour's blood.

14. L. M. "*I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day.*" Rev. i. 10.

ONCE more, O Lord! my voice I raise,
To thee, the King whom angels praise:
From earthly cares my spirit free,
And fix my thoughts on heaven and thee.

Before my taper cease to burn,
May I, Great God! to thee return!
On this, thine own peculiar day,
My incense, and my homage pay.

Teach me to leave the world below,
And up the mount, to worship, go;
Grant me thy Spirit to restrain
My heart, deceitful, wandering, vain.

The scenes, that now attract my eye,
Will soon, like passing shadows, fly;
For I am on a troubled sea,
Fast sailing to eternity.

Too much of life's short day is past!
Too long has folly bound me fast!
May I, for heaven, set out anew,
And hence eternal things pursue.

O, let me find the pure delight
Of faith advancing fast to sight;
And in my heart the fore-taste feel—
Of joys, which death will soon reveal.

This day, may I, rejoicing, hear
Glad tidings of salvation near,
And feel my soul to Jesus brought,
Which fain would love him as it ought.

Hear me, thou Friend of Sinners, hear !
 Thou wilt not spurn the suppliant's tear ;
 Nor give "a stone," to hands outspread,
 Whene'er thy children ask for bread.

15. L. M. *"We shall reap if we faint not."*

Gal. vi. 9.

SORROWS and cares, the lot of man,
 Will follow us, as years increase ;
 But life, at longest, is a span —
 A pilgrimage that soon will cease.

Time's shadowy visions fast retire ;
 By silent steps to death we tend ;
 May we *the more* to heaven aspire,
 As we approach our journey's end.

Shall we, ensnared by finite things,
 Forget our goal, relax our might ?
 Should soldiers of the King of Kings
 Faint, with the heavenly prize in sight ?

Here oft must faith, while others sleep,
 In midnight watch, thro' darkness roam ;
 But if we faint not, we shall reap,
 And shout, at length, our harvest-home.

Earth have we found a barren waste,
 And wearily our footsteps trod ;
 But we to happier regions haste,
 The fount, and paradise of God.

While on such prospects bright we gaze,
 May we in things unseen delight ;
 And spend our few and fleeting days,
 With God and glory full in sight.

16. L. M. *The Christian's Warfare.*

WHILE marching on to Canaan's land,
 A thousand foes around us stand ;
 But we will still, with cheerful face,
 Press forward in our heavenly race.

The day of trial now we find,
 The day of triumph waits behind ;
 And, near th' appointed hour may be
 Which sets our souls, from conflict, free.

Though tempests now our bark endure,
 Our wind is fair, our course is sure ;
 While sailing o'er life's stormy tide,
 The Star of Faith shall be our guide.

Our confidence is fix'd on *one*,
 The hope of earth, Jehovah's Son ;
 And, ever will we *him* confess,
 Who is our strength, and righteousness.

With such a prospect, such a friend,
 Such hopes to cheer us to the end ;
 Let us, afresh, maintain the fight,
 And keep the glorious crown in sight.

17. L. M. "*Be of good cheer ; I have overcome the world.*" John xvi. 33.

WHILE we pursue our mortal race,
 Successive foes will vex us sore ;
 But we are hastening to the place,
 Where enemies assail no more.

Though man is feebleness and dust,
 We may on higher strength rely ;
 The captain, in whose arm we trust,
 Will safe conduct us to the sky.

There, in the realms of endless day,
 None shall bewail their cares and pains ;
 These, the companions of their clay,
 Are never found where Jesus reigns.

Our bodies vile, will there be dress'd,
 In robes of lustre, spotless, white ;
 And all, that once the heart oppress'd,
 Be banish'd from that world of light.

He who can hope to stand at last,
 And worship round Jehovah's throne ;
 When yet a few more years have past,
 To call those heavenly joys his own ;

 He, well, may all his woes confess,
 Unworthy of a passing tear,
 For that eternal blessedness,
 Which waits on his dismission here.

18.

L. M. *All-sufficiency of Christ.*

CHIRST, to the starving, bread is found,
 From slavery Christ redeems the bound ;
 On those who thirst, whate'er their woes,
 The living water he bestows.

Does sorrow cloud our mortal day ?
 By death, are kindred borne away ?
 Do adverse winds our course oppose ?
 Or friends, we trusted, change to foes ?

Christ is the antidote for pain,
 The soul, bereaved, his hands sustain ;
 The *riches true* remain to cheer,
 With the *best friend*, if Christ appear !

Does danger o'er our heads impend ?
 He can protecting angels send ;
 And all the ills that round us rise,
 Transform to blessings in disguise.

His arm defends the humblest saint,
 He clothes the naked, soothes the faint ;
 The sinner tells, opprest with fear,
 That his redemption draweth near.

With such supports on every side,
 With such a refuge, portion, guide ;
 While we our trust on Jesus cast,
 Let faith uphold us to the last.

19. L. M. "The good part." Luke x. 42.

THREE is a choice to mortals given,
This, to approve, or that, refuse ;
Some, turn to earth, some, grasp at heaven,
A world to gain ! a world to lose !

The countless generations past,
Who earth, like us, so earnest trod,
Will, in one class, be found at last,
The friends, or enemies of God !

They chose their portion, — to awake,
Where joy, or woe, all thought transcends,
And we must our election make,
On which eternity depends !

Time's boasted gifts will not endure,
Its pleasures vanish with the day ;
But there remains one choice secure,
One part, which none shall take away !

Th' Atoning Lamb, which once was slain,
Presents the only solid ground ;
And gives the hope that will sustain,
Amid dissolving nature round !

Teach us, Great Ruler of the skies !
To triumph o'er our subtle foes ;
That we may, through thy grace, be wise,
And choose the "part" which Mary chose !

20. L. M. "Arise, let us go hence." John xiv. 31.

ARISE, my soul ! and haste away,
Prepare to quit thy house of clay :
Bright seraphs, beckoning from above,
Call thee, thy Lord to see and love.

What should detain thee here below ?
What hidden charms have sin and woe ?
The varying cares, and many pains,
That, as its portion, flesh sustains ?

Arise, my soul ! the summons hear !
 Prepare for yonder glorious sphere !
 Stretch thy young wing for endless day,
 And shake the dust of earth away !

[Assume thine armour, bright and new,
 Thy vanquish'd foes again subdue ;
 Soon will thy arduous race be run,
 The strife be o'er ! the crown be won.]

Have not thy kindred, loved of yore,
 Pass'd an illustrious band before ?
 And now, to die, is but to go —
 To friends above, from friends below.

And, Oh ! to know as we are known,
 To bend around Jehovah's throne ;
 To view the Lamb that once was slain,
 And join in heaven's immortal strain !

These hopes surpass created worth !
 These break the ties that bind to earth !
 To dwell in heaven's effulgent day —
 Arise, my soul ! and haste away !

21. L. M. “*Be ye kind one to another.*”
Eph. iv. 32.

KINDNESS from God, its fountain, came,
 To kindness rich returns are given ;
 Kindness, on earth, the fierce can tame,
 And kindness is the law of heaven.

How lovely is the spirit kind,
 The spirit which our Lord display'd ;
 The pulse that beats for all mankind !
 The soul in *tenderness* arrayed !

Are we not brethren, hastening fast
 To the dark mansion of the tomb,
 Where rich and poor will meet at last,
 And there await their final doom ?

[Did we not all from dust proceed ?
 Does not one hope our solace form ?
 One gracious hand defend and feed ?
 One sun and shower refresh and warm ?]

Forgiveness all alike must plead,
 If we escape the world of woe ;
 The mercy we from God shall need,
 Shall not our hearts to others show ?

Let us, henceforth, *contention* shun,
Discord is of satanic birth !
 The soul that *loves* hath now begun
 The joys above, while here on earth !

God, for the sake of Christ, his Son,
 Forgives our sins, repairs our loss ;
 The Lord of life, the Holy One,
 Nail'd our transgressions to the cross.

Through him who died our souls to save,
 Do we indulge the hope of heaven ?
 Like him, who greater wrongs forgave,
 May we *forgive*, and be *forgiven* !

22.

L. M. *Repentance.*

H AVE mercy, Lord ! Be this our cry,
 Both while we live, and when we die ;
 In Christ, for pardon, we confide,
 Through whom thy wrath is turn'd aside.

Yet would we view, with sorrow drown'd,
 The road in which we once were found ;
 We would, in memory, ever keep,
 Our unregenerate days, and weep !

Thousands, (the foes confirm'd of God !)
 Now tread the paths which once we trod !
 What tore the covering from *our* eyes ?
 And taught *us* where our safety lies ?

What secret power, by means unknown,
Softn'd, at last, *our* hearts of stone?
What guide benign, in whisper sweet,
To Zion turn'd *our* wandering feet?

T'was thou, O Saviour! good, as great!
Who sought'st us in our low estate:
If we are found in wisdom's ways,
To grace alone be all the praise!

23.

L. M. *The Bible.*

LORD! for thy mercies, ever new,
We yield our spirits' incense true;
For all thy gifts so full and free,
The grateful heart we offer Thee.

But Oh! the richer blessing far,
Is the bright beam of Bethlehem's Star!
That hope of better things in store,
Through Christ, the ever *Open Door*!

How shall we half our joy express—
That *sorrow* is not *comfortless*!
That we *that sacred volume* own,
Where *truth* and *light* are found alone!

[That we possess it, not like those,
No *friends* to man, but *mortal foes*!
Who, in this state of toil and strife,
Can dare to hide the Bread of Life!]

Therein we man by nature see,
And what, through grace, he still may be;
But all must leave this world of care,
Before their spotless robe they wear.

There is the *secret grand* reveal'd,
So long in shadowy types conceal'd!
Now, through the blood that doth atone,
We make the joys of heaven our own.

Oh! may this book be our delight,
 Still more by day, and more by night;
 From this *one spring*, the balm of woe !
 A thousand streams, refreshing, flow.

When time advances to a close,
Regrets will break on our repose ;
 But *one* will not molest our bed,
 That we too much *thy word* have read !

24. L. M. “*And in the morning rising up a great while before it was day.*” Luke i. 35.

WHILE mortals slept, the Son of Man,
 Before the sun his race began,
 Retired to wilds, unseen, unknown,
 To pray, and meditate alone.

A work stupendous lay before !
 Our griefs he carried, sorrows bore ;
 Our cup he drank, at death, that we
 Th’ inspiring star of hope might see !

He mark’d the powers, beneath, unite
 With fierce assaults, his soul to fright,
 And had no refuge but in him,
 Worshipp’d by saint, and seraphim.

Divine Redeemer ! shall we see ---
 Thy conflicts, and thine agony ;
 Thy sleepless zeal, thy fervent cries,
 And slumber, heedless of *our* prize ?

We have a mighty work to do !
 With numerous foes to vex *us*, too !
 We have, beyond this world of pain,
 A hell to flee ! a heaven to gain !

May we, like Christ, ere morn unfold,
 With God, profound communion hold ;
 And earnest seek his strength and grace,
 To run, and win our heavenly race !

25. L. M. “*Rejoice in the Lord always.*”
Phil. iv. 4.

WHEN prosperous suns around us shine,
And life presents one tranquil sea ;
Our hearts on beds of down recline,
And, to *rejoice*, will *easy* be.

But, when the waves of trouble roll,
When pleasures, long possess’d, recede ;
When waters, deep, o’erwhelm the soul,
Then to rejoice is hard indeed.

The faith reduced to wintry state,
Is not the faith with eagles’ wings ;
Faith must rejoice, and patient wait,
Till light, from seeming darkness, springs.

The Lord, whom we have made our choice,
Excels in goodness, wisdom, power ;
And those who serve him must rejoice,
Alike, in bright, or adverse hour.

Till we behold Thee, face to face,
And all thy ways, unclouded, see :
Father of Mercies ! God of Grace !
May we *rejoice* alone in *Thee* !

26. L. M. *Consolations under Bereavement.*

REIGN'D and calm, how hard to view
Death bear away the friends we prize ;
But we their spirits must pursue,
Triumphant, to the upper skies !

If they by wisdom’s voice were led,
If the true faith to them was given,
We contemplate their dying bed,
As the last stage from earth to heaven.

What grand disclosures they have made !
They pity those who mourn for them,
In the Archangel’s robe array’d,
And with the conqueror’s diadem !

Since we no more on earth must meet,
The fruit of our Redeemer's love !
Let us indulge assurance sweet,
Of meeting in the world above.

27. L. M. “*Bring no more vain oblations.*”

Isaiah i. 13.

GOD hears not when the wicked sing ;
No more the vain oblation bring !
Confess your sins, transgression mourn !
From Satan flee ! to God return !

Jehovah speaks ! “ You deal in war,
“ Your solemn meetings I abhor !
“ Your hands the stains of slaughter bear,
“ And how should such my praise declare !
“ My name you neither own nor fear,
“ Your heartless prayers I will not hear !
“ The sons of violence I hate,
“ Nor shall they enter Zion’s gate !

[Should sinners, this dread threat o’ertake,
Should they in worlds of woe awake ;
That endless state, beyond the grave,
Cast out from God, with none to save !

Will thoughts the *present* pangs allay,
Of honours, pleasures, pass’d away ;
Of wealth, for which their *souls they sold* ?
Excluded from the Saviour’s Fold !]

Turn, sinner ! turn ! behold your ways,
The Lord’s long-suffering, own and praise ;
Confess, and mourn your follies past,
And all your hope on Jesus cast !

Make mention of that sacrifice,
In which, alone, your safety lies !
On Christ depend ! your sins forsake !
And trust him for his mercy’s sake !

28. L. M. *Withdrawment from the world.*

DELUSIVE dreams ! your power withhold !
Freed and upborne on Seraph's wings,
We now must higher converse hold,
And commune with the King of Kings.

Too much of life's short day is past,
Unmindful of our heavenly prize ;
Too long our eyes we downward cast,
And gaze not at the upper skies.

From God, at first, our spirits came,
And, strangers here, they upward tend !—
A portion of ethereal flame,
That must to God again ascend !

May we esteem the world but dross,
Pursued too long, and loved too well,
And fly for refuge to the *Cross*,
Where all our hopes of mercy dwell.

29. L. M. *Sabbath Morn.*

VAIN thoughts, away ! that haunt our mind,
A secret voice, distinct, we hear ;
It whispers, “ Cast the world behind,
For now the sabbath draweth near.”

This is the day, by mercy sent,
To lift our grovelling thoughts from earth ;
To mourn our hours, in folly spent,
And ponder on our lofty birth.

This period, (hastening fast away,)
The God of Love has kindly given ;
This little pause, the Sabbath-Day,
To muse on death, — prepare for heaven.

O, may we hail this calm retreat,
Where earthly cares must pass us by ;
And taste the saints' communion sweet,
And plume our pinions for the sky.

[Fair visions open on our sight,—
The home, the region of the bless'd ;
Scenes of unfading love and light,—
The sabbath of eternal rest.]

The road is plain, the way is clear,
Faith is the door which open lies ;
And all who seek to enter there,
Must own the One Great Sacrifice.

30. L. M. "Watch." Mark xiii. 37.

WATCH ! for we cannot tell the *day*
Which may command our souls away !
When we must pass to worlds unknown,
And stand before the judgment throne !

Watch ! for we cannot tell the *hour* !
When frosts may nip the fairest flower !
A few more suns, and low, and high,
In undistinguish'd dust will lie !

Since we are bound on journey far,
And all things here uncertain are,
Lord ! may we raise our thoughts to thee,
And still the *watchful* servants be !

Enable us to watch in prayer !
To watch in joy ! to watch in care !
To watch our thoughts, uncheck'd, that send —
Their line to earth's remotest end !

To watch in great things, and in less !
In meats, and drinks, against excess !
Remembering earth's enchanted ground,
And foes on every hand are found.

Teach us to watch our hopes and fears !
To watch our eyes ! to watch our ears !
To watch our hearts, deceitful still,
That we may press to Zion's Hill.

Lord ! thy assistance we implore !
 Teach us to love, and serve thee more !
 Draw us to Christ, the living way !
 And give us grace to *watch* and *pray* !

31. L. M. “*Pray !*” Mark xiv. 38.

PRAYER is the Saviour’s great command,
 With perils round, by prayer we stand ;
 Prayer strengthens us in every grace,
 And arms, and aids us in our race.

If sorrows press, the voice of prayer
 Attempers grief, and softens care ;
 If hope should flag, with impulse true,
 Prayer quickens us to mount anew.

Temptation, fervent prayer disarms,
 Prayer cheers the faint, the languid warms ;
 Prayer can a thousand gifts impart,
 And raise, half-way to heaven, the heart.

A peace, that well the soul repays,
 Th’ effectual prayer of faith conveys ;
 On prayer’s strong wing, we mount, sublime,
 Above the bounds of earth and time.

Through prayer, the spirit in us dwells,
 It anguish soothes, and passion quells :
 The sounds that *joy* in heaven can raise,
 Are earth’s sweet notes of prayer and praise !

A praying spirit, Lord ! bestow !
 May we, like Christ, our pattern, grow,
 Who on bleak hills, with darkness round,
 In supplication oft was found.

Prayer th’ abundant harvest reaps !
 At distance, prayer, the tempter keeps !
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Who lives the *nearest*, prays the *most* !

32. L. M. "Not alone." PART 1. John xvi. 32.

O LORD ! we magnify thy name !
From thee our countless mercies came !

We would, with hearts o'erflowing, raise
To thee perpetual songs of praise !

When in the hour perplexing thrown,
We thank thee, we are not alone ;
That thou, unseen, art by our side,
Thy servants to support and guide.

In crowded street, in lonely walk,
Our spirits with *a friend* may talk,
And send their aspirations, free,
Unheard by man, O Lord ! to *thee*.

We thank thee, from the bed of pain,
None ever call'd on thee in vain ;
That thou, though Monarch of the skies,
Dost not the humblest prayer despise.

Let the remembrance,—*thou art near*,
Impress us all with solemn fear ;
And may we, Lord ! rejoicing, own
That we are ever, *not alone* !

33. L. M. "Not alone." PART 2.

THE sigh, unheard by those around,
Conveys to heaven a grateful sound ;
The softest breath of prayer, to thee,
Is sweet as seraphs' harmony !

If other fountains all are dry,
Thou yieldest still, the full supply ;
If other loves should pass away,
Thy love admits not of decay.

Where two or three, with willing feet,
Approach, in faith, the mercy seat,
The Saviour, unobserved, is there,
To warm the heart, and answer prayer.

Dread state ! and *are we not alone !*
 Are all our thoughts, and actions, known
 To *him*, whose piercing eye pervades
 The loneliest haunts, the deepest shades !

May that discerning Spirit view,
 In us, the contrite heart, and true !
 And, on us, smiles approving cast,
 Before he smiles in heaven, at last !

34. L. M. “*The dead shall be raised.*”

1. Cor. xv. 52.

ALL nations from their graves shall wake,
 To meet the Lord in yonder skies !
 Th’ Arch-Angel’s trump the heavens shall shake,
 And at its voice the dead shall rise !

Ascending from the heaving ground,
 The various tribes of earth appear ;
 Conflicting passions reign around,
 Of sacred joy, or shuddering fear !

Some, hail the Saviour, whom they prized,
 His perfect image now to bear,
 And fly, (their hopes all realized,)
 To meet their sovereign in the air :

But, Oh ! the horrors of that blast
 Which calls the wicked from the tomb !
 Fain would they sleep, and sleep their last,
 But they *must* rise to meet their doom !

[Where now are seen the scoff and jeer,
 The confidence which naught might fright ;
 Portentous darkness drawing near,
 And heaven receding from their sight !

Jehovah’s threats they dared despise,
 They turn’d from mercy with disdain ;
 And now, the worm that never dies,
 Reveals their folly in their pain !]

Is there no refuge still behind ;
No path, reserved, to joy and day ?
Christ, once our foe, — bliss, once resign'd,
And hope's dim taper dies away.

May we with wisdom dwell, nor rest
Till we have made our God our friend ;
Then, mingling with the spirits bless'd,
Heaven will be ours, when time shall end.

35. L. M. *Our Eternal Home.*

THE earth we tread is hostile ground,
Affliction's billows lash our shore ;
But we to happier worlds are bound,
Where *evil* will distress no more.

Their heads, our elder brethren hung,
Familiar with the tear and sigh,
Yet they have now deliverance sung,
And waved the palm of victory.

Through chilling night, and burning noon,
Like them, as pilgrims, we must roam ;
But, brief the conflict ! we shall soon
Ascend to our eternal home.

36. L. M. *Anticipation.*

AROUND us imperfection reigns ;
The curse is stamp'd on all below ;
Yet, *one* bright hope our heart sustains,
The sovereign antidote of woe.

'Tis good, when press'd with earthly care,
To view that rest, without alloy ;
To ponder on those regions fair,
Where all is permanence, and joy.

Far from the stormy scenes of time,
Where clouds no more the sky o'ercast,
Christians, of every age and clime,
Have found a shelter from the blast.

O, may we reach those realms above,
 Where countless hosts their God adore ;
 Where we shall Christ, who bought us, love,
 Nor mourn our cold affections more.

To dwell with *Excellence* below,
 Sheds ever, round, a heavenly beam ;
 But, where the living waters flow,
 Where Jesus reigns, is bliss supreme !

37.

L. M. *Grace.*

O LORD ! to whom all hearts are known,
 The good we seek is grace alone !
 For all things else we want below,
 Grace can a recompense bestow.

Whene'er temptation we may feel
 Rush on, or, like a felon, steal,
 Give us thy grace to set us free,
 For all our help must come from Thee.

Grace, to esteem no trespass small,
 Grace, to restore us when we fall ;
 And, since such foes are lodg'd within,
 Grace, to preserve from every sin.

O, give us grace to let our light,
 On all around, shine clear and bright ;
 Grace, to be meek, if foes revile,
 And grace, if friends, and all things smile.

Thy equal grace upon us shower,
 In prosperous, or in adverse hour ;
 When joys abound, or cares prevail,
 Let not thy grace, constraining, fail.

Give us thy grace, for grace to pray,
 To be the children of the day ;
 Grace, in thy fear, our time to spend,
 And grace, to serve thee to the end.

Grace, on thy guidance to rely,
 Grace, to support when health shall fly ;
 The grace of faith, as death draws near,
 When all, but Christ, will dross appear.

38. L. M. *The Ravages of Death.*

THE firmest spirit, *Death* appals !
 When once empower'd, he seals our doom !
 There is no parley when he calls,
 There is no refuge from the tomb !

Now the *mild infant* takes its flight,
 Impatient of a world of woe !
 Now *youth* retires from mortal sight,
 Just as the flower begins to blow !

Now *manhood*, filled with many a dream,
 (Seized sudden by the raging blast,)
 Is borne, impetuous, down the stream,
 And lost in generations past !

And now the hoary head declines,
 (The longest life, — one stormy day !)
 Age, his worn frame to death resigns,
 And mingles with his kindred clay !

But, Oh ! the after life ! — that state
 Which must, like heaven, abiding be !
 Teach us, our Father ! ere too late,
 To live, — that we may live with Thee !

We must survive these lower skies,
 Oh ! may we lay, through life's brief span,
 Our hands on that Great Sacrifice, —
 The hope, — the only hope of man !

39. L. M. *The Spirit implored.*

THE God we serve is Lord alone,
 To him our inmost thoughts are known ;
 To offer him th' accepted prayer,
 His Spirit must our hearts prepare.

Lord ! in thy might our trust we place,
 Bestow thy Spirit ! grant thy grace !
 Let us by wisdom's voice be won,
 And fix our hopes on Christ, thy Son !

Sins, to the best, alas ! belong,
 Nature is weak, temptation strong :
 We feel, each day, and hour, the need,
 To smite our breasts, and pardon plead.

Subdue our known, and unknown foes,
 That still our progress would oppose ;
 Come with an energy divine,
 And let thy Spirit on us shine !

The warfare will not always last ;
 The day of triumph hastens fast ;
 To feel the Spirit's power increase,
 Is the sure pledge of perfect peace.

40.

L. M. *The Frailty of Man.*

LIKE waves, successive, on the shore,
 The tribes of earth appear and die ;
 The proudest soon are seen no more,
 Like clouds that throng'd the evening sky.

Where are the busy children found,
 The sons, and daughters, light and gay,
 Who once their souls to Satan bound,
 Till the *Flood* swept them all away ?

Behold the moving concourse now,
 Whom various passions fill and fire ;
 Each soon in death his head will bow,
 While others rise, but — to expire.

More solemn thought ! *we* all shall share
 The same inevitable doom ;
 And *us*, some kind survivors bear—
 Down to the undistinguish'd tomb.

If that were all, a wounded mind
 Might start not at the cypress shade ;
 But there are vaster scenes behind,
 Man, for eternity, was made !

While we this solemn truth confess,
 Teach us, O Lord ! to look to thee ;—
 To trust a Saviour's righteousness,
 And there alone our safety see.

41. L. M. *Death swallowed up in Victory.*

TH' irrevocable word has past !
 We soon must leave this world of woe ;
 Then, oh ! how wise !—a thought to cast—
 Upon the state to which we go !

O Lord ! thy word of promise, sure,
 Reveals the bright and *morning star* !
 We hasten to the regions pure,
 Where God and happy spirits are !

His way, through midnight to explore,
 Man is not left when hence he goes ;
 Upon that new and further shore,
 Thy word a stream of radiance throws.

Accept, O Lord ! our highest praise,
 That *hope* survives, when life shall end !
 Dismay'd not, we on death can gaze,
 With heaven our portion, Christ our friend !

42. L. M. *Contrition.*

SINCE last we here our God address'd,
 Sins, known and unknown, on us rest ;
 With shame we contemplate the past,
 And all our hopes on mercy cast !

Be pitiful, O Lord ! once more,
 Forgive our sins, thy smiles restore ;
 We ask it for the sake alone
 Of our great offering, Christ, thy Son.

Give us the true, and contrite heart,
 'Thy cleansing, saving, grace impart !
 Turn us from every evil way,
 And change our present night to day !

The dove no comfort could obtain,
 Till she had reach'd the ark again !
 And we, no joy desire to see,
 Till we return, O Lord ! to thee.

43. L. M. “*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee.*” Isaiah xxvi. 3.

LORD ! to thy name, that tower, we flee !
 The joys of faith must still increase ;
 The spirit, that is stay'd on thee,
 Contentment feels, and perfect peace.

Earth is a cold, ungenial, soil,
 That checks, and nips the plants of grace ;
 But still, like men inured to toil,
 We must maintain our heavenly race.

Impediment and cross will rise,
 (For grief alone with life will cease,)
 But there are new, and brighter skies,
 And there are worlds of perfect peace !

If deep solicitudes molest,
 And clouds and darkness round we see,
 It is — that we have sought our rest,
 From finite objects, not from thee ;

Things present, with o'erpowering glare,
 Exclude the *future* from our view :
 The fleeting forms of earth are fair,
 And these our faithless hearts pursue.

Lord ! when perplexities invade,
 And we are grieved at what *may be* ;
 Let faith dispel each gathering shade,
 And all our hopes be fix'd on thee.

44. L. M. *Christ, the Atoning Sacrifice.*

WE thank the Lord of heaven and earth,
For all his blessings from our birth ;
But, chiefly, let our thanks arise,
For Christ, the Atoning Sacrifice !

The proud may boast what they have done,
And talk of *merits* ; we have none !
In all we do, or might fulfil,
We are unfruitful servants still !

We all are worthlessness ! — and need
The mercy of our Lord to plead !
In him, *our* righteousness we see !
And, to that fount for cleansing, flee !

While wandering through our pilgrimage,
One hope can every grief assuage ;
That Christ the Lamb, (by some disown'd !)
Hath, for our many sins, atoned !

To him, our rock, in health we fly,
On him, in sickness, we rely !
And, when in judgment we appear,
No other hope our souls will cheer !

45. L. M. *Confidence in God.*

ALTHOUGH no flocks enrich the fold ;
Although the vine her fruit withhold ; —
The labour of the olive fail,
And days of darkness round prevail : —

Though fields present no waving corn ;
The stalls, deserted, stand forlorn,
Our souls shall neither faint, nor fear,
For God, our Father, still is near.

He owns, (who space unbounded fills,)
The cattle on a thousand hills ;
His hand, in giving, we confess,
And, if he take, his name, we bless.

Be thou, O Lord ! our God and guide,
 Do thou for all our wants provide ;
 And, when these mortal scenes we leave,
 In heaven, our ransom'd souls, receive.

46. L. M. *Uncertainty of Life.*

MANY, on whom yon sun arose,
 Will never view his beams decline !
 The passing wind upon them blows,
 And they, the spark of life resign !
 To all, that solemn time *will* come !
 Some setting sun we shall not see !
 Ere the dread hour which seals our doom,
 May we, to Christ, for refuge flee !
 The *present moment* is our own,
 To improve that present be our care !
 And, since the future is unknown,
 May we, in health, for death prepare !
 With foes so subtle, and so great,
 Father supreme ! thy grace extend—
 That we may for thy promise wait,
 And keep in view our latter end.

47. L. M. “*Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.*” Heb. xii. 14.

JEHOVAH is a holy God !
 Christ will alone the pure confess !
 Angels are holy, and the road—
 To heaven, is that of Holiness !
 Those only lustre, round them shed,
 And honour the Redeemer’s cause,
 Who, ’mid a world, in trespass dead,
 Inquire his will, and keep his laws.
 Search us, O God ! and try our reins,
 Detect each evil way, within :
 If we would join in Gabriel’s strains,
 We must with righteousness begin.

48. L. M. *Morning Hymn.*

TO thee, O Lord ! my heart I raise !
 Thy mercy once again I praise !
 I thank thee that I now behold —
 In health, the morning clouds unfold !

This day, in peace, preserve my breast,
 Guard me from all that would molest ;—
 From accident, but most from sin,
 Which, like a traitor, lurks within !

Whate'er I do, where'er I go,
 Thy guidance grant, thy grace bestow !
 I would, while toiling here on earth,
 Oft think upon my nobler birth !

[The soul ethereal, unconfined,
 Ascending, leaves the world behind !
 Fetter'd to palaces, nor cells,
 In its own world the spirit dwells !]

When this my pilgrimage is o'er,
 May I, with saints, thy name adore ;
 'The crown obtain'd ! the victory won,
 Through the rich blood of Christ thy Son !

49. L. M. *Unfruitfulness bewailed.*

SHAME and confusion veil our face,
 O Lord ! our souls in mercy spare ;
 We trust that we have known thy grace,
 But, Oh, how little fruit we bear !

The barren field, alas, is ours,
 Alike unmoved by sun or rain ;
 The dews, and fertilizing showers,
 Almost, have watered us in vain.

How many scenes, in death array'd,
 Have warn'd us of *our* certain end !
 How many graves have we survey'd,—
 Closed on the relative, and friend !

And yet we see our moments pass,
 Our work undone, and scarce lament,
 E'en while we own ourselves but grass,
 And *feel* our tottering tenement.

Revive us, Lord ! once more appear,
 Rouse us, as in the former day !
 With heaven, or hell, so sure ! so near !
 How should we watch, and praise, and pray !

50. L. M. *One Master ; Christ or Belial.*

OUR bodies may, by grace arrayed,
 Claim kindred with the heavenly host ;
 Our bodies, vile, may yet be made —
 The temples of the Holy Ghost.

The ardent prayer of every saint
 Is noticed by the King of Kings ;
 The sigh, the aspiration faint —
 Ascends to heaven on seraphs' wings.

And *will* the Lord, in very deed,
 To man, his loving-kindness shew ?
 Will Christ, before his Father, plead
 For dust and frailty, here below ?

The Lord *will* plead, and God will hear !
 Our treasure, in the sky, is sure !
 In robes of white shall saints appear,
 And wear the crowns that will endure.

Yet, if the children of the day,
 We must the power of sin subdue ;
 We must renounce each tyrant's sway,
 And yield to heaven the homage true !

To *one*, allegiance we must own,
 And in that Sovereign Lord rejoice :
 One master we must serve, alone,
 And Christ, or Belial, make our choice !

51. L. M. *Gospel Invitations.*

Obedience the proof of being taught of God.

LET none, desponding, droop and sigh,
Each may on Christ for help rely :
For all who feel their guilt and need,
He is an advocate to plead.

Pardon is promised by the Lord,
And will you doubt your Saviour's word ?
When he invites, with naught to pay,
Will you, distrustful, turn away ?

Subject too long to Satan's reign,
If you are weary of your chain,
Come, sinner ! whatsoe'er you be,
Come, and the Lord shall set you free !

Renounce despair ! in Christ confide !
To save transgressors, Jesus died !
If you are sick, his grace can cure,
He finds you *vile*, but makes you *pure* !

The husks which once were your delight,
Exchange for riches, out of sight ! —
For joys that faith and hope supply !
For wealth, eternal, in the sky !

Whoe'er, by God, are truly taught,
Are to the proof, *obedience*, brought !
Whose hearts and lives reject this test —
Will never see the promised rest.

52. L. M. *Christ our Conqueror.*

PRAISES to him who once was slain !
Re-echo through the worlds of light !
He shall, exalted, live and reign,
Endued with everlasting might !

Let earth, her Sovereign Lord obey !
Be Christ, by every tongue confess'd !
Joyful, we own Immanuel's sway,
And in his full Salvation rest.

Darkness, with light, can ne'er agree !
 The world, and Christ, no commune hold !
 We must from sin, that serpent ! flee,
 If we belong to Jesus' Fold !

But all *our* strength will not avail,
 Without the Saviour's rich supplies ;
 O'er Satan, Faith shall still prevail,
 And Christ, our conqueror, gain the prize !

53.

L. M. *Jesus.*

JE稣, that name is our retreat,
 So full of joy, and solace sweet!
 No foe can harm, if he be near—
 Whose voice can soothe, whose smile can cheer!

In midnight shades, in deepest woe,
 The thought of Christ can peace bestow ;
 What are the sorrows we deplore,
 To those, our Lord for sinners, bore !

He died, the just, for the unjust,
 That all might in a Saviour trust ;
 He suffered on th' accursed tree,
 To set our souls from bondage free !

[We had an interest when he died !
 He was that offering, sanctified,
 Through which, the saved, of every age,
 Obtain their heavenly heritage !]

Jesus ! support us to the end !
 Thy grace, thy healthful Spirit, send !
 At death, when all beside shall flee,
 Oh ! may we stay ourselves on thee !

54.

L. M. *The Reign of Grace.*

THEE, Saviour ! let the world obey !
 Our rightful potentate thou art !
 Bring on thy long-predicted day,
 And rule, supreme, in every heart !

Satan has long the sceptre sway'd,
 And ruled, at will, our fallen race ;
 Now, let thy triumphs be display'd,
 And earth confess the *Reign of Grace* !

Let captives, bound ; let farthest lands,
 Involved in cruelty and night,
 Aroused from slumber, burst their bands,
 And see the glorious gospel light !

Let the false prophet's erring tribe,
 Whelm'd in delusion, fly to thee !

All glory to the Lamb ascribe,
 And, to Messiah, bend the knee !

Let children of thy ancient friend,
 Offspring of Abraham, stretch their view !

On Christ, the hope of earth, depend,
 And form, with us, disciples true !

Thy kingdom come ! Thy will be done !

Father ! be thou, of all, confess'd !

Let the whole earth receive thy Son !

And Jesus reign in every breast !

55. L. M. *Christ our Intercessor.*

WE have a Friend in heaven to plead,
 Jesus, for us, will intercede ;
 Upon his head our sins are laid,
 And he alone our debt has paid !

[We all, like sheep, have gone astray,
 Each in his own peculiar way ;
 But now we prize the gospel sound,
 And have, through Christ, forgiveness found.]

Had God been strict in his account,
 We had not seen his holy mount ;
 Nor felt the calm assurance sweet,
 Of standing round his mercy seat.

But, through that offering, full and free,
(The blood that flow'd on Calvary !)
We have a tower, to which to fly,
Firm as the everlasting sky !

How can our hearts of aught complain,
With hopes, so glorious, to sustain !
How can our suit for mercy fail ;
If Jesus pleads, we must prevail !

56. L. M. *Vanities of Time.*

OUR spirits, which to heaven should climb,
In sordid dust contented lie ;
Lost in the vanities of time,
We lose remembrance of the sky !

Do we believe that all who live —
Possess a never-dying soul ?
That we must earth itself survive,
With all the stars that round us roll ?

Stupendous thought ! we all shall dwell,
When from this world we take our flight,
(Unchanging state !) in heaven, or hell,
With Satan, or with Saints in light !

And can we still for shadows sigh,
Still hold our sins and follies dear !
Lord ! rouse us, while the storm is nigh,
And in our hearts implant thy fear !

Teach us to prize the joys above !
To seek thy smiles, to do thy will,
That we may share our Saviour's love,
And serve him on his holy hill !

57. L. M. *Confidence in God.*

ABRAHAM, of old, on God relied,
And he is *our* support and guide
He knows our wants, and he will still
The servant own who does his will.

God is a Shepherd, good and kind,
This we have found, and yet shall find ;
His plans no mortal may descry,
While *ours* upon the surface lie.

He, who the stores of nature sways,
Can bless us in a thousand ways ;
But we are wayward, and complain,
If blessings come not free from pain !

[The thorny road, the roughest ground,
Is oft the path of safety found ;
And lowering skies, presaging woe,
With the next rising sun may glow !]

Unerring wisdom best can see
When, from our cares, to set us free ;
Lord ! may we hence our hopes resign,
And lose our will in seeking thine !

To those, who on thy arm rely,
Thou wilt no real good deny ;
Nor will our souls deplore the *past*,
If we arrive in heaven *at last* !

58. L. M. *God's Condescension.*

HOW condescending, Lord ! art thou,
A pitying eye on man to turn !
To look on angels were to bow,
And yet thou dost not sinners spurn !

We have offended thee, our God !
And oft transgress'd thy holy will ;
We have, in paths forbidden, trod,
And yet thine ear is open still !

Thou art more ready to forgive,
Than we are, pardon to implore ;
Now, to thy glory, may we live,
And love, and serve, and praise thee, more !

Yet, may we never idly dream
 Of worth or virtues we can own ;
 There is but *one* that can redeem,
 And we rely on Christ alone !

59. L. M. *Christ calling the Sinner.*

THREE was a time when in our thought
 The love of Christ no pleasure wrought !
 Through our Redeemer's mercy free,
 We *once* were blind, but *now* we see !

He view'd us wandering from his fold,
 Our hearts estranged, our spirits cold ;
 Unmoved by death, and opening graves,
 Satan, our master,—we, his slaves !

The Saviour, pitying, pass'd us by,
 We heard him say, “Why will ye die ?”
 He turn'd our feet, so prone to stray,
 And prompted us for grace to pray !

Merit, he taught us to disown,
 He made us trust in him alone :
 Our worth, he show'd us, was but dross,
 And brought us, suppliants, to the Cross !

Hadst thou not, O our Saviour, kind !
 Freely illumed our darken'd mind ;
 Made us our sad condition see,
 We never had applied to thee !

Now, let our souls to Christ be bound !
 Now, let our tongues his praises sound !
 And may we live like those, whose eye,
 Is fix'd on Immortality !

60. L. M. *Conformity to God.*

AT every time, in every place,
 Lord ! give us strength to seek thy face ;
 When at thy throne we bend the knee,
 Our heart's desire is known to thee !

Both in the dark, and prosperous hour,
Preserve us by thy mighty power ;
To feel thy smile upon us shine
Is earnest of the joys divine !

Thine influence shed, thy grace bestow,
That more like Jesus we may grow ;—
In love, in lowliness, and peace,
And still to flourish, and increase.

Day follows night, and night the day ;
Our months are passing fast away ;
Are we advancing to *that state*,
Where we shall victory celebrate ?

Do we all keep, like sons of light,
The New Jerusalem in sight ?
Do we from deeds of darkness fly,
And seek our treasure in the sky ?

Heaven is a place which will repay —
The toils and labour of the way !
And he who makes no sacrifice —
To gain the mark, will lose the prize.

Father ! bestow the Spirit meek !
The one thing needful may we seek !
And, 'till our spotless robe we wear,
Our Saviour's image let us bear !

61. C. M. *On the Death of a Christian Brother.*

PART I.

JEHOVAH, by his voice, hath borne
Our brother to the dust ;
Lord ! we acknowledge, while we mourn,
That thou art wise and just.

We would each murmuring sigh recall,
God takes but what he gave ;
(Though tears are sanctified that fall
Upon the good man's grave.)

Long will our hearts his loss deplore ;
 Our brother's virtues trace ;
 And oft, and long, our thoughts explore
 His cold, dark, resting-place.

Yet there are antidotes to heal,
 And brighter suns to cheer ;
 Let those the bitterest sorrow feel,
 Whose hopes are centred here.

62. C. M. *On the Death of a Christian Brother.*
 PART II.

HIS toilsome pilgrimage hath ceas'd,
 The conqueror's crown is won ;
 Now, is his soul from sin releas'd,
 And now, his "rest" begun.

The Saviour whom he lov'd below,
 (Freed from his clogs and chains ;)
 He serves, where joys for ever flow,
 Where love for ever reigns.

While death thus speaks, with solemn sound,
 May we his accents hear ;
 Our evening shadows gather round,
 Our end is drawing near.

Salvation now exalts her cry,
 We would the voice attend ;
 Nor rest, till we to Jesus fly,
 And make our God, our friend.

O, may we each our brother meet
 In worlds of light and love ;
 And all, with him, the song repeat,
 Of the redeem'd above.

63. C. M. *Death of a Christian.*

ANOTHER soul, of untold worth,
 Has vanish'd from our eyes !
 Another soul impoverish'd earth,
 And now enrich'd the skies !

The frailties, once he felt and mourn'd,
Are now for ever fled ;
Safe to his Father's house return'd ! —
Safe with his glorious head !

[A long and thorny road he trod,
Opprest with grief and pain ;
But he, before the throne of God,
Hath join'd the Angels' strain !]

Mourn not the christian taken home, —
Who has the victory won !
The hour he waited for, — is come,
And, now, his heaven begun !

Death, once his dread, he learn'd to hail ;
The Saviour then was dear ; —
And may *our* faith, like his, prevail, —
When the last foe draws near !

64. C. M. *Death of a Mother in Israel.*

MOTHER in Israel ! thou art gone !
Thy arduous race is o'er ;
Thy light, which round so brightly shone,
Will shine on us no more !

Thy virtues, we delight to trace,
While tears bedew our eye,
Exemplar of each christian grace,
That form'd thee for the sky.

[Scene, faintly comprehended now, —
Just as thy spirit fled,
A smile, unearthly, o'er thy brow,
Mysterious lustre shed !

We mark'd the influx of its beam,
Unutterably fair !
That told, with no enthusiast's dream,
The burst of heaven was there !]

Thy Saviour, faithful to the last,
 Cheer'd thee when death was near ;
 And now, thy hour of conflict past,
 Thou dost with him appear !

Thy spirit with thy Lord is bless'd,
 Joy, still to be increas'd !
 Thou, in thy bridal robe, art dress'd !
 Safe at the marriage feast !

Why should the ransom'd love their chains,
 And feel their cares so sweet ?
 To be received where Jesus reigns, —
 Is happiness complete !

65. C. M. *On the Death of a Brother in Christ.*

EACH brother that to death descends,
 Proclaims *our* certain doom ;
 The voice of relatives and friends,
 Speaks from the silent tomb !

It whispers, seek yon regions pure,
 Nor more at heaven rebel ;
 It utters, make your *home* secure,
 Where you must *ever* dwell.

[The friend, we prized, from earth is fled,
 We *here* no more shall meet ;
 The Brother, whom we loved, is dead,
 Behold his *vacant seat* !]

Though we, while thousands round us fall,
 Are still, by mercy, spared ;
 On *us*, the bride-groom soon will call,
 Are we with oil prepared ?

Should death o'ertake, when we are found
Wise but in folly's lore,
 How terrible will be the sound,
 “The judge is at the door !”

Lord ! fit us for that awful day !
 Approaching, and so near ;
 When we from time must pass away,
 And at thy bar appear !

66. C. M. *Shortness of Time.*

TH E longest sorrows soon will seem
 Wing'd with the arrow's flight ;
 The longest life, one stormy dream,
 A vision of the night !

All *transient forms* the glass present
 Where we may *life survey* ;
 The shuttle, and the shepherd's tent,
 The clouds of early day !

Yet, heedless of the upper sky,
 We strangely cleave to earth,
 And let eternal things pass by,
 As objects nothing worth !

Arouse us, Lord ! to see our state,
 So near to Jordan's shore !
 Let us, before it be too late,
 Obey, and love thee more !

May Christ, to us, be all in all,
 In whom our treasure lies ;
 That, when our *earthly house* shall fall,
 A *heavenly house* may rise !

67. S. M. *Death of a Friend.*

ONCE more a voice we hear,
 May we the call attend !
 And, for a better world, prepare,
 A world which will not end !

[Man opens like the flower,
 That must at eve decay :
 The foe, in unsuspected hour,
 Our spirit bears away.]

The friend, we loved, is dead,
So reverenced in our eye !
We laid him in his narrow bed,
Where we so soon must lie !

After our toils and woes ;
Our short and stormy day,
Must *we* our heads in dust repose,
And mingle with the clay ?

Father ! our God ! and Guide !
Through *him*, whom saints adore,
For us, a refuge safe, provide,
When this vain world is o'er !

A mansion fair and new,
A house no more to leave !
Whene'er to time we bid adieu,
May Christ our souls receive !

68. L. M. *The Arrows of Death.*

MY soul, the solemn call obey,
Behold yon cold and narrow bed !
Turn from the living, to survey
Th' instructive mansions of the dead !

This is no idle theme to thee,
Thou hast an interest deep therein !
Thou hast a world of woe to flee,
And thou a crown, a Heaven, to win !

One, on thy right hand, fades away,
Now, on thy left, another dies ;
In every place, by night and day,
The arrow of destruction flies !

Our dearest friends to death are gone !
Worth could not screen, nor wisdom save !
Each, in succession, hurries on,
To swell the army of the grave !

The youngest may direct their glance
To fond associates, now no more !
While, to the aged, crowds advance,
Whom once they knew, and still deplore !

Lord ! may we fix our steadfast eyes
On *him* who conquer'd death and hell !
And, through *his* blood, in yonder skies,
At length, with all the ransom'd, dwell !

69. L. M. “*Knowing that I must shortly put off this my Tabernacle.*” 2 Peter, i. 14.

THE time of sickness, and of death,
I oft have thought of, now the day,
(Warn'd by the quick and labouring breath,)
Hastens to bear my soul away !

This tabernacle, frail, must soon—
Be taken down. — The voice I hear !
May even-tide be light as noon,
And Christ, my Saviour, then be dear !

The perishable things around
Have lost their false and fatal glare !
I, to a fairer world, am bound,
And soon, (how soon !) may enter there !

I need supports to cheer my mind,
For, hard it is with earth to part !
To rend the stable cords that bind,
And tear each object from my heart !

The strife is o'er ! heaven's joys are mine !
My friends, my fondest hopes, farewell !
You, dearly lov'd, I can resign,
With Christ, and Spirits bless'd, to dwell !

70. L. M. *Jesus Conqueror over the Grave.*

TO fill, with joy, th' expiring saint,
Christ died, the just, for the unjust !
He tasted death, that none might faint
Who place in *him* their hope, and trust !

Death, and the grave, have lost their sting !
 Since Jesus rose, the curse is past !
 Time ! speed upon your swiftest wing !
 Your pinions cannot move too fast.

I have a high, and nobler birth !
 To bliss supreme, my soul aspires !
 A permanent abode on earth,
 Accords not with my vast desires.

Be thou my strength, my lofty tower !
 My Saviour ! (Friend, the last, and best !) —
 Support me in my parting hour,
 And bear me to eternal rest !

71. L. M. *Death of a Pious Youth.*

THE pious youth has breathed his last,
 The race, well run, is early o'er,
 His soul, to unknown worlds has past,
 And we, resign'd, our God adore !

Would we desire him back ? — to see,
 And feel, our weight of sin and woe ?
 He now is happier far than we,
 Conflicting with our cares below !

He would not change his bless'd abode,
 For earth's best honours, and renown !
 He now surrounds the throne of God,
 And wears a bright, and starry crown !

[The Lord he serv'd, (whose name is Love !)
 His hope, while earthly scenes retire,
 His Saviour, — to the realms above,
 Has borne him in his car of fire !]

Let us remember that *our* day
 Is waning fast ! that soon the sod
 Will hide *us*, as we pass the way
 Which he, we loved, so lately trod !

May we, awhile, who sojourn here,
 Waiting to take our heaven-ward flight ;
 At Christ's right hand at length appear,
 Surrounded by the saints in light !

72. L. M. *Death terrible to the Wicked.*

HOW terrible is death, to those
 Who have their portion here below ;
 Who, in their madness, heaven oppose,
 Woe heap'd against the day of woe !

They revel in luxurious ease,
 As though this life would never end ;
 Nor feel one wish *that God to please*
 On whom they every hour depend !

The *future*, with its awful train,
 (While angels tremble,) they despise :
 They each kind monitor disdain,
 That still would warn them to be wise.

The earth presents the spectacle
 Of men, who must yon sun survive ;
 Who build, and plant, and buy, and sell,
 To all but *endless things* alive !

Lord ! teach us what a point our time !
 How soon our souls must take their flight ;
 Let us yon heavenly summit climb,
 And live, with glory full in sight.

May we, rejoicing, hear the call,
 Which summons us to dwell above ;
 When worlds would be a gift too small,
 To barter for our Saviour's love !

73. L. M. *Confidence in Death.*

MY soul is on a voyage bound,
 And wide and lonely is the sea ;
 Yet, Saviour ! if thou still surround,
 'Twill be a prosperous course to me !

Now, *time* a different aspect wears,
 The longest life is but a span !
 Its pomp and show, its busy cares,
 Are nothing — to the dying man !

As earth's vain objects fast recede,
 And all its boasted succours fail,
 Thy presence, Lord ! is all I need,
 To soothe me in the gloomy vale !

If thou thy face in smiles array,
 Remove my fears, blot out my sins,
 My darkest night is turn'd to day,
 And the bright dawn of heaven begins !

I have a hope, divine, to cheer,
 More precious than a thousand mines —
 Founded on many a promise clear,
 That in thy word, conspicuous, shines.

Jesus ! thou art my lofty tower,
 To which I now for refuge flee ;
 And, in the great, and final hour,
 I shall behold a friend in thee !

74. L. M. *Assurance in Death.*

MY pitying Lord ! to thee I flee !
 Thou art my strength, my hope, my stay !
 The seeking soul that comes to thee,
 Thou wilt not, empty, turn away.

Thou wast the prop of many a saint —
 In ancient days, — be such to me !
 My frame is weak, my breath is faint,
 Let me recline my heart on thee !

The things of time are empty toys,
 The dying feel them such to be ;
 But all my springs, and all my joys,
 My Saviour ! I derive from thee.

Hast thou not promis'd to sustain
 The sinking heart that leans on thee ?
 Amid my conflicts, and my pain,
 Fulfil that promise, Lord ! in me !
 Be thou my great, my glorious head !
 My only trust ! I look to thee !
 When every other hope is fled,
 I fix my eyes on Calvary !

75. C. M. “Weep not for me.” Luke xxiii. 28.

WHEN call’d, with sorrows, to contend,
 The warfare all must wage ;
O, let our thoughts to heaven ascend,
 And faith, our grief assuage.
 Do friends precede us in the race,
 And, earlier, gain the prize ?
 There is a blissful meeting-place,
 Prepar’d in yonder skies !
 Releas’d from sin, from sighs, and tears,
 They stand around the throne :
 They fain would whisper in our ears,
 “ Weep for yourselves alone ! ”
 “ Our toilsome wanderings now are past,
 “ Hosannahs we repeat ;
 “ And we, with saints, our palms have cast,
 “ Low at a Saviour’s feet ! ”
 In prospect of a heavenly crown,
 What power prevails, below,
 To chain our soaring spirits down,
 To bondage, pain, and woe !
 Almighty Father ! bear us hence !
 Earth, time, we all resign ;
 But, we adore thy providence,
 And bow our wills to thine.

76. C. M. “*Come unto me all ye that labour
and are heavy laden.*” Mat. xi. 28.

LET not the chasten'd soul despair,
By earthly ills opprest ;
For Jesus bids each child of care,
Upon his promise rest.

The saints, in Christ, a refuge find,
When clouds their sky o'ercast ;
A shelter from the stormy wind,
A covert from the blast.

Refreshing streams, his grace supplies,
When sorrow most prevails ;
He is the Spring that never dries,
The Friend that never fails.

The fleeting joys which we pursue,
All leave a void behind ;
But his delights are ever new,
And fill the amplest mind.

Jesus ! we hear, for our relief,
Thy gracious voice from far ;
We long to *come*, it is our grief,
That we so distant are.

We, fain, with every sin would part,
And live from bondage free !
The breathings of a contrite heart
Are not despis'd by thee !

77. C. M. *Return to God.*

IN folly we have liv'd too long,
And made the world our choice ;
Now, to Christ's fold may we belong,
And hear the Shepherd's voice.

It is no easy task to spurn
Each dark and downward way ;
It is no little thing, to turn,
From midnight shades, to day.

God only can the power impart,
And dew from heaven distil :
His grace, alone, can change our heart,
And bend our stubborn will.

Almighty Father, for *his* sake
Who bled upon the tree,
From dreams of death — our souls awake,
And bid us live to thee !

Then, in thy laws, shall we delight,
Releas'd from slavish fear,
And, at the last, with saints in light,
At thy right hand appear.

78. C. M. *Life, a Race and a Warfare.*

LIFE is a race we all must run,
A warfare to the last ;
The victory will alone be won,
When safe o'er Jordan pass'd.

The crown, we aim at, will survive
The earth, the spangled skies ;
We must be vigilant, and strive
Earnest, to gain the prize.

Our enemies their rage reveal,
If we suspend the war ;
When most security we feel,
We most in danger are.

Perils, and quick-sands deep, surround ;
Our foes in ambush lie ;
We wander o'er enchanted ground,
But Christ, our help, is nigh.

Lord ! grant thy strength, to urge the flight,
Or we shall soon decline ;
Our confidence is in thy might,
And all our power, is thine !

79. C. M. “*Love not the World.*”

1 John. ii. 15.

WE are a small and chosen band,
All brethren, who agree ;
And hastening to the promis'd land,
Which we, ere long, shall see !

“ Love not the world,” our Lord has said,
Lest we the Spirit grieve ;
Its gifts are husks, instead of *bread*,
It flatters, to deceive !

[Soon will the best possessions cloy,
And, with repletion, pall ;
Uncertainty, that bane of joy,
Is stamped upon them all !]

If we repose, with true delight,
Beneath our Saviour's shade ;
If we have walk'd, with heaven in sight,
And Christ, our pattern made ;

His grace, a *nobler taste* inspires,
A hope, refin'd, sublime !

The world can quench not those desires,
Which bound o'er earth, and time !

Almighty Father ! may we know —
More of thy quickening love !
Be thou our portion here below,
And, in the world above !

80. C. M. “*His Servants shall serve him.*

Rev. xxii. 3.

DOST thou profess to know the Lord,
And seek with him to reign ?
Then tremble at thy Saviour's word,
Or all thy hopes are vain !

God loves the purpose, pure within,
He tries the inmost reins ;
And sinners who delight in sin,
Are bound in Satan's chains.

If we desire to dwell above,
 Naught must our heart divide ;
Obedience, is the *test of love*,
 And all is *false* beside !

The Lord, who doth o'er all preside,
 Hath left his *mind*, and *will* ;
 His testament must be our guide,
 His servants serve him still.

Those only are the truly wise,
 Who spend for God their days :
 He loves the willing sacrifice
 Of heart-felt prayer and praise.

81. C. M. *Judgment united with Mercy.*

SHALL creatures, from subjection free,
 Their maker's laws disdain ?
 God is a pardoning God, but he
 His *justice* will maintain.

He, though a God of Love, will still,
 With mercy, judgment, share ;
 And those who dare despise his will,
 His fearful wrath must bear.

82. C. M. *The good Hope.*

FAITHER, omnipotent and just !
 Who dost all creatures see ?
 In thee alone we put our trust,
 And seek our all from thee.

Partakers of thy bounteous store,
 While we, in peace, recline,
 We would thy holy name adore,
 And own the hand divine.

We thank thee for the joy begun,
 Than diadems, more dear !
 For *the good hope*, through Christ, thy Son,
 Our only solace here.

Impress upon our inmost heart,
A reverence for thy name !
Coals from thine altar, Lord ! impart,
And fan the sacred flame !

Let us, like children of the day,
Our sojourn pass, below ;
And, when we die, as soon we may,
To joys eternal go !

83. C. M. *Life, a Wilderness.*

LIFE is a barren wilderness,
And we all pilgrims are ;
With hope to cheer, we onward press,
To the good land, afar.

While we, our path appointed, run,
Our toil is not in vain ;
The race, though hard, will soon be won,
And we shall rest obtain !

The great Redeemer, for our sake,
On earth, with thorns, was crown'd !
Let us, his name, our refuge make,
Where *peace* alone is found !

So, when to earth we bid adieu,
Freed from our sin, and woe,
We shall, with saints, in heaven renew
The praise we loved below.

84. C. M. *Call to Praise.*

THOUGH mercies, undeserved, appear,
Which grateful thanks might raise,
How oft, the *mourning strains* we hear !
How seldom, *songs of praise* !

Why in green pastures are we found,
Beside the cooling stream ?
While hosts, in labyrinths profound,
Are left to doubt and dream ?

Why are we bless'd, to running o'er,
From anxious sorrows freed ?

Why, crown'd with an abundant store,
When thousands stand in need ?

While many, earth alone, admire,
And seek her shadows still,
Who roused in *us* the strong desire,
Which time could never fill ?

Who made us dread the coming wrath,
(So long perverse and blind,)
And soften'd, to receive the truth,
Our once rebellious mind ?

While crowds persist in Satan's ways,
And life in folly spend,
Who made *us* on the Saviour gaze,
And choose him for a friend ?

Sweet is the burden to confess,
Of gratitude, and love !
Lord ! we thy name would ever bless,
Here, and in worlds above !

85. C. M. “ *We shall be like him.*” 1 John iii. 2.

SPirit of Truth ! thy light we hail,
The pledge of endless day ;
Let no presumptuous sin prevail,
To drive that light away.

Deliver us from Satan's chain,
Though close that chain may cleave :
Let no allow'd transgression reign,
Thy Spirit, pure, to grieve.

May we experience great delight,
From walking in thy ways ;
What prospect can be half so bright,
As that, which heaven displays !

To feel that sin has lost its power,
 Imparts a joy divine ;
 Lord ! keep us in the trying hour,
 Like children, who are thine.

It yields us an abiding peace,
 To taste the living bread ;
 May our resemblance still increase,
 To Christ, our glorious head !

The visions of eternal bliss
 Expand upon our view !
 When we shall see him as he is,
 We shall be like him too !

86.

C. M. *Penitence.*

LORD ! we appear before thy face
 With sorrow, and dismay ;
 We are indebted deep to grace,
 And we have naught to pay.

We have, in folly, wander'd far,
 And forfeited thy smile ;
 Have cisterns sought that broken are,
 But find them, vain, and vile !

We would with penitence return !
 One still shall intercede !

Our shame we own, our sins we mourn,
 And Christ before thee plead !

For his dear sake, our joy restore,
 Our captive souls, release ;
 Nor let us wander from thee more,
 The only source of peace !

87.

C. M. *Assurance.*

IN grace thy real servants grow,
 From Satan's bondage, free ;
 It is their privilege to know
 That they are taught of thee.

Infirmitiēs do not obscure
 The sun-shine of their breast ;
 They love the holy law and pure,
 While they on Jesus rest.

Thy promises, with joy, they hail,
 So gracious, and so plain ;
 Assured, though heaven and earth should fail,
 Thy word must firm remain.

That word, on which their souls rely,
 Declares, in accents kind,
 That sinners who to Christ may fly,
 A hiding-place shall find.

88. C. M. *The Balm of Gilead.*

THOUGH sickness on us all has prey'd,
 Yet, God has heard our cry ;
 One balm, and one alone, can aid,
 To Gilead's Balm we fly.

When sinners, in their spirits feel
 Forebodings and dismay,
 This balm, th' afflicted heart can heal,
 And peace and joy convey.

The Balm of Gilead has a charm
 From worst of ills to save ;
 E'en death itself it can disarm,
 And triumph o'er the grave.

This precious gift, in love supreme,
 A pitying God bestow'd ;
 The Balm of Gilead is that stream
 Which once on Calvary flow'd !

89. C. M. *God's Blessing implored.*

GREAT God ! to thee we humbly cry,
 Thy saving grace impart !
 O, send thy Spirit from on high
 To renovate our heart.

Thy praise, at morning, and at eve,
 With joy will we rehearse :
 Without thy blessing nothing give,
 Or it would prove a curse.

Thy blessing sanctifies our health,
 Our friends, and our abode ;
 Thy blessing purifies our wealth,
 And smooths the roughest road.

We must not faint at chastisement,
 Nor yet the rod despise ;
 Sorrows are oft in mercy sent,
 And teach us to be wise.

Thy goodness, and thy power we own,
 Secure on thee we rest ;
 And bless us in the way alone,
 Thy wisdom sees the best.

90. C. M. *Jesus the Fountain.*

WHEN burdens on our conscience rest,
 And mourning days we see ;
 Where should we go, O Lord ! opprest,
 For comfort, but to thee ?

Thy love, a fountain has prepared,
 Where sinners now may fly ;
 And thou, in mercy, hast declared
 Who drinks, shall never die !

Lord ! to that fountain we repair
 To wash our sins away ;
 One look of thine can soothe our care,
 And turn our night to day.

Come, take possession of our heart,
 Be our unchanging friend ;
 And we would fain from all things part
 That would our Lord offend !

91. C. M. *Hosannahs offered to God.*

HOSANNAHS, Lord ! we oft have found
Our antidote for grief ;
And still our tongues thy praise shall sound,
And thence obtain relief.

Hast thou not call'd us by thy grace,
(Once, strangers to thy fear,)
And given us a name and place
Among thy servants here ?

Hast thou not rais'd the strong desire,
To burst the tempter's chain ;
And made us, like true sons, aspire
With Christ to live and reign ?

Thou hast presented to our eyes
The fruit of sin, in woe ;
O, may we seek, beyond the skies,
Joys, that from Zion flow.

Thou hast, in yonder day-star bright,
Reveal'd the hope of heaven ;
And thy good Spirit, source of light !
In boundless mercy given.

What joy should animate our breast,
What notes our voices raise ;
In prospect of eternal rest —
Where the whole scene is praise !

92. C. M. “ *We would see Jesus.*” John xii. 21.

WE would the Friend of Sinners find,
Who pities human woe ;
Him, who can cure the lame and blind,
And *perfect peace* bestow.

Our hearts from creatures long have sought
Things not to creatures given,
But, now, we deem them all as naught,
For the sweet hope of heaven.

When shall the Saviour be reveal'd ?

This is our earnest cry !

He, to our souls, a joy can yield,

Which mines in vain would buy.

Father of Mercies ! here we bend !

Oh ! cast us not away !

Shew us thy Son, the Sinner's Friend,

And turn our night to day !

93. C. M. *We have found Jesus.*

WE have the Friend of Sinners found !

Our treasure is above !

We are to God and glory bound,

The world of light and love !

We, by the Saviour, now are seen,

He calls us, each, his friend ;

With whom, we soon, no veil between,

Eternity shall spend.

Our brethren, gone before, rejoice

That *One* our debt has paid ;

With rapture new, they hail the choice

Which we, in Christ, have made !

Those whom we love, from bondage free,

(Pass'd over Jordan's flood ;)

Their *loudest* songs withhold, till we —

Confide in Jesus' blood.

Now, while the golden harp they sweep,

Diviner notes they raise ;

That we *their* harvest soon shall reap,

And join Immanuel's praise.

94. C. M. *Concern to be saved.*

NOW are earth's vanities resign'd,

We seek a fairer land ;

Pleasures, substantial, and refined,

The joys at God's right hand !

Earth, as our portion, now we spurn,
Superior gifts we crave !
Be this our great, our chief concern,
How we our souls may save !

The value of the soul exceeds
The richest crowns below !
Whoe'er our heavenly race impedes,
Is not a friend, but foe.
Too long have we pursued the earth,
And bounded our desire ;
But we have learn'd our *spirits'* worth,
And now to *heaven* aspire.

Now to the Saviour we have fled,
We take what mercy gave ;
We trust in him, our glorious head,
For all beyond the grave.

95. C. M. *The Believer's Confidence.*

LORD ! we believe that thou art near,
That thou art still our friend ;
And that thy goodness will appear,
Till we our journey end.

If thou protect, the bitterest foes
Subdued and bound will be :
Thou never hast forsaken those
Who put their trust in thee.

Sinners, thy threatenings may deride,
But we will thee obey ;
Thy providence shall be our guide,
As through the world we stray.

We have a better heritage
To which our steps are bound ;
Conduct us safe, from stage to stage,
However rough the ground.

In worlds, where love and joy prevail,
 And sighs and tears have fled ;
 Jesus, the ransom'd, waits to hail,
 For whom his blood he shed !

96.

C. M. *Resignation.*

THE future, we explore in vain ;
 So little understood ;
 We oft desire our greatest bane,
 And shun our greatest good.

Give us submission to thy will ;
 O Lord ! be thou our guide ;
 Choose our inheritance, and still —
 Direct, defend, provide !

Our fathers found thee, in their days,
 A faithful God, and true ;
 May we delight in wisdom's ways,
 And taste thy goodness too !

Uncertain of the coming hour,
 This thought should joy supply,
 That we may trust Almighty power,
 Whether we live or die !

97.

S. M. “*Are the Consolations of God small?*”

Job xv. 11.

MY soul would stay her tears,
 And chase her cares away ;
 Where is my faith ? and why these fears,
 That on my spirit prey !

Have I not wealth above
 Unseen by mortal eyes ?
 Does not my heart, Jehovah love,
 And Christ supremely prize ?

In this tumultuous hour,
 A stranger call'd to roam ;
 Shall I distrust my Father's power
 To guide his children home ?

My soul, which grasps the sky,
Ascends unwearied still ;
Her aspirations, large and high,
A God alone can fill !

When, to dispel my night,
I Pisgah's summit climb,
Gleams of insufferable light
O'erpower the things of time.

Though sorrows round me throng,
And weary is my way ;
A bright inheritance, ere long,
Will all my toils repay.

98. C. M. *Happiness found in Christ alone.*

WHILE we the creature long pursued,
Contentment to obtain,
With thorns our every path was strew'd,
And all our toil was vain :

But now, on Christ, we fix our eye,
And raise our hopes above ;
Saviour ! on thee, our souls rely,
And find the rest we love.

We come, as all the righteous came,
No more the slaves of fear ;
Still making mention of thy name,
To ransom'd sinners, dear.

Our happiness in thee is found,
While dwelling here below ;
And joy, where angels' songs resound,
From the same source will flow.

99. S. M. *The great Physician.*

THE great physician knows
What remedy to deal ;
And while our heart with grief o'erflows,
He only wounds to heal.

He gives no needless pain,
But, if disease be deep,
The antidote must reach the bane,
Nor let the poison sleep.

Submission, Lord ! bestow,
We kiss the chastening rod,
If it the path of ruin show,
And lead us back to God.

100. S. M. *Supplication for Pardon.*

AS sinners we appear,
O Lord ! before thee now ;
Oppress'd with sorrow, and with fear,
And with the broken vow.
Satan, with doubt, and dread,
Would keep us far from thee ;
But we to heaven our hands will spread,
And sue for pardon free :
Mercy, for that dear name
In which we still are just !
Mercy, for that Atoning Lamb
In whom is all our trust !
O, warm our spirits, cold !
The peace we mourn restore !
Again receive us to thy fold,
Nor let us wander more !

101. S. M. “*And be clothed with
Humility.*” 1 Peter v. 5.

WHREE'ER we look, we see
Contention, pride, and strife ;
Lord ! give us all humility,
The sweetest balm of life.
The lowly walk sedate,
Humbled from sense of sin ;
Their constant prayer, is, “Lord create,
“The heart renew'd within !”

The lowly are like grass,
That never storms provoke,
O'er which the furious tempests pass,
That prostrate lay the oak.

Father, 'till life be o'er,
We would thy praises sound ;
And may our spirits, more and more,
In lowness abound.

Incline our hearts to thee !
May we Christ's image bear :
Adorn us with humility,
The robe which angels wear !

102. S. M. *The glorious Gospel.*

LET the glad tidings run,
To God the praise begin !
The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son,
Cleanses from every sin !

Christ is the living way !
He is the Corner Stone !
To him let *all* their homage pay,
For he is Lord alone !

No deed, by mortals done,
No blood of creature slain ;
The blood of God's Incarnate Son
Removes the deepest stain !

Let the whole world around
This glorious Gospel prize !
Faith is the glad, the joyful sound,
And Christ our sacrifice !

We here, Jehovah bless,
(From Satan's bondage freed,)
That we, a better righteousness,
May now before him plead !

Through earth, the cry shall run,
When we are turn'd to dust !
The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son,
Is sinners' only trust !

Against the *rock* we hail,
The *Lord* whom we adore,
The gates of hell shall not prevail,
Till time shall be no more !

103. S. M. “ *To put away Sin.* ” Heb. ix. 26.

THE chastisement you bear ;
Inquire the cause within ;
Have you been caught in Satan’s snare ?
The search severe begin !

Faith makes the captive free,
Whom sin to chains allured ;
Sin is a deadly malady
Which must, though hard, be cured.

Father ! if we have stray’d,
And our first love be cold ;
If hearts, deceitful, have betray’d,
And we have left thy fold ;

Still be the helper near !
O, visit us once more !
Through *him*, whom thou dost always hear,
Thy wandering sheep restore !

Thy name, O Lord ! we bless,
That we, (the heirs of dust !)
May wear Christ’s robe of righteousness,
In which alone we trust !

104. S. M. *Evening Hymn.*

THIS busy day is o’er,
And I prepare my head,
(While heaven’s protection I implore,)
To rest upon my bed.

Many will spend this night
 In trouble and dismay !
 While thousands, ere the morning light,
 Will pass from earth away !

Father ! by thy great power,
 Unrighteous men restrain !
 Preserve me through the midnight hour,
 Or watchmen watch in vain !

Before I close my eyes,
 And cares and sorrows cease,
 I fly — to the Great Sacrifice,
 And rest my head in peace !

105. S. M. *Invitation to come to Christ.*
 “Come unto me.” Mat. xi. 28.

BEHOLD the sinner’s friend !
 The gospel tidings hear !
 The Saviour bids the world attend,
 And learn Jehovah’s fear !
 Wide as the curse extends,
 Let our Immanuel reign !
 In power, the Son of God descends
 That we might heaven obtain !
 Come ! sinful as you are !
 On pardon free rely !
 By Christ shall you, who once were far,
 Be brought, as children, nigh !
 If you forgiveness need,
 Flee to the Corner Stone !
 Still the Redeemer’s merits plead,
 And rest on him alone !
 Christ is the Shepherd meek,
 Whose praise the saints resound ;
 He came to seek his wandering sheep,
 And you at length he found !

This hour, the prayer begin !
 Your hands to Jesus spread !
 Behold his cross ! confess your sin !
 And trust the blood he shed !

The moment faith and love
 Inspire and warm your breast,
 Joy will be felt, in worlds above,
 Among the spirits bless'd !

106. S. M. *The Law of Sinai.*

THE covenant of old
 Sought not with love to draw ;
 In smoking Sinai we behold
 The terrors of the Law.

The thunder's voice we hear,
 And at the darkness gaze !
 E'en Moses' self, o'erwhelm'd with fear,
 Stands trembling in amaze,

Lightnings, that scarce expire,
 Surround the mountain's head ;
 Whilst flashes, like a sea of fire,
 Remoter radiance shed !

Moses ascends alone !
 The haunts of man he leaves !
 He enters now the dark unknown,
 And there the Law receives !

Sinai we contemplate,
 Breathing his curses round : —
 It shows us what had been our state,
 But for the Gospel sound !

107. S. M. *Types of Christ.*

WHILE Sinai's lightning flies,
 The hidden truth we trace ;
 The law mysterious typifies
 The brighter day of grace !

The howling wilderness
Tells us, while journeying here,
That we must combat with distress,
With *better hopes* to cheer !

The promis'd land afar,
To which the Hebrews go,
Emblems that bright and morning star,
The trust of man below !

The rock from which there flow'd
A free and copious tide,
That richer stream distinctly show'd,
Which Calvary's summit dyed !

The Scape-Goat well display'd,
When bounding o'er the plain,
That head, on which *our* sins were laid,
Not to be found again !

The *offerings*, in disguise,
That night and morning give,
Prefigured that Great Sacrifice,
Who died that we might live !

The fiery serpent told
Th' uplifted Lamb and pure,
To effect in all who should behold,
Through faith, a nobler cure !

The passover reveal'd
Those, spared by heavenly love !
And such has God the Father seal'd,
To dwell with him above !

In all these symbols clear,
May we, O Lord ! delight ;
And with the just, at length, appear,
Where faith is turn'd to sight.

108. S. M. *Immanuel.*

IMMANUEL's praise we sing !
Let it extend through earth !

To Christ, may *all* their offerings bring,
And magnify his worth !

By Prophets long foretold,
Holy, and just, and true !

In him, our Saviour, we behold,
And yield the homage due !

This Day-Spring from on high,
Mercy, to cheer us, sends ;

It gives the charter to the sky —
On which our heaven depends !

Lord ! consecrate our heart !

Reign sovereign in our breast !

Immanuel, God with us, thou art ! —
And on this Rock we rest !

109. S. M. *Confidence in Calvary.*

WHEN clouds the heavens deform,
And sweeping tempests rise,
We tremble at the fearful storm,
And watch the burden'd skies.

A fiercer storm is near, —
Intenser wind and rain,
When sinners will, o'erwhelm'd with fear,
Thine anger, Lord ! sustain.

One covert thou hast raised,
To which we all may flee ;
Thy mercy be for ever prais'd —
That *Calvary* we see !

There, would we fix our sight,
To all thy sons endear'd ;
And own the pity infinite,
That thus for man appear'd.

Death cannot souls dismay
 That seek this refuge sure ;
 All other trusts will pass away,
 But this shall still endure.

110. S. M. *The Deluge caused by Sin.*

HOW dreadful was the day,
 The flood that Noah saw,
 Which swept a guilty world away
 Before heaven's broken law !

All flesh, to Satan sold,
 Cherish'd revolt within ;
 In God's wide vengeance we behold
 The penalty of sin !

Be that to us accurs'd,
 For which our Saviour died !

When, on his head, those thunders burst
 Which justice satisfied.

Lord ! give us grace to hate
 All sin, whate'er it be !

A love of holiness create,
 That proof of love to thee !

111. S. M. *The Saviour's Love.*

THE grateful voice we raise ;
 The knee, to Christ, we bend !

The Saviour, glorified, we praise, —
 Our Advocate, and Friend !

While we have tongues to pray,
 While we have breath to sing,
 Our prayer and praise, shall, night and day,
 Extol our heavenly King !

The spotless Lamb of God,
 From heaven, to save us, came,
 He bought us with his precious blood ! —
 And blessed be his name !

[Amid this concourse vast,
We sing the Saviour's love ! —
The theme, which will for ever last,
In the bright world above.]

112. S. M. *The Foundation Stone.*

WHAT portion is our choice ?
What our foundation stone ?
We answer, with the joyful voice,
It is the Lord alone !
His blood and righteousness, —
We have no hope beside !
If we are call'd by sovereign grace,
Our souls are satisfied !
This faith can joy bestow,
Unspeakable and sweet, —
But, where the living waters flow,
That joy will be complete !
Such prospects, now, to cheer,
What persons should we be ! —
Expecting, (and the state so near !) —
A bless'd eternity !

113. S. M. *Invocation to Jesus.*

SAVIOUR ! from thee alone,
Let all our comforts spring !
Thou art our offering to atone,
And thou, our rightful King !
Fountain of Life thou art !
For ever full and free !
Subdue and purify our heart,
That we thy sons may be !
On thee our hopes we cast,
We have no other friend ;
O, raise us from the dust at last,
Around thy throne to bend !

114. S. M. *The blessed and only Potentate.*

1 Tim. vi. 15.

GREAT Potentate, appear !
Thy rebel foes subdue !

Thy long'd-for chariot wheels we hear,
Thy *Opening Reign* we view !

The powers of hell combine
To frustrate and oppose !

But strength, omnipotent, is thine,
To crush thy mightiest foes !

Speak ! and thy Son shall reign !

Speak ! and the truth shall spread, —

The roughest places shall be plain,
And mountains bow their head !

Saviour ! in strength divine,
Visit the farthest shore !

Let all who live, their voices join —
To praise thee and adore !

115. C. M. *Selfishness reproved.*

“How dwelleth the love of God in him?”

1 John, iii. 17.

LORD may thy love in us appear !
To thee we homage pay ;
O, may we hold thy precepts dear,
And hate each evil way !

If thou our path with flowers hast strew'd,
And bless'd us all our days ;
May we, inspired with gratitude,
An Ebenezer raise !

May we, as stewards, devise how best
Thy bounty to dispense,
Since, ere yon sun illumines the west,
We may be summon'd hence.

[We wealth with eagerness amass,
Unknown, for foe, or friend, —
Deem'd prudence, when we want, alas !
The heart to give or spend !]

For whom he labours, none can say,
 Then precious is the hour,
 To do some good without delay,
 Now placed within our power.

116. C. M. *Obligation to do Good.*

OUR brethren, penury sustain,
 And bend beneath their care ;
 Have we no fellowship with pain,
 That we should spurn their prayer ?
 How dwells in those the love of God,
 Who slight the poor and old ?
 They tread, indeed, the downward road,
 And love, like faith, is cold.

[The things we call *our own*, that power
 Which governs all things, gave ;
 And we, the tenants of an hour,
 Are hastening to the grave.]

Before the tomb upon us close,
 Let us, though late, be wise ;
 And he who now, for God, bestows,
 Sows seed, in heaven to rise.

Lord ! ever save us from the heart,
 That feels for *self* alone ;
 May we, with liberal hand, impart,
 And give thee of thine own !

117. C. M. *Charity School Children.*

WE thank thee, Lord ! with spirits true,
 That thou hast been our guide ;
 That we have food and clothing too,
 With many gifts beside.

While, the Redeemer, *we* proclaim,
 And fear the Great Supreme ;
 Thousands have never known his name,
 Or known it, to blaspheme.

Thousands, of Christ, have never heard,
And roam in evil ways !
While we have all been taught thy word,
And love to pray and praise.

The youngest, soon in dust may lie,
And go to heaven or hell ;
Lord ! give us grace, that when we die,
We may with angels dwell.

Next, after God, the debt we owe
To friends, for all their care ;
We cannot other gifts bestow,
We thank them with our prayer.

May God, through his almighty power,
(Oh ! hear our infant breath !)
Upon our Benefactors shower
Blessings, in life, and death !

118. C. M. *Anger Depreciated.*

THY blessing, from above, we seek,
Thy Grace, O Lord ! supply,
To make us humble, patient, meek,
And fit us for the sky !

Should wrath prevail, in evil hour,
And reign uncurb'd within ;
Do thou subdue it, by thy power,
And quench this deadly sin !

Anger proceeds from worlds beneath !
Like pride, it has no rest :
We do thy Holy Spirit grieve,
When passion rules our breast !

Restrain us, Mighty God ! thy grace
Can calm the tempest down,
And *peace* imprint upon that face,
So late that wore a frown.

Give us resemblance to our Lord !
 From strife and anger freed ;
 May we afresh peruse thy *word*,
 And *copy* what we read !

119.

C. M. *Early Piety.*

NONE can begin his race too soon ;
 The morning of our days
 Is better than the heat of noon,
 Our Lord to love and praise !

God looks with a peculiar smile
 Upon the youthful feet,
 Bound to that world, where, yet awhile,
 And all the good shall meet.

The heart's first incense upward flies !
 To greet it, angels bend ;
 It joy diffuses through the skies
 When infant prayers ascend !

Look down ! behold our various wants !
 And from thy stores, supply !
 Water, O Lord ! the tender plants,
 Or they will droop and die.

Christ, in his sojourn here below,
 Invited children near,
 And now, where living waters flow,
 To him the young are dear.

120.

L. M. *Charity Sermon.*

TO soothe and lessen human woe,
 Freely we would our mite bestow ;
 And, while we yield our substance, own
 That we are instruments alone !

We thank thee, Lord ! that we possess
 The *means* to mitigate distress ;
 That we, with sympathy awake,
 Have now to *give*, and not to *take* !

While thousands, needful things deplore,
Our barns are full, and running o'er ;
Proof of thy providential care,
We have enough, and some to spare !

[We feel, at sorrow's earnest cry,
A brotherhood in misery !
And never wish to see the day
When from the poor we turn away !]

Thou hast declared, from heaven above,
The cheerful giver thou dost love ;
And, that *who* deals to poverty
In humble faith, but lends to thee !

We call to mind, that thou hast *here*,
Children, though exercised, still dear !
Shall we, regardless of thy word,
Disown th' accepted of our Lord ?

Since we remember death's swift wings
Will bear us soon from mortal things,
May we improve the present hour,
And do some good — *while in our power* !

121. L. M. *All are Stewards.*

SOME hearts to avarice are sold,
Idolatrous, who worship gold !
In judgment, oft, as time unfolds,
God riches gives, and *grace* withholds !

Many, whose heads in dust are laid,
To treasures once their homage paid,
And fancied, with delusion vain,
All blessings were comprised in *gain*.

May we, if God has wealth bestow'd,
Make it, through faith, to heaven the road ;
And by dispensing, learn to *save*
Treasures that live beyond the grave !

Some are great stewards, and some are small,
 But we, alike, are servants all ;
 May we as *faithful* stewards appear
 In the dread audit, drawing near !

122. L. M. *Charitable Collection.*

OUR treasures, whatsoe'er they be,
 Lord ! we received alone from thee !
 Our time, our talents, all we have,
 Thy stores supplied, thy bounty gave !

It is an honour, may we know,
 For *thee*, our substance to bestow ;
 And, when that substance we resign,
 We but impart what first was thine.

The moth upon our wealth may prey !
 Riches have wings, and fly away !
 The men, that with the strongest vie,
 Before to-morrow, low may lie.

While health, and prosperous suns we see,
Now, is the time to honour thee !
 And when we give, the giver *gains*,
 Thy blessing rests on what remains !

123. L. M. *Importance of Religion.*

REILIGION is no empty theme
 That charms its hour, and passes by ;
 It is a lamp, of worth supreme,
 Whose light will guide us to the sky.

Are we from Satan's bondage freed ?
Have we the path of wisdom found ?
Do we the Saviour love indeed ?
 And *are* our footsteps upward bound ?

With time, that, like a river rolls
 Impetuous, onward to the sea,
 We will not trifle with our souls,
 Before our path, Eternity !

If we have never yet desired
 Freedom from sin and Satan's chain ;
 If we have never yet aspired
 To trust in Christ, and with him reign ;
 Arouse us, by thy mighty power,
 Father of Mercies ! ere too late !
 Let us not lose, a day, an hour,
 Unmindful of our endless state !
 May we, the Saviour make our friend,
 From death, from worse than death, arise !
 That when our mortal conflicts end,
 We may be welcom'd to the skies !

124. L. M. *Confession of formal Service.*

OUR souls, O Lord ! are prone to rest
 In formal offerings, shadows vain ;
 Oh ! warm and purify our breast,
 And there a sovereign rule maintain.
 A lifeless form, however fair,
 Can neither heat, nor joy, impart ;
 And we, to such, resemblance bear,
 If grace prevail not in our heart.
 To Zion we direct our feet,
 And Christ, with *lip-devotion* bless ;
 We, words of prayer, and praise, *repeat*,
 With spirits cold and comfortless.
 Is there no cause, no slavish chain
 That binds the soul, which once was free ?
 Does no allow'd transgression reign,
 And hold with heaven a rivalry ?
 Lord ! thou art kind and faithful still,
 Thou never wilt thy children *leave*,
 'Till they transgress thy righteous will,
 And, by their sins, thy Spirit grieve.

Let us, the formal service flee,
 Re-animate, forgive, restore !
 O, may we turn again to thee,
 And serve thee better, love thee more !

125. L. M. *Inward Religion.*

WHAT is it victory to obtain
 O'er all the foes that round us throng ?
 What is it to be born again,
 And to the Saviour's fold belong ?

It is, our helplessness to own,
 And glory to the Lord to give ;
 It is, by faith, to look alone
 On *Him* who died, that we might live !

It is to learn our hopeless state,
 Our many trespasses confess ;
 It is, on him, to trust, to wait,
 Who is our strength and righteousness.

It is to cherish, to embrace,
 Christ's sanctifying power within,
 To beautify our souls with grace,
 And cleanse us from the love of sin.

It is with vanity to part,
 And, for our Lord, the world forego ;
 To feel his image on our heart,
 And in that likeness still to grow.

Those who can say "amen," ere long,
 God to a nobler state shall raise,
 To join the innumerable throng,
 Who do his will, and sing his praise.

126. L. M. *Commencement of a Service.*

OLORD ! we in thy presence stand,
 We own thy goodness, bless thy hand ;
 Since last we here thy name address'd,
 Thy mercies have been manifest.

While we thy smiles again implore,
Sin we acknowledge and deplore ;
Our wandering steps, our hearts of stone,
To thee, are altogether known.

Sins of *commission* meet our eye,
Sins of *omission* multiply ;
To understand our faults aright,
We must behold the *Infinite* !

One thought can bid our sorrows cease,
The blood of sprinkling whispers peace ;
To that bless'd fount may we repair,
And see our only safety there !

May we, who in thy courts appear,
Feel on our minds a solemn fear ;
For thou, from thine eternal throne,
Look'st to the heart, and that alone.

127. L. M. *Conclusion of a Service.*

THIS season of refreshment o'er,
O Lord ! thy blessing we implore ;
We came, the word of life to hear,
And now dismiss us in thy fear !

Throughout the week we thus begin,
Preserve our souls from every sin ;
A tender conscience, Lord ! bestow,
May we in grace and knowledge grow !

[Our treacherous memories soon resign
Impressions faint of things divine ;
While strongest hold they oft retain
Of earthly things, and trifles vain !]

Our hearts, henceforth, with thee would dwell :
Do thou the strong man arm'd expel !
Our spirits with thy grace array,
And be our mark, eternal day !

Through all our future hours, may we
 Ourselves distrust, and cleave to thee ;
 And walk like those, who keep in sight,
 The joys of heaven, the world of light !

128. L. M. *Sabbath Morning Assembly.*

O LORD ! in thine appointed way,
 With awe, we stand before thy face ;
 We meet, to hear, to sing, to pray,
 To ask thy favour, seek thy grace !

Since to this house we last repair'd,
 And gave thee our adoring breath,
 Their armour on, or unprepar'd,
 Many have slept the sleep of death !

Before another sabbath day,
 (Howe'er of this vain world the slave,))
 Some present may be call'd away,
 To pass the confines of the grave !

Let us to God exalt our voice ;
 If faith in Christ our hearts sustain,
 Eternal things will be our choice,
 And death, our everlasting gain !

129. L. M. *Ordination of a Minister.*
 PART I.

IT is a solemn charge to take,
 The pastor's, — not for lucre's sake !
 To watch the souls of those around,
 To death, and worlds eternal, bound !

It is a solemn task — to lead
 The flock of Christ, and them to feed !
 To speak for God, (though weak and frail,))
 Nor let the fear of man prevail !

Such duties to discharge aright,
 To warn of hell, with heaven in sight !
 To advocate the King of Kings !
 Who is sufficient for these things !

Lord ! grant our brother, from above,
 Continued tokens of thy love !
 Make him thy herald, to proclaim
 Salvation through a Saviour's name !

130. L. M. *Ordination of a Minister.*

PART II.

STRENGTHEN us, Lord, from day to day,
 With tongues to bless, and hearts to pray !
 Immortals near us ask for *bread*,
 Let not their blood be on our head !

That we to others food may deal,
 Instruct us ! thou *thyself* reveal !
 May faith, and every grace divine,
 Reign in our breasts, and round us shine.

With *words*, let all our *actions* preach,
 And recommend the truths we teach !
 Oh ! never let us bring disgrace
 Upon the Christian's name and place !

And when *before thee* all shall stand,
 May crowds advance to thy right hand,
 Praising their God, that we, below,
 Taught them to flee the world of woe !

131. L. M. *On opening a Place of Worship.*

GLORY to God who rules on high,
 Whose throne is mid the starry sky !
 The house of prayer, which here we see,
 We dedicate, O Lord, to thee !

Not to ourselves the praise be due !
 Thy power we trace ! thy hand we view !
 Ourselves, *thy* instruments, we own,
 And glory be to thee alone !

Here may thy Holy Spirit rest !
Here may thy name be long confess'd !
Here may our God his rule maintain !
 And thousands *here* be born again !

When we, who own thy providence,
 Shall hear the voice that calls us hence,
 And pass, from finite scenes away,
 We trust, to everlasting day !

May children rise to serve thy Son,
 And love him more than we have done !
 And long, — these walls, on which we gaze,
 Re-echo to the Saviour's praise !

132. L. M. *Association of Ministers.*

BEFORE thee, Lord ! thy servants stand,
 From far, and near, a little band ;
 Thou callest, and our hearts obey,
 And here we join, to praise and pray !

The pearl, the treasure, we have found !
Jesus, is prized by each around !
 That precious name, we all revere,
 Still, as of old, to sinners dear !

To Calvary we raise our eye !
 To the same hope may thousands fly !
 And they, with us, feel joy increase,
 In coming to the Prince of Peace.

We find this meeting-time is sweet !
 Ourselves we cast at Jesus' feet !
 And trust — that our assembling here,
 May wider spread his name and fear.

What is our life ! when hence we go,
 If never more we meet below,
 Through matchless grace, and sovereign love,
 Oh ! may we meet in worlds above !

133. L. M. “*Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance.*” Matt. iii. 8.
 (FOR A DAY OF FASTING AND HUMILIATION.)

HAUTH God erected here his throne ?
 Is this the land where Christ is known ?

Rescued (while other nations stray,)
From pagan night, and papal sway ?

Our Fathers' zeal is grown supine,
Where does the *New* commandment shine ?
How is it shewn, with all her stains,
'That Britain still the truth maintains ?

Falsehood and oaths their mildew shed !
On every side contentions spread ;
Wrath, envy, hatred, wide abound,
And evil reigns, in sight and sound !

Yet are there here a faithful few,
Who yield their Lord allegiance true ;
A little flock, a pilgrim band,
All bound to Canaan's happier land.

While thousands Satan's temples throng,
To this small flock do we belong ? —
And incense daily yield to him,
Adored by saint and seraphim ?

What sacred altar do we raise !
Where is our *fruit* as well as praise ?
And by what proof does it appear,
That Christ we love, and God we fear.

[Let all the saints, with spirit meek,
The way of life more earnest seek ;
And while our hearts to Christ incline,
May all his graces in us shine.

May rancour in our bosoms die ;
May truth prevail, and falsehood fly ;
And every day, and hour, increase
Compassion, gentleness, and peace !

So, when we quit this mortal state,
Around the throne we all shall wait ;
And with the ransom'd, ever sing,
Glory to our Immortal King !]

134. C. M. *Solemnity of Death.*

WHOM shall, unmov'd, approach the shore
Of death's unfathom'd sea ;
When time recedes, and all before
Is vast eternity !

This searching moment hastens fast ;
The hour will soon appear,
When we the lingering look, and last,
Must throw on all things here !

Our fathers once, by cares oppress'd,
At death forgot their pain ;
One thought excluded all the rest,
How they might heaven obtain !

They turn'd from vanities below,
And utter'd, with a sigh, —
“ It is, beyond what *health* can know,
A solemn thing to die ! ”

To wander on a midnight strand !
Each gleam, enlivening, flown :
To feel the earth on which we stand,
Sinking to depths unknown !

Then faith can lift her head, and cry,
“ I rest on solid ground !
“ Amid the blackness of the sky,
“ To me, one star is found ! ”

That star is Christ ! to sinners dear,
Which first from Calvary rose !
Upon this star, when death is near,
May we with joy repose.

135. C. M. “ *What have I to do any more with Idols.* ”

Hosea xiv. 8.

IF God, whose right it is to reign,
Reverence requires from all,
Shall we some idol dare retain,
And still before it fall ?

Shall we from Wisdom's precepts swerve,
And all her paths forsake ?

We cannot God and Mammon serve,
And we our choice must make.

If we to *Time* our homage pay,
We lose the Things Divine !

Heaven will maintain a sovereign sway,
Or we must Heaven resign !

" Give me thy heart !" is the command,
Yet we the mandate spurn :
We wander in a foreign land,
Till we to God return.

Friends, substance, honours, all conspire,
Unvarying from our birth,
To quench the thirst of objects, higher,
And bind us down to earth.

One idol quits us but to leave
For others ampler space ;
And thus the spider's web we weave,
And slumber in our race.

In prospect of eternal day,
Our souls from bondage free !
Great God ! our every idol slay,
And fix our hearts on thee.

136. L. M. " *Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto Eternal Life.*"

Jude 21.

WE sigh and *look for* many things,
Each good, impatient, to obtain ;
Forward we urge our eagle wings,
But stop before *the mark* we gain.

We *look for* honours, nor recall
The thought, how soon their reign is o'er ;
We *look for* wealth, and prostrate fall
Before the idol crowds adore !

We *look for* life of lengthen'd day,
 And form, for times remote, our plan,
 Remembering not, how brief our stay,
 And what a fading flower is man.

Some, great in records that are past,
 (Children of Zion, ever blest !)
Look'd for the better things, *that last* ; —
 For mercy, and eternal rest.

They *look'd for* pardon, through the Lamb !
 And, firm in faith, on him relied !
 They saw all fulness in *his* name,
 The Conqueror who on Calvary died !

Of old, our ransom'd brethren sought
 Grace, full and free, while here they trod ;
 And, by the blood incarnate, bought,
 First walk'd, and then abode with God.

While through the wilderness we stray,
 May we all *look for* Christ alone ;
 His hand, to guide us by the way,
 And *him*, to shield, and to atone !

May we for mercy *look* and cry ;
 Still keep eternal life in sight ;
 And may our souls, when hence they fly,
 Be number'd with the saints in light.

137. L. M. "Outer Darkness." PART 1.

WILL all, at last, to heaven ascend,
 When these material scenes are o'er ?
 Will now the foe, be then the friend
 Of *Him*, whom angels, veil'd, adore ?

Delusive dreams ! that lull to death
 Children of sin, as on they go !
 Who talk, (to their expiring breath)
 Of joys, which they must never know.

The solemn hour is hastening near,
 When *chaff* and *wheat* will sever'd be ;
 Those only, who their Maker fear,
 Will e'er *his smile* in glory see !

138. L. M. *Outer Darkness. PART 2.*

WHÈRE, thoughtless sinner ! wilt thou dwell ?
 Thou hast no *taste* for joys divine !

Thou lov'st on earth the *work* of hell,
 And must not Satan's *hire* be thine ?

Wrapt in delusion's deepest shade,
 Thou hast thy soul to evil given !
Canst thou contemplate, undismay'd,
 Disseverment from God and Heaven ?

Will it no sad concernment bring,
 To see the gates of bliss retire ?
 To hear, far off, the ransom'd sing,
 Encompass'd with eternal fire ?

Where memory will augment the pain,
 Still gnawing, from the worm within !
 Of warnings, heard but to disdain,
 And of convictions, quench'd by sin !

Perdition, yet, is only *nigh*,
 The thinnest veil its terrors hides !
 Have pity on thyself, and fly
 To the one refuge Heaven provides !

Call on the Saviour ! trust his grace !
 Then, trophy of redeeming love !
 Thou shalt behold thy Maker's face,
 Safe in the happier world above !

139. L. M. *The Hope of Glory.*

SOME paths are dark, and plainly tend
 The soul, from light and heaven to rend ;
 Some paths in beams, resplendent, shine,
 And clearly lead to realms divine.

The path in which the just are found,
Declares the world, — where *they* are bound ;
It glows with a celestial ray,
Increasing to the perfect day.

Though not exempt from pain and woe,
From strength to strength the righteous go ;
Till, safe beyond the sigh and tear,
They all in happier worlds appear.

The Hope of Glory is the light
Which guides us in the darkest night ;
From Christ it springs, to whom we raise,
Ascriptions of unceasing praise.

140. L. M. “*Faith, Hope, Charity, these three; but the greatest of these is Charity.*”
1 Cor. xiii. 13.

MEEK Charity ! thy light impart,
That I the way of peace may see ;
Come, make thy dwelling in my heart,
And banish every foe to thee !

Pride, parent of unnumber'd woes,
Lives in an atmosphere of care :
If heaven be found divine repose,
It is, that Charity is there.

Strife, envy, since the world began,
Like sable clouds on earth have press'd ;
The love of God, the love of man,
Is the clear sunshine of the breast !

O, Charity ! may we pursue
Thy gentle footsteps, heavenly dove !
To dwell with thee is pleasure true,
Alike in earth, or worlds above.

Hope soon will quench her ardent fire,
Lost 'mid the blaze of spirits pure ;
In sight will *Faith* herself expire,
But Charity shall still endure.

141. L. M. *The Blessings of Revelation.*

HOW strange ! that deathless minds should heed
The world no more, to which they speed !
That men, *their house*, should tottering see,
Nor look for one that *still will be* !

Strange, that our souls so seldom rise
Above these transitory skies !
And that the worlds of joy and woe,
So cold an interest raise below !

Our fathers to their tombs are gone !
And we, like them, are hastening on !
Strange that our spirits can forbear
The solemn questions,— *when ? and where ?*

Let Glory to our God resound,
That he such light has pour'd around !
That, with the *Book of Nature* seal'd,
The *Book of God* has truth reveal'd !

There we survey our laps'd estate,
And for our consolation wait !
The path to heaven we there perceive,
And in our *Father's love* believe.

There we progressively behold
The veil of prophecy unfold !
Rites, symbols,— scarce by signs represt,
Predictions, great and manifest !

All pointing to those days divine,
When *Immortality* should shine ;
The Son of God to earth descend,
And shadows, types, and darkness end !

142. DOXOLOGIES.

GLORY, praise, and adoration !
Spreading to earth's furthest shore ;
To the Father, Son, and Spirit
Be ascribed for evermore.

143.

TO God, the Lord, while life endure,
To God, the Son, and Spirit pure,
From day to night, and night to day,
Our souls shall ceaseless honours pay.

144. —

TO Jehovah, Lord Almighty !
In his robe of light arrayed,
To the Son, and to the Spirit
Be eternal honours paid !

145. —

TO God we lift our heart and voice,
In Christ, the Lamb, we all rejoice !
The Spirit shall receive our praise,
Till louder songs in heaven we raise !

146. —

HALLELUJAH ! Hallelujah !
Round the throne arch-angels raise,
We, in feebler notes, responsive,
Will unite our song of praise !

147. —

TO God, the Lord, we lift our voice !
In his salvation we rejoice !
Let earth, to Son and Spirit, raise
The voice of universal praise !

148. —

TO Father, Son, and Spirit pure,
Let praise be paid, while life endure ;
And when on earth our voices fail,
Let the same notes in heaven prevail !

HYMNS

SUGGESTED BY, OR FOUNDED UPON, PORTIONS OF THE

PSALMS.

PART THE SECOND.

149. L. M. *Condition of the Righteous and the Wicked.*

Psalm 1.

HOW bless'd the men who walk with thee,
O Lord ! and prize what thou hast said ;
Who at thine altar bend the knee,
And shun the paths th' ungodly tread :
Who meditate, both day and night,
Upon thy laws, upon thy ways ;
Who in thy precepts take delight,
And love the work of prayer and praise.

They, like a tree, by all are seen,
Which prospers by the river's side ;
That bears a leaf, for ever green,
And spreads its branches far and wide.

Not so th' ungodly ; they, like chaff,
Upon the winds are borne away ;
They lean upon a broken staff,
And fall from everlasting day !

Though sinners, Lord ! thy name revile,
Our spirits to *obedience* draw ;
The King of Saints withholds his smile
From those who break his righteous law.

Saviour ! our hearts renew by grace,
May we both hear and do thy will ;
And stand, at last, before thy face,
Upon thy high, and holy hill !

150. C. M. *Kings charged not to oppose God.*

Psalm 2.

MONARCHS, too oft, *that* God forsake
Who made both earth and sky :
Perverse and blind, they counsel take
Against the Lord most high.

His Son, the Father's Image bright,
They, in their pride, oppose,
And, loving darkness more than light,
Proclaim themselves his foes.

The God, to whom all hearts are known,
Who guides the worlds around,
Shall mark, from his eternal throne,
And all their schemes confound !

Ye kings and potentates, beware,
Or great will be your fall ;
In conflict, vain, no longer dare
The Sovereign Judge of all !

But low, with deep humility,
Before his presence lie,
And, ere th' unchangeable decree,
To Christ for pardon cry.

Time, on his rapid pinion, flies,
Behold your wretched state ;
This hour to righteousness, arise,
The next may be too late.

151. L. M. *God our Confidence.*

Psalm 3.

MY foes, O Lord, with pride declare
 That thou hast now withdrawn thy care ;
 But all my hope is fix'd on thee,
 And I, thy goodness, still shall see.

To thee I never cried in vain,
 In health, or sickness, ease, or pain ;
 And thou, to all who trust thy name,
 Wilt ever more be found the same.

Thy hand from every harm doth keep,
 Both when I wake, and when I sleep ;
 Why should I man, or Satan, fear,
 When, to protect me, God is near ?

Be thou my friend, be thou my trust,
 While I am hastening to the dust ;
 And when thy trump shall bid me rise,
 Receive my spirit to the skies !

O, may I dwell where Jesus reigns ;
 May I unite in Gabriel's strains,
 And spend a long eternity
 With all the bless'd, in praising thee !

152. L. M. *Men urged to trust in God.*

Psalm 4. PT. I.

WHENE'ER I call, inc line thine ear :
 Almighty Father ! thou wilt still,
 In trouble and distress appear
 For all who seek and do thy will.

Ye sons of men, renounce your ways,
 Forsake your vanities and lies ;
 Henceforth proclaim your Maker's praise,
 And look beyond these nether skies.

100 HYMNS, FOUNDED ON THE PSALMS.

Implore his grace to cleanse your heart
From every sin, and every stain,
For know, that God hath set apart,
Such with himself to live and reign.

For ever stand in awe of *him*,
To whom, through one eternal day,
The Cherubim, and Seraphim
Their songs of gratulation pay !

Let sinners fear Jehovah's frown,
His grace extol, his goodness own !
And hope for their eternal crown,
Through the Redeemer's blood alone.

153. L. M. *The Smile of God the chief Good.* (AN EVENING HYMN.)

PSALM 4. PT. 2.

O LORD ! when evening shadows fall,
And night, and silence, round extend ;
My spirit shall delight to call,
On thee, my Father, and my Friend !

Others, their whole inheritance
May seek from life's uncertain store,
But, lift thou up thy countenance
Upon me, and I ask no more.

Oft have I tasted joys divine,
When thou thy presence hast bestow'd,
More than when sinners' oil and wine,
Have round them in abundance flow'd.

No sorrow hence shall fill my breast,
While in thy love I hold a share ;
And I will lay me down to rest,
Confiding in my Saviour's care.

154. L. M. *Supplication for Transgressors.*

Psalm 5.

O LORD ! thy nature is too pure,
 The man that sinneth, to endure :
 If we, at last, would dwell with thee,
 We must abhor iniquity.

None shall before thy throne appear,
 To whom thy statutes are not dear :
 May we review them with delight,
 By day, and through the silent night.

Some, proudly wander, Lord ! from thee,
 They, in thy law, no beauty see ;
 They often curse, but never bless,
 And love and practise wickedness.

Ere death o'er take, O, let them learn
 Their folly, and to thee return !
 Through the rich merits of thy Son,
 Let them to wisdom's ways be won !

May sinners, ere it be too late,
 Behold their miserable state ;
 With contrite heart, and bended knee,
 To Christ, their only refuge, flee !

155. L. M. *Reliance on God, with Intercession for Sinners.*

Psalm 7.

IN thee, O God ! we put our trust,
 Encompass'd by affliction's wave ;
 Thy hand will ever guard the just,
 Thy arm, from death and danger, save.

Contemners of thy law we see,
 Where'er we turn our sorrowing eye ;
 The men who never else agree,
 Combine, their Maker to defy!

Thou sparest them ! O God of might !
 Restraine them in their wild career !
 Display thy terrors to their sight,
 And in their hearts implant thy fear !

Check, by thy power, their impious breath !
 Shew them on what a verge they tread !
 That everlasting life, or death,
 Depends upon a feeble thread !

Lest they endure eternal loss,
 Let them behold where pardon shines ;
 And fly, for refuge, to the *Cross*,
 Where *Faith*, in humble hope, reclines.

156. L. M. *God's Greatness and Condescension.*

Psalm 8.

ALMIGHTY Lord ! in every place,
 Thy hand, omnipotent, we trace ;
 Through all the earth, thy works, the same,
 Our gratitude and wonder claim.

The opening morn, in splendour drest,
 The sun, declining to the west ;
 With all the things that move, and are,
 Thy goodness, and thy power declare.

When, wrapt in thought, we cast our eye
 Upon the vast and spangled sky ;
 Behold the heavens, in pomp array'd,
 The moon and stars, which thou hast made :

Surveying the majestic host,
 Our souls in littleness are lost ;
 Lord ! what is man, the child of clay,
 That thou to him should'st visit pay ?

Yet, through thy love and pity great,
 Thou sought'st us in our low estate ;
 That first of gifts we owe to thee,
 The hope of immortality !

A hope, which like an anchor lies
Alone, in that Great Sacrifice ;
Offer'd by Christ, to set us free,
When he expired on Calvary !

157. L. M. *In the midst of Change, God Immutable.*

Psalm 9.

WHILE we enjoy the vital air,
Thy praise, O Lord ! will we declare :
Our hearts, melodious strains shall sing
To thee, our ever glorious King !

Thou, in the greatness of thy power,
Dost o'er the earth destruction shower ;
Cities, like men, have run their race,
While no memorial points their place.

Amid this ever changing frame,
Thou, O our God ! art still the same ;
When years, untold, their round have run,
Thy endless reign is but begun.

This mighty whole didst thou create !
And thou art *good*, as well as *great* !
This satisfies our anxious mind,
May we, O Lord ! thy goodness find.

Thou dost in righteousness delight,
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right ;
Thou art a refuge for th' opprest,
And in thy smiles alone we rest.

Though we have wander'd far from thee,
In our distress, *one* hope we see ;
We look to Christ, for sin who died,
And view thine anger turn'd aside !

158. C. M. *The Wicked in their Prosperity
forget God.*

Psalm 10.

O LORD ! when sinners prosper round,
 And days of gladness see,
 In all their thoughts thou art not found,
 They have no fear of thee.

With them, thy threatenings have no weight ;
 They never view thy hand ;
 They think, that with the rich and great,
 They shall for ever stand.

They say that God doth not behold ;
 That thou thy face dost hide ;
 And, with prosperity grown bold,
 Thy judgments they deride.

Regardless of almighty power,
 They madly heaven oppose ;
 But, thou, in the appointed hour,
 Wilt scatter all thy foes.

To thee, those only find access,
 Whom thou, by faith, hast taught ;
 Who wear the robe of righteousness,
 Which Christ, thy Son, has wrought.

159. C. M. *Temporal Blessings, unavailing
without Christ.*

Psalm 13.

HOW long shall we with sorrow mourn
 The absence of thy voice ;
 And when wilt thou, O Lord, return,
 And bid our hearts rejoice.

Inspire our hopes, illume our eyes,
 Let us thy presence see,
 Lest death should suddenly surprise,
 And bear us far from thee.

What will avail, that, *once*, delight,
 To us was freely given,
 If we are banish'd from thy sight,
 And lose the joys of heaven !

Saviour ! a look of pity cast,
 Thy favour, free, bestow ;
 And may we dwell with thee, at last,
 Beyond this world of woe.

160. L. M. *The Prevalence of Impious Scoffers.*

Psalm 14.

THÉ fool, thine anger, Lord ! hath dared,
 And in the path unholy trod ;
 The fool hath in his heart declared,
 “ Rejoice, my soul ! there is no God ! ”

Thou lookedst from thy throne of day,
 To see who righteous were on earth ;
 But all, alike, had gone astray,
 And scorn'd thy counsels from their birth.

Corruption every where appeared,
 Th' unhallow'd tongue revil'd thy name ;
 The prayer of faith was never heard,
 And sinners gloried in their shame.

Abominable works they sought,
 They neither saw, nor fear'd thy hand ;
 They spurn'd that purity of thought,
 Which in thy sight alone shall stand.

The hour draws near, when foes to thee,
 Stripp'd of their refuges of lies,
 Shall seek some tower, from wrath, to flee,
 Which earth withholds, and heaven denies.

Let sinners, ere too late, awake
 From the deep sleep in which they lie,
 And Christ, their only portion make,
 Lest they unpardon'd live and die.

161. C. M. *The true Righteousness.*

Psalm 15.

WHOM shall thy tabernacle fill,
 And thee, O Lord ! draw near ?
 Who shall, upon thy holy hill,
 In the last day appear ?

The upright, he who ever speaks
 The truth, and hates a lie ;
 Restrains his tongue, and never seeks
 His neighbour's injury.

Who will not on the wicked smile ;
 And give deceitful praise ;
 Who in his heart contemns the vile,
 And hates their evil ways.

Who promises, nor breaks his word,
 Who is on mercy bent ;
 Who honoureth them that fear the Lord,
 And guards the innocent.

Who, after all that he has done,
 Confides alone in grace ;
 And hopes, at last, through Christ his Son,
 To see Jehovah's face.

This is the soul whom thou wilt bless,
 And make alone thy choice ;
 He trusts — to the *True Righteousness*,
 And shall in heaven rejoice.

162. L. M. *Temporal Prosperity ascribed to God.*

Psalm 16. PT. I.

GOD of the faithful and the just,
 On thee alone I fix my trust ;
 Beneath thy smiles I spread my tent,
 And hail the tidings thou hast sent.

Within thy courts will I inquire ;
 To thee my flesh and heart aspire :
 The heritage I seek alone,
 Shall be, to worship round thy throne.

I own the bounty of thy hand,
 In pleasant places do I stand :
 A rich inheritance I boast,
 But I desire thy presence most.

Shall I not sound my Maker's praise,
 Who thus hath crown'd my mortal days ?
 In every season I will sing
 Hosannahs to my heavenly king.

163. L. M. *Anticipation of Christ.*

Psalm 16. PT. 2.

BEFORE me clouds of glory roll !
 Visions, celestial, fill my soul !
 I plunge into futurity,
 And there the star of hope I see !
 Satan's supreme dominion ends !
 The Son of God to earth descends,
 And, by one offering, cancels fears,
 The threatenings of four thousand years !

Haste ! sovereign Lord ! thy cause maintain !
 Enlarge thy bounds ! extend thy reign !
 Advancing, like the orb of day,
 Till every land shall thee obey !

164. L. M. *The Atoning Sacrifice.*

Psalm 16. PT. 3.

WHEN death may call our souls away,
 No terrors shall our breasts dismay :
 We rest in hope ; for thou, O God !
 Wilt take us to thy bless'd abode.

With worms we shall not always dwell,
Nor wilt thou leave our souls in hell ;
Sickness may waste, destruction reign,
But we shall die to live again !

That *Holy One*, so long foretold,
In thine own time shall man behold ;
O'er death, triumphant, he shall rise,
Our great Atoning Sacrifice !

On these bright scenes we meditate ;
This vain and transitory state
Was never made to curb and bind
Man's soaring and immortal mind !

Before thee all thy saints shall stand,
Redeem'd, and brought from every land ;
When each shall bend th' adoring knee,
And heaven resound with "Victory!"

165. C. M. *Strength sought from God.*

Psalm 17. PT. I.

LORD ! oft as clouds portentous lower,
Temptations press within,
Support me by thy mighty power,
That I may flee from sin.

Hold up my goings ; in thy ways
I would my soul engage ;
And spend, with thee, the fleeting days
Of this, my pilgrimage.

Beneath the shadow of thy wing
May I my head recline ;
O, let me of thy goodness sing,
And feel that thou art mine.

My Saviour ! may I form a part
In heaven's eternal choir ;
To know that thou my portion art,
Is all that I desire !

166. C. M. *Christ our Refuge.*

Psalm 17. PT. 2.

MAY we, by faith, in every scene,
Behold, O Lord, thy hand,
And strive to keep our souls serene,
While bound to Canaan's land.

If our inheritance is sure,
If Christ our refuge be,
Thy face, O Lord ! with all the pure,
We shall in glory see.

Protect us from the men of strife,
From those who earth adore ;
Who have their portion in this life,
And never seek for more.

No earthly good should keep us here!
Joy will be ours alone,
When, in thy likeness, we appear,
And worship round thy throne.

167. C. M. *Consecration of the Soul to God.*

Psalm 18. PT. 1.

TO thee, O God ! I humbly bow,
And own thy sovereign power ;
Thou art my strength, my buckler thou,
And thou my lofty tower.

To thee I consecrate my days,
To earth I bid adieu ;
Thou art deserving of all praise
From men and angels too.

When, like a flood, th' ungodly rose,
And compass'd me around,
Thy hand restrain'd my raging foes,
And them, with fetters, bound.

And when I saw the yawning grave,
 And felt my spirit start ;
 When there was none to soothe, or save,
 And terror fill'd my heart ;
 I call'd on thee, 'mid pain and fear,
 (My soul in sorrow drown'd !)
 And through that name, to sinners dear,
 Recovering grace I found.
 Henceforward may my Saviour be
 My trust, my joy divine ;
 And may the life, preserved by thee,
 Be more than ever thine.

168. L. M. *The Descent of Jehovah.*

Psalm 18. PT. 2.

THE Lord in anger frown'd, when night
 The canopy of heaven o'erspread ;
 The countless stars withdrew their light,
 While trembling earth betray'd her dread !
 His mouth sent forth devouring flame,
 Convulsive nature felt the heat ;
 He bow'd the heavens, and downward came,
 With darkness underneath his feet !
 He spake, and the obedient storm
 Came rushing on, before, behind ;
 He rode upon a cherub form,
 Borne on the pinions of the wind !
 Lightnings involved th' Almighty's Head,
 Attendant thunders burst around ;
 The skies disastrous lustre shed,
 While ocean scorn'd his narrow bound !
 The world's foundations open lay,
 The channels of the flood were bare ;
 He spake, and darkness turn'd to day ;
 He smiled, and all again was fair !

If such the terrors of his frown,
 Let none provoke so great a foe ;
 Lest, in his wrath, he tread them down,
 And doom them to the world of woe !

169. L. M. *The Heavens declare the Omnipotence of God.*

Psalm 19. PT. 1.

THIE Heavens declare thy glorious name,
 Thou Lord of Life, and God of all !
 This grand and universal frame,
 At first didst thou from nothing call !

The sun ; the moon, with all her train,
 That throng the glowing vault of night,
 With unobtrusive accents plain,
 Proclaim the wonders of thy might !

Thou, unconfined by space or time,
 Display'st thy power, through endless years ;
 In every age, in every clime,
 The majesty of God appears !

On Earth, “ Omnipotence ! ” we hear
 Sent forth from every form, and sense ;
 While Heaven, with accent still more clear,
 Again repeats, “ Omnipotence ! ”

170. L. M. *The excellency of God's Commandments.*

Psalm 19. PT. 2.

THY statutes, O our God ! are right,
 Our spirits love to hear thy voice ;
 Thy laws are perfect, and delight
 The souls that make thy ways their choice.

Thy testimonies, Lord ! are sure,
 Thy fear, the heart with grace supplies ;
 Thy judgments make th' unholy, pure,
 The feeble strong, the simple wise.

Dearer than treasures brought from far,
 Fairer than spring, in all her bloom ;
 Thy word and counsels sweeter are,
 Than honey, or the honey-comb.

They warn of dangers that surround,
 The paths of safety they record ;
 And though in threatenings they abound,
 In keeping them is great reward.

171. L. M. *Deliverance sought from Sin.*

 Psalm 19. PT. 3.

O LORD ! by thee alone we stand,
 Exposed to Satan's rude assaults ;
 Through perils lead us by thy hand,
 And cleanse our hearts from secret faults.

Iniquity, thy Spirit grieves,
 Make us devoted, contrite, true !
 An evil nature to us cleaves,
 But thou that nature canst renew.

Presumptuous sins, O let us shun,
 Nor dare contend with Sovereign Might !
 Make us the followers of thy Son,
 And let us walk as in thy sight.

Let all our thoughts, and every word,
 That daily from our lips may fall —
 Be in thy sight, accepted, Lord !
 Our strength, Redeemer, all in all !

172. C. M. *Confidence to be placed alone in God.*

 Psalm 20.

TO God, the Lord, we raise our voice,
 Who doth in trouble hear ;
 In his salvation we rejoice,
 His name alone we fear.

Send, from thy sanctuary, aid,
 From Zion, strength bestow ;
 Then none shall make our souls afraid,
 Or prove a conquering foe.

Some in the horse and horseman trust,
 Some to the chariot flee,
 But thou wilt scatter all as dust,
 Whose hope is not in thee.

Such, shall deplore their wretched state,
 And scorn and shame endure ;
 But those who on their Saviour wait,
 Shall stand for ever sure.

173. C. M. *The Goodness of God recorded.*

Psalm 21. PT 1.

HOW richly has thy bounty flow'd,
 Eternal source of light ;
 My heart's desire, hast thou bestow'd,
 With mercies infinite.

Goodness thou dost so freely grant,
 And comforts so provide,
 That, ere I fully know their want,
 I am, through grace, supplied.

One other favour, Lord ! impart,
 While round such gifts I see ;
 The blessing of a grateful heart,
 Which traces all to thee.

174. C. M. *Thankfulness expressed for Preservation.*

Psalm 21. PT. 2.

I OWN, O Lord ! thy guardian power,
 When death before me stood :
 Thou canst protect in every hour,
 From tumult, fire, and flood.

My gratitude I here declare,
 My thanks I here express ;
 Life I implored, thou heard'st my prayer,
 And life do I possess.

May now, to hopes above the sky,
 That life devoted be ;
 And when to earth I close my eye,
 May I awake with thee

175. L. M. *Obedience, the Test of Faith.*

Psalm 22. PT. 1.

MY God ! my God ! I cry to thee !
 In vain I seek thy Holy Place !
 O, why hast thou forsaken me,
 And, for a season, veil'd thy face !

If sin, with cords, has bound me fast,
 And made thy Spirit turn away,
 Give me contrition for the past,
 And let me now thy word obey.

Thy nature cannot sin endure,
 Sinners with thee shall have no part ;
 Thou art too holy, and too pure,
 To dwell with the rebellious heart.

In thy commandments let me run !
 This is the clear, decisive test,
 Though faith in thy beloved Son,
 Is the one Rock, on which I rest.

176. L. M. *The God of the Patriarchs our God.*

Psalm 22. PT. 2.

WE own thy ever-present hand,
 O Lord ! through each revolving day :
 When Abraham left his father's land,
 Thou wast his hope, and thou his stay.

Isaac, in sorrow, look'd to thee,
And sought thy counsel and controul ;
And thou, O Lord, wilt ever be
The portion of each humble soul.

Jacob, when threatening storms arose,
To thee address'd his suppliant voice :
These all thy Great Salvation chose,
And now with God and Saints rejoice.

They oft, while journeying to the skies,
Erected altars to thy praise ;
And we would, as our mercies rise,
Perpetual Ebenezers raise.

Though age on age, has roll'd along,
Since, rich in faith, the Patriarchs died,
Yet, thou art still a buckler strong
To all who in thy arm confide.

Shall we distrust thee, and repine,
At clouds that veil our mortal day ?
Let us, to thee, our wills resign,
Thou art the potter, we are clay.

We have too often stray'd from thee,
And if thy judgments should o'er take,
May we thy rod correcting see,
And God again our refuge make.

177. L. M. *Death not terrible to the Christian.*

Psalm 23.

WHEN first the morn illumes the sky,
To thee, O Father ! we will cry ;
Our thanks for mercies past convey,
And ask thy blessing through the day.

Thou art our Shepherd, thou, our guide,
Thou wilt for us, O Lord ! provide ;
Goodness and mercy shall attend
The man who makes his God his friend.

And when th' appointed time shall come
 That we must seek our narrow home ;
 Follow where all the prophets led,
 Down to the chambers of the dead :

Close our sad eyes on every scene
 That once our dear delight had been ;
 Forsake the fair retreats of men,
 And, dust to dust, return again :

What, at that searching hour, shall cheer ?
 What, soothe our doubt, allay our fear ?
 If Christ his presence then bestow,
 We need not dread our final foe.

Our fathers saw that dreary road,
 Awhile our fathers there abode :
 None e'er in heaven his anchor cast,
 But him who Jordan's wave had past.

When death shall summon us away,
 If Jesus smile, our night is day ;
 That dark and dreary vale once trod,
 And we ascend to thee our God.

178. L. M. *The King of Glory.*

Psalm. 24.

THE heavens proclaim the hand divine ;
 Thy word, O Lord ! the tempest stills ;
 The fulness of the earth is thine,
 The cattle on a thousand hills.

The righteous triumph in thy love,
 From them thy face thou wilt not hide ;
 The pure in heart shall dwell above,
 And in thy holy place abide.

Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass !
 Ye everlasting doors expand !
 And let the King of Glory pass,
 With his restored, and white-robed band !

Who is this King of Glory ? Say !
Thou beauteous earth ! thou glorious sky !
“The Lamb of God ! the Lord of day !”
All things that live and move, reply !
Lift up your heads, ye gates of brass !
Ye everlasting doors expand !
And let the King of Glory pass
With his redeemed, and spotless band !

179. C. M. *Trust in God for Pardon through Christ.*

Psalm 25.

WHEN high the waves of trouble roll,
And deep is our distress ;
To thee, O Lord ! we lift our soul,
And find our sorrows less.

Thy presence is our solace sweet,
While we to heaven are bound ;
Shew us thy ways, and let our feet
In these be ever found.

Pardon the sins of early youth,
The crimes which once were dear ;
Before we knew the power of truth,
Or learn'd thy law to fear.

O, pardon them, nor them alone,
But sins of riper years ;
We would our past offences own
With contrite sighs and tears.

Though troubles mark our mortal day,
And scanty be our store,
Yet if, “our Father !” we can say,
What should we covet more ?

To thee, O Lord ! our hands we spread,
On thee our trust we cast !
May we obtain, through Christ our head,
Eternal rest at last !

180. C. M. *God the Portion of his Saints.*

Psalm 26.

EXAMINE me, O Lord ! and prove
 If I would thee obey ;
 And if I any idol love,
 That idol take away !

Lord ! in thy house, the house of prayer,
 I love to bend my knee ;
 For I have found my spirit there,
 Subdued, and brought to thee.

Let not my portion be the same
 As theirs who truth deride ;
 Who honour not their Saviour's name,
 Nor in his paths abide :

But may my portion be with those,
 Though low in mortal eyes,
 Who all a better country chose,
 A country in the skies.

181. L. M. *The Righteous sustained by Faith.*

Psalm 27.

WHY should I fear the child of dust,
 While thou, O Lord ! continuest true ;
 Thou art my strength and only trust,
 My God, and my salvation too.

[Although a host before me rose,
 My soul is safe, if thou art nigh ;
 Weak are the swords of fiercest foes,
 Against thy might and majesty.]

One thing, O Lord ! do thou bestow,
 Incline thine ear to my request !
 That I may serve thee here below,
 And worship thee among the blest !

When thou didst bid me seek thy face,
 My heart, obedient, thus replied,
 Thou art my only resting-place !

Be thou my portion, thou my guide !

Father and mother may forsake,
 Each earthly good will have an end ;
 But those who God their refuge make,
 Will find an ever-present friend.

In many a dark and cheerless day,
 When cares o'erwhelm'd me like a sea,
 My soul had fainted by the way,
 But for my confidence in thee.

May sin no more my peace annoy,
 And when afflictions fill my breast,
 Be this my solace, this my joy,
 The hope of an abiding rest !

182. S. M. *Falsehood denounced.*

Psalm 28.

MAY those who love a lie,
 From us be held apart ;
 With friendly greetings in their eye,
 But falsehood in their heart.

Such hold their bondage fast,
 And will not warning take ;
 But God will visit them at last
 When they from dreams shall wake !

How terrible their state !
 What unimagin'd woe !
 Thrust out of the celestial gate !
 And God and Christ their foe !

Crown of the hoary sire !
 The ornament of youth !
 Let us, with hallow'd zeal, desire
 Integrity and Truth !

120 HYMNS, FOUNDED ON THE PSALMS.

May we the Saviour love,
Redeem'd from Satan's chain ;
Then, *with him*, in the world above,
We shall for ever reign.

183. L. M. *The Greatness of Jehovah.*

—
Psalm 29.

GIVE to the Lord, ye men of might,
The honour due unto his name ;
Worship your Maker with delight,
And his dominion, wide, proclaim.

His voice is heard upon the shore
When ocean raves, and tempests fly ;
He speaks, when pealing thunders roar :
His voice is full of majesty !

The lofty pine and cedar proud,
On mountains high, by winds are rent,
While Lebanon, with discord loud,
Re-echoes through the firmament.

The scenes, around, his power confess,
Where eyes may see, and hearts may praise,
But he, amid the wilderness,
Alike his boundless might displays.

[In human plaudits men delight ;
To all beside their hearts are cold ;
But God, remote from mortal sight,
Is great, as where all eyes behold.]

Thy throne, O God ! shall stand secure,
And age to age thy power rehearse ;
Thine altar is the Spirit pure !
Thy temple is the universe !

184. S. M. “*Weeping may endure for a Night, but Joy cometh in the Morning.*”

Psalm 30. PT. I.

NOW tears obstruct our sight,
And faltering is our voice ;
But joy, returning with the light,
Shall make our hearts rejoice.

[We mourn another's woe,
The friend, both tried and dear ;
Let us restrain the tears that flow,
His hour of joy is near.]

Sorrows we now endure
And days of mourning see ;
Yet there are pangs which none can cure,
From which our *souls* are free !

We loss or cross sustain,
Both grievous to be borne ;
Let *faith* once more her seat regain,
And we shall cease to mourn.

Our Father, good and wise,
Knows, with the purpose kind,
When to support, or to chastise,
And we must be resign'd.

Though troubles weigh us down ;
Dark clouds the heavens array ;
Joy for the righteous still is sown,
Which shall not pass away !

Let us withhold our tears ;
Night will not always last ;
Christ will be better than our fears,
On whom our trust we cast.

We see the promised land !
Where we our Lord shall meet !
The morning hastes, and is at hand,
To make our joy complete !

185. C. M. *Forgiveness with God*

Psalm 30. PT. 2.

THE Lord will we delight to praise
 While time and being last :
 To him will we hosannahs raise,
 On him our burdens cast.

Ye saints, with us, your tribute bring,
 Give God his honour due ;
 With grateful hearts, in concert sing,
 For he hath helped *you*.

He o'er your sins a mantle casts ;
 And loves your wounds to heal :
 His anger but a moment lasts
 When men contrition feel.

If sinners on his grace rely,
 And in his Son confide,
 Let the glad tidings round us fly,
 His wrath is turn'd aside.

186. C. M. *Pardon with God through Christ.*

Psalm 31.

BE thou, O Lord ! that rock proclaim'd,
 To which our souls may flee ;
 And may we never be ashamed
 Of righteousness, and thee.

Our fathers trusted in thy name,
 O'erwhelm'd with sorrow's wave ;
 And thou art still a God the same,
 Omnipotent to save !

Though once our hearts to truth were cold,
 And we in trespass lay ;
 Yet would we now thy face behold,
 And go no more astray.

We have the voice of wisdom heard,
And rais'd to heaven our eye :
Thou hast bestow'd on us thy word,
To which, for hope, we fly :
Thou hast reveal'd the only way
(Faith in a Saviour's love)
Which leads to everlasting day,
At thy right hand above !

187. L. M. *God the Refuge of his Servants.*

Psalm 32.

BLESS'D is the man who trusts in heaven,
And whose transgressions are forgiven ;
To whom the Lord a friend will be,
Imputing not iniquity.

While we our sins confess, and mourn,
We would, O Lord ! to thee return ;
Through Christ, our trespasses forgive,
And let us in thy presence live.

While yet we see the light of day,
Instruct, and lead us in thy way ;
May we aspire to Zion's hill,
And seek thy face, and do thy will.

The wicked, when afflictions press,
No comfort find in their distress :
The joys which once were their delight,
Like evening's glories, end in night.

But those who on the Lord rely,
Find a protector ever nigh ;
Nor need their spirits feel dismay,
Though earth in one wide ruin lay.

188. L. M. *God manifested in his Works.*

Psalm 33.

YE visionary hopes depart,
 Which I too long have loved and known ;
 I now will dedicate my heart,
 And all I have, to God alone.

He loves compassion to display ;
 His words are truth, his ways are right ;
 The closing eve, the opening day,
 Proclaim his goodness infinite.

When I behold the mighty deep,
 Great thoughts of God my bosom fill ;
 He doth, in store, his billows keep,
 To execute his sovereign will.

And when, with awe, I look on high,
 The hosts of heaven his power declare ;
 The tranquil moon, the starry sky,
 He call'd, from nothing, and they *were.*

Let all around the Lord confess,
 And anthems to his greatness raise ;
 Let the whole world the Saviour bless,
 And unborn ages shout his praise.

189. L. M. *A call to praise and trust God.*

Psalm 34. PT. I.

THE Lord, at all times, I will bless,
 And evermore his praise proclaim :
 Confess his truth and righteousness,
 And let us magnify his name.

O, taste and see that he is kind,
 For him your time and talents spend ;
 The poor, in God, a refuge find,
 Th' oppress'd, an ever present friend.

Angels, that minister unseen,
Are ever by the *good man's* side :
They from impending dangers screen
The souls that in their God confide.

O praise the Lord, ye saints above ;
O fear the Lord, ye saints below ;
The God of your salvation love,
From whom your countless blessings flow.

The lion for his food may cry,
And to the savage wastes complain ;
But those who on their God rely,
Shall never ask, and ask in vain.

190. L. M. *Sorrowing Saints comforted.*

Psalm 34. PT. 2.

ALTHOUGH the righteous oft may meet
With troubles and with sore distress,
Perplexing to their dubious feet,
While passing through the wilderness ;

Yet, O ye suffering saints, attend ;
Dismiss your doubts ; renounce despair ;
You have an everlasting friend,
Who guards you with unsleeping care.

He knows what best will cleanse your mind,
The prosperous, or the adverse hour :
When most he frowns, he most is kind ;
When he afflicts, it is, to cure.

Then, dry your tears, look up and smile ;
Confide in heaven, and do his will ;
With joy your burden bear awhile,
And patiently your lot fulfil.

So shall you share your Saviour's love,
Where saints shall meet, no more to part ;
For God will raise to realms above,
The broken and the contrite heart.

191. C. M. *Foes restrained by God.*

Psalm 35.

SOVEREIGN Supreme! on thee we call
 In trouble and distress;
 Let not the men who seek our fall
 Rejoice in their success.

Our foes are many, and avow
 That they our souls will slay;
 Our enemies are strong, but thou—
 Art stronger still than they.

Do thou thy cheering smile impart,
 And we will nothing fear;
 Why should their threats dismay our heart,
 If thou, O Lord! art near.

Sorrow and pain may dim our eye,
 As through the world we roam;
 But we will suffer patiently
 'Till thou shalt call us home.

192. C. M. *The Wicked blind to the manifold Mercies of God.*

Psalm 36. PT. 1.

SINNERS on every hand arise,
 And, by their deeds, proclaim
 That **God** is not before their eyes,
 Nor **Heaven** their final aim.

The wicked check their rising fears,
 And mutual flatteries pay,
 'Till ruin suddenly appears,
 And sweeps them all away.

And yet, to them thou hast not ceas'd
 Thy blessings to impart;
 'Tis thou that keepest man and beast,
 And makest glad their heart.

Thy judgments are a mighty deep,
Which *dust* in vain would scan ;
Thy counsels thou alone dost keep,
Inscrutable to man !

Thy mercies in the heavens appear,
Thy mercies here below ;
Thy mercies are for ever near,
And like a fountain flow.

We will delight to spend our days
Beneath the Saviour's wing,
And joyfully unite our praise
To Heaven's Eternal King !

193. C. M. *The Joys of Heaven.*

Psalm 36. PT. 11.

ALL those who in their God confide,
And of his goodness sing,
With fatness shall be satisfied,
And want no needful thing :

And when they pass Death's fearful brink,
Through a Redeemer's love,
Rivers of joy they all shall drink
At God's right hand above.

He is the fountain of delight,
And such hath ever been,
And in his light shall we see light,
There only to be seen.

While wandering through this evil state,
Our thoughts should oft ascend—
To pleasures which the saints await
When this vain world shall end :

The little cares that vex'd us here,
Will there for ever cease ;
Like shadows they will disappear,
And all in heaven be peace.

194. L. M. *The Just unmoved by the Prosperity of the Wicked.*

Psalm 37. PT. 1.

FRRET not thyself because of those
 Who prosper in their evil ways ;
 Nor envy thou thy Maker's foes,
 Though smooth and joyful seem their days :
 For they shall soon like grass appear,
 In all their confidence and prime ;
 Thine eyes shall seek them far and near,
 But they have pass'd the bounds of time !
 Henceforth thy Saviour's law fulfil,
 And he shall raise thy sinking head ;
 Trust in his name, and do his will,
 And verily thou shalt be fed.
 Commit thyself unto the Lord,
 With patience in his paths abide ;
 And he, who cannot break his word,
 Hath promised to uphold and guide.
 Then, fret not, though a prosperous hour
 To those who hate the Lord be given ;
Their triumph fades before the flower,
 But *thine* is permanent as heaven.
 Cease then from anger, wrath forsake,
 Be envious not though sinners thrive ;
 When death their little all shall take,
 The Lord shall keep thy soul alive.

195. L. M. *The peaceful End of the Righteous.*

Psalm 37. PT. 2.

THOUGH oft the mourning saint complains—
 His earthly heritage is small,
 The little which his board contains
 Is better than the rich man's all.

The best of gifts will God bestow
On those who trust his holy word ;
And wheresoe'er the righteous go,
Their steps are order'd by the Lord.

I have been young and now am old,
With silvery lock, and bowed head,
Yet never did mine eyes behold
The good man's children begging bread.

The Lord will list to their complaints,
And all the snares around them break ;
The Lord forsaketh not his saints,
But loves them for their fathers' sake.

I have survey'd in mighty power
The wicked time and chance deride ;
And, like the verdant bay tree, tower
O'er all around in pomp and pride ;

But soon, like clouds, they pass'd away,
With every vain and lofty thought ;
Theirs was the triumph of a day,
When all their glory came to naught !

Behold the upright man, and mark
How he concludes his mortal race ;
When every earthly view is dark,
And death draws near with solemn pace.

Of Heaven's eternal promise sure,
Patient, he waits his soul's release ;
And as his life was calm and pure,
So, when he dies, his end is peace.

May we so pass our time below,
And on our Saviour's grace depend,
That, when we leave this world of woe,
Our lives may like the righteous end !

196. C. M. *Confession of Sin, and Renunciation of Idols.*

Psalm 38.

THOUGH I have not my crimes abhor'd,
 Though I have gone astray,
 In wrath rebuke me not, O Lord!
 Nor cast me quite away.

[Let not my wounded spirit sink,
 But cleanse, and keep me clean ;
 My soul is troubled when I think—
 How great my sins have been.]

My true desires are not conceal'd ;
 To thee all hearts are known :
 The hidden purpose is reveal'd
 To God, and God alone.

Give me, to sin, a hatred deep,
 That fruitful source of woe !
 May I delight thy laws to keep,
 And in thy favour grow !

If I a secret idol make
 Of aught which thou hast sent,
 Let me the evil way forsake,
 And give me to repent.

Jesus ! may I with all things part
 To gain thy smile divine,
 Once more revive my languid heart,
 And make me wholly thine !

197. C. M. *The Shortness and Vanity of human Life.*

Psalm 39.

OLORD ! my everlasting friend,
 Take from mine eye its veil,
 And let me know my latter end,
 So fleeting ! and so frail !

May I behold, with fervent grief,
 How few their Saviour praise,
 And, (taught by wisdom,) see how brief
 The measure of my days.

Though men in all their pride arise,
 And pomp, and power, maintain ;
 They are as nothing in thine eyes,
 And altogether vain.

They flourish for awhile and die !
 Death bears them down the stream !
 Their best estate is vanity !
 Their life is but a dream !

Surely we walk 'mid shades and snares ;
 We foolish hopes pursue ;
 And feel, too oft, earth's little cares
 Our better selves subdue.

[We toil to gain each idle gem,
 Which for its hour has shone,
 Not knowing who shall gather them
 When we from earth are gone.]

Let those the things of time desire,
 Who *here* would ever live,
 But I, to *nobler* joys aspire
 Than this vain world can give.

Almighty Father ! may mine eye
 In thee its portion find,
 For thou alone canst satisfy
 My vast, and soaring mind.

198. S. M. *The Privilege of trusting in Christ.*

Psalm 40. PT. 1.

I WAITED on the Lord,
 And he inclined his ear ;
 I trusted in his holy word,
 And found him ever near.

He brought me from a pit,
 And from the miry clay ;
 Upon a rock he made me sit,
 And him will I obey.
 Others may scorn his aid,
 Nor in his fold abide ;
 But I have Christ my refuge made,
 And he shall be my guide.
 When troubles press'd me round,
 And slippery were my feet,
 In him a present help I found,
 And a secure retreat.
 For ever blest is he
 Who makes the Lord his trust ;
 His soul shall taste felicity,
 And triumph with the just.

199. C. M. “*The Lord be magnified.*”

 Psalm 40. PT. 2.

THROUGH earth, O Lord ! victorious ride !
 Thy mightiest foes confound !
 May thy great name be magnified,
 Wherever man is found !
 Let every nation, tongue, and tribe,—
 The farthest isle and shore,
 Salvation to the Lamb ascribe,
 And Israel's Lord, adore !
 Let Satan's empire be o'erthrown ;
 His idols prostrate fall !
 Let all who worship stock, or stone,
 On Christ for pardon call !
 [Where'er a temple lifts its head,
 The wide-spread earth around,
 May there thy choicest smiles be shed,
 And there thy praise resound.]

On Afric's sons, nor them alone,
 On India's swarthy race
 We look, and *all*, as brethren, own,
 Where'er our Lord we trace !

And while the *truth* triumphant spreads,
 Enlight'ning far and near,
 Let the resplendent light it sheds
 Transform, as well as cheer !

May we be strengthen'd by thy love
 To run our heavenly race ;
 And meet at length in worlds above
 To sing redeeming grace !

200. L. M. *The charitable Man encouraged.*

Psalm 41. PT. I.

BLESS'D is the man, the poor who heeds,
 The sorrowing cheers, the friendless feeds ;
 Who feels a sympathy with woe,
 And seeks the good of friend and foe.

The Lord is merciful and kind ;
 He loves the broken heart to bind ;
 He listens to the feeble cry
 Of lonely want and misery.

By all the mercies he bestows
 Upon his friends, upon his foes,
 He bids us our protection give,
 And feel alike for all who live.

While those unnumber'd ills endure
 Who have no pity for the poor,
 The liberal man shall have his store
 Increas'd and prosper'd more and more.

In trouble, God will be his friend,
 His joys shall never know an end ;
 Of that same spirit he partakes
 Which heaven a glorious mansion makes.

The Lord shall smooth his mortal way ;
 The Lord shall bless him night and day ;
 And when the hour of death draws near,
 A Saviour's smiles his soul shall cheer.

View then the poor with pitying eye,
 And God shall all your wants supply ;
 For what you *give*, on heaven's high word,
 Is only *lent* unto the Lord.

201. L. M. *Blessed is he that considereth the Poor.*

PSALM 41. PT. 2.

IF wealth be ours, and brethren need,
 Shall they in vain for succour plead ?
 Shall followers of the Lamb deny—
 To pining want, the small supply ?

Shall we survey their drooping head,
 And utter, “ Be ye clothed and fed,”
 Yet still our needful aid withhold—
 To save from hunger, screen from cold ?

Shall we refuse them bread, and see,
 Unmoved, their varied misery !
 View starving parents, pallid, wild,
 Soothe, not relieve, their suffering child !

It cannot be ! we must dispense
 The goods we hold of Providence !
 And, while we give, *his* name confess
 Who saved *us* from a like distress !

Our moments fly ! our days decline !
 The *stewardship* we must soon resign !
 Prepared or not, our heavenly Sire—
 Will soon the strict account require !

What shame will then our faces shade,
 Should av'rice *here* our hearts have sway'd,
 And we, on earth, all help denied
 To them for whom the Saviour died !

Our talents,—all we deem our own,
May we, as *God's*, regard alone ;
May we, for *him*, our wealth expend,
And thus of *mammon* make a friend !

Saviour ! on whom for heaven we trust,
Let us be liberal, generous, just !
In thy poor members, brethren see,
And dedicate our all to thee !

202. C. M. *Despondency rebuked.*

Psalm 42. PT. I.

THE hart that raging thirst endures
The cooling stream to see,
Pants not with more intense desires,
Than I, O God ! for thee.

Sorrows, my heart, have long oppress'd,
Unvarying and severe ;
O, when shall I, with spirits bless'd,
Before thy face appear !

Thy billows are gone over me ;
Deep calleth unto deep ;
Yet, will I to my Saviour flee,
Although I wait and weep.

Why is my path with thorns o'erspread,
While cares my spirit drown ?
Oh ! why am I disquieted ?
And why am I cast down ?

Do I not covet angels' bread,
And seek a heavenly crown ?
Then why am I disquieted,
And why am I cast down ?

I will not sink beneath my weight :
Freedom, and joy are nigh !
I look on yon celestial gate,
And all my sorrows fly !

Though now I hear the howling blast,
 And foes my soul affright,
 The storm will but a moment last,
 My haven is in sight !

203. C. M. “ *Why art thou cast down, O my Soul.*

Psalm 42. PT. 2.

OUR days on earth are sad and few,
 As all our fathers' were ;
 Like pilgrims, we our course pursue,
 And look for pilgrims' fare.

Why, O my soul, dost thou complain,
 Though thorns thy path beset ?
 Some troubles we must all sustain,
 Or we might heaven forget.

Dost thou, while venturing to repine,
 Profess by *faith* to live ?
 Would'st thou thy *better hopes* resign,
 For all that earth can give ?

Then why, with recompense so near,
 Thy prospects quench in night ?
 Why droop the head, and drop the tear,
 With glory full in sight ?

Why tremble at the fowler's net,
 And half at heaven rebel ?
 Can God his children e'er forget,
 So soon with him to dwell ?

Will he permit the raging flood,
 His limits to exceed ?
 Will Christ, who bought us with his blood,
 Desert, in hour of need ?

Lift up the visage that hangs down !
 See Zion's glorious gates !
 Hope thou in God ! behold the crown
 Which for the righteous waits !

204. C. M. *Supplication for God's Blessing.*

Psalm 43.

JJUDGE me, O God ! and plead my cause,
 And be my helper found ;
 For men who hate thy holy laws
 Have compass'd me around.

Thou art my strength in every hour,
 And thou my only stay ;
 Cast me not off, Almighty power !
 O, cast me not away !

Be thou a light unto my feet,
 A lamp in every place ;
 In every storm, a safe retreat
 Through all my mortal race.

Let me thy holy hill behold,
 Let Christ my portion be ;
 But never let my heart be cold
 To righteousness and thee.

No sorrow then, through all my days,
 Shall e'er my peace annoy ;
 But thou shalt be my song of praise,
 And my exceeding joy.

205. L. M. *God the Deliverer of his People.*

Psalm 44. PT. 1.

THOU Sovereign Judge of quick and dead,
 Thy fame through all the earth hath spread ;
 Of what thou didst in days of old,
 The Spirit, in thy word, has told.

How thou didst plant, in places fair
 Our fathers, thy peculiar care ;
 How thou, by thine Almighty hand,
 Didst drive the heathen from the land.

We, but for thee, in dust had lain ;
 Our fathers did not break their chain ;
Their arm alone repell'd no blow,
Their sword o'ercame no mighty foe :

To *thee* we owe our gratitude ;
Thy sword it was our foes subdued ;
 And shall not Israel evermore,
 With growing zeal her God adore ?

But a deliverance, greater still,
 Thy servants' hearts with joy should fill ;
 That rescue from destruction wide,
 When Christ, for *us*, on Calvary died !

206. L. M. *God detects the Idolatry of the Heart.*

Psalm 44. PT. 2.

IF we should wander, Lord ! from thee,
 And bend to other Gods our knee ;
 If we should feel our hearts decline
 In love to Christ, and ways divine :

Can we the cursed idol hide ?
 Or shrink from thine inspection, wide,
 Whose power, the worlds around us own,
 To whom our every thought is known ?

The sin from human view conceal'd
 Is, to thy piercing eye, reveal'd,
 For, nothing can elude *that* sight
 Which penetrates the deepest night !

Teach us, O Lord ! thy name to fear,
 Remembering thou art ever near ;
 And may we, as our lives decay,
 Look forward to eternal day.

207. L. M. *The Psalmist's Anticipation of Christ.*

Psalm 45.

MY heart indites a glorious theme ;
I see Messiah's opening reign !
The Lord shall yet mankind redeem,
And Mercy break their heavy chain !

A Saviour ! raise your voices high !
That shout through heaven's wide vault hath
rung !

The hope of earth is in his eye !
The grace of God is on his tongue !

Archangels on thy steps attend,
Thou Harbinger of peace divine !
I see thee on the clouds descend,
The glory of the sun is thine !

My views expand ! my fears subside !
Confirm thy universal sway !
Ride on, O Lamb ! triumphant ride,
'Till heaven and earth thy law obey.

208. C. M. *God our Refuge in Trouble.*

Psalm 46. PT. 1.

THROUGH all the tumults of the road,
When every stream is dry ;
Our portion, and our strength, is God,
A friend for ever nigh.

Though hills removed and prostrate be,
Though mountains rent appear,
Though tempests heave the raging sea,
We will not stoop to fear.

There is a river, though unseen,
To cheer our sinking frame,
Which hath the joy of Zion been,
Through every age the same.

140 HYMNS, FOUNDED ON THE PSALMS.

There is *one hope*, in our distress,
Which gladness round should shed ;
It is the blood and righteousness
Of Christ, our glorious head.

209. C. M. “Be still and know that I am God.”

Psalm 46. PT. 2.

LET others prize each shadowy form
Which thoughtless men admire,
But I, who am a guilty worm,
To purer joys aspire.

Lord ! I would hate what thou dost hate,
And love what thou dost love ;
Incline my heart on thee to wait,
And seek the crown above.

Teach me to own thy Providence ;
To say, with joy divine,
The Lord of Hosts is my defence,
And Jacob’s God is mine :

Then, when thy judgments are abroad,
Shall I thy words recall,
“ Be still, and know that I am God,”
The Sovereign Lord of all !

Thou canst subdue the wrath of man,
And break the spear in twain ;
But thou hast an Almighty plan,
And who shall thee arraign ?

Thou fixest, from thy throne sublime,
The bounds of war and peace ;
And, in thine own appointed time,
Wilt bid contentions cease.

210. C. M. *The promised Rest.*

Psalm. 47.

REJOICE, O earth ! in every hour,
That God doth reign alone,
And shout, that He, with boundless power,
Fills an eternal throne !

He shall the rage of hell defeat,
And clothe in shame his foes ;
And he shall tread beneath his feet
All who his Son oppose.

Ye heirs of promise, who deplore
The sins that meet your eyes ;
Ye faithful servants, who adore
The God that made the skies ;

Amid iniquity and guile,
You must your time fulfil ;
You must your burdens bear awhile,
It is your Father's will :

But your inheritance is sure ;
Let faith support your breast,
And you, ere long, with spirits pure,
Shall taste the promised rest.

211. L. M. *God good to the Children of Zion.*

Psalm 48.

GREAT is the Lord, and to be prais'd,
For he the earth's foundations raised :
The mountains of his holiness
We will extol, and ever bless.

Zion is beautiful and grand ;
Her children are a chosen band ;
Her palaces are vast and fair,
And *evil* finds no entrance there.

There, God is worshipp'd with delight ;
 Enthroned in beatific light,
 He listens to the ceaseless hymn
 Of cherubim and seraphim !

He will'd, and lo ! from her repose,
 Nature in all her glory rose ;
 He, in the silence of his thought,
 All things that are, from nothing brought !

A God, so great ! — the heavens who spread ! —
 The earth who form'd ! let mortals dread !
 Lest, with an awful frown, he cry
 “ The soul that sinneth, it shall die ! ”

But while the wicked feel dismay,
 The righteous shall, “ My Father ! ” say ;
 He for his children will provide,
 And be, till death, their God and guide !

212. L. M. *The Folly of trusting in Wealth and Power.*

Psalm 49. PT. I.

LET vanities no more allure,
 And men no longer shadows seek ;
 Let high and low, let rich and poor
 Attend unto the words I speak.

One sows, with unremitting toil,
 Still hoping to increase his store ;
 Another, gathers in the spoil,
 Till both, alike, are seen no more !

Prize not the honours of the proud,
 Nor wealth, for which such thousands sigh ;
 They both are like the hurrying cloud
 That floats athwart the stormy sky.

Can power prolong our fleeting breath,
 When life hangs trembling at her last ?
 Can wealth redeem the soul from death,
 When once the dread decree is past ?

The wise, and fool, alike obey
That voice which seals their mortal doom ;
The great, the mean, are borne away,
To swell the triumphs of the tomb !

Let us, with heaven before our view,
With Christ our confidence and guide,
Henceforth, eternal things pursue,
And turn from earth's vain pomp and pride.

213. L. M. *Worldly Prosperity of short Duration.*

Psalm 49. PT 2.

THE beauteous flower, and tender blade,
Expand, and fall before our eye,
Yet men, in all their power array'd,
Believe that they shall never die.

They sport upon a fatal brink,
With Folly dancing by their side ;
And, like themselves, they fondly think
Their lands and houses shall abide.

To all th' endearing forms around,
They give their own still dearer name ;
While loud the timbrel's glad'ning sound
Extends their momentary fame.

What voice was that which struck our ear ?
It was the *wind* that moan'd along !
Behold ! the proud in dust appear,
And silent is the timbrel's song !

Yet men behold destruction round,
Indifferent as the earth they tread ;
All, in pursuit of Mammon, bound
Till they are numbered with the dead !

On them the Saviour calls in vain ;
The finite is their sole delight ;
Proud in their heart of Satan's chain,
They seek no treasure *out of sight.*

Teach us, Great Ruler of the skies !
 The follies of mankind to see ;
 To shun the world's low vanities,
 And dedicate our hearts to thee !

214. L. M. *The Wicked warned.*

Psalm 50. PT. I.

WITH joy let Israel's chosen race
 Approach their heavenly Father's throne ;
 Together come before his face,
 And make their supplications known.

Let them, when sore distress arise,
 When troubles overwhelm their mind,
 To heaven direct their suppliant eyes,
 And they a present help shall find.

But ye who spurn God's holy word,
 And your unfruitful ways pursue,
 No cheering promise of the Lord
 Was ever made to comfort you.

Because Jehovah bears awhile,
 And still withholds th' avenging hand,
 You think that you enjoy his smile,
 And that your feet in safety stand :

Yet, know, that o'er destruction's brink
 You hover, when you God forsake,
 For, at a time you little think,
 The Lord to judgment will awake :

Then, where will you conceal your head ?
 What veil shall screen you from his sight,
 When he the book of life shall spread,
 And bring your secret sins to light ?

Behold your state ! your crimes confess !
 Pardon, through Christ, this hour implore !
 Forgiveness seek, with earnestness,
 Before your day of grace be o'er !

The Lord is merciful ; he waits
To cheer the sad and contrite mind ;
And all who will, to Zion's gates,
May fly, and there a refuge find.

215. L. M. *The Day of Judgment.*

Psalm 50. PT. 2.

THIE Judge upon the whirlwind rides !
Behold his chariot borne along !
O'er fields of ether, bright, he glides,
Surrounded by the Seraph throng.

Tempests, their mingled wrath, display !
Earth, to its depths profound, is rent !
Attendant lightnings round him play !
Whilst thunders shake the firmament !

The heaven, to her remotest bound,
Her hour of visitation knows !
That shuddering blast ! It was the sound
Which from the last dread Trump arose !

The grave no longer holds her dead,
But, all, uprising, solemn, slow,
With humble hope, or silent dread,
To meet the final judgment go !

See ! from the dust, what myriads rise !
Ascending to the upper air !
Their concourse dims the burning skies,
That cast around their fearful glare !

Though Time's convulsive throes prevail,
And heat dissolves th' ethereal sphere,
The spectacle, the righteous hail,
For their redemption draweth near !

While sinners mourn their hour of birth,
And into nothing seek to fall !
The General Family of Earth,
Now stand before the Judge of All !

Adventurous spirit ! silence keep !
 Nor dare these awful scenes display !
 No mortal hand the chord must sweep
 Which sings that unimagin'd day !

216. L. M. *Confessions of the contrite Sinner.*

Psalm 51.

HAVE mercy Lord ! be thou my friend !
 Restore the soul, by guilt opprest !
 Where shall I turn, on whom depend,
 To give a burden'd conscience rest !

Before mine eyes, my sins appear
 In dark and aggravated hue ;
 And thou, who art for ever near,
 Hast mark'd them with displeasure too.

My crimes are deep, my sins are great,
 And heavy is my weight of woe !
 Lord ! view me in my low estate !
 And still thy loving-kindness show.

The world, with snares, my path involves,
 Corruption lingers in my mind ;
 And feeble are my best resolves
 Unless support from thee I find.

I would no more thy Spirit grieve,
 But keep in view my nobler birth,
 Yet sins, unconquer'd, to me cleave,
 And bind me, captive, to the earth.

The conflict, shall it never cease ?
 This tempest of my soul be o'er ?
 Speak, to my wounded conscience, peace,
 Nor let me wander from thee more.

Whilst I pursue life's arduous race,
 And hope the realms of light to see ;
 May I remember, heavenly grace
 Teaches to hate iniquity.

No offering will thine eye approve
 While men refuse with sin to part ;
A broken spirit thou dost love ;
 Thy temple is the contrite heart.

Almighty Father ! thou wilt hear
One Friend, who pleads before thy throne ;
 Thou wilt not spurn the suppliant's prayer,
 That pardon seeks through Christ alone !

217. C. M. *The Recompense of the Wicked.*

Psalm 52.

THOUGH sinners prosper in their deed,
 And deem their sorrows o'er ;
 Trouble will soon to mirth succeed,
 The Judge is at the door !

Because their Saviour's threats they slight,
 And spurn his proffer'd crown ;
 Because they in their shame delight,
 Nor fear Jehovah's frown ;

God will rebuke them in an hour,
 Of which they little think !

Those who despise their Maker's power,
 His cup of wrath must drink !

But saints, the *salt* of every land,
 No harm shall e'er annoy ;
 And the green olive tree shall stand
 Memorial of their joy.

218. C. M. *Insensibility of the Wicked.*

Psalm 53.

IN many an hour, the fool hath said
 "Rejoice ! there is no God !"
 And he, while lifting high his head,
 In crooked paths hath trod.

Evil is his delight, and pride,
 And he hath proved it long,
 That, where the heart is turn'd aside,
 The conduct must be wrong.

In vain to him the spangled sky
 In all its pomp appears ;
 His evil deeds have closed his eye,
 His sins have stopped his ears.

How should *that* man the Saviour prize
 Who loves on husks to feed !
 Or how esteem Christ's Sacrifice
 Who never felt its need !

219. C. M. *Faith in the Saviour, the Title to Heaven.*

Psalm 54.

O LORD ! preserve us ! who beside
 Can peace and joy bestow ?
 Let us within thy courts abide,
 Where endless pleasures flow.

Incline thine ear unto our cry ;
 Let us thy presence see :
 Where can a guilty sinner fly,
 O Saviour, but to thee ?

If holiness inspire our breast,
 Sin can delight no more ;
 And we shall share eternal rest
 When this brief life is o'er.

Yet, let us all this truth revere,
 Our righteousness is vain ;
 Obedience proves our faith *sincere*,
 But *Faith* must heaven obtain.

220. C. M. *The Prevalence of Iniquity bewailed.*

Psalm 55.

WHAT crowds, O Lord ! thy laws withstand,
To sin and Satan sold !

Iniquity, on every hand,
Do I, with grief, behold !

O, for the *swift* wing of the dove,
That I might take my flight,
And dwell with thee, whom most I love,
Far from these realms of night !

Where wickedness shall reign no more,
That fruitful source of woe ;
And the loud-howling storm be o'er,
That raged so long below.

Though cares, successive, may o'ertake,
I will the cross endure :
If I can Christ my portion make,
My heaven is then secure.

I would my burthen cast on thee,
While here, O Lord, I roam ;
And may thy smiles my comfort be,
Till thou shalt call me home.

221. C. M. *God the Confidence of his Servants.*

Psalm 56.

BE merciful, and hear my prayer,
And save me from the grave ;
O Lord ! preserve from every snare,
For none but thou can save.

What time distressing fears arise,
And clouds o'ercast my sky ;
To thee will I direct my eyes,
And on thine aid rely.

If I, in Christ, for safety trust,
 I have a buckler wide ;
 Why should I dread the child of dust,
 If thou art on my side ?

Thy power for ever shall endure ;
 Eternal thy decree ;
 Thy promises are ever sure,
 May they be made to me !

While, as a stranger, here I roam,
 I would thy praise pursue ;
 And, when thy voice shall call me home,
 A nobler song renew.

222. L. M. *God our Refuge in Danger.*

Psalm 57.

THOU Friend and Guardian of the just,
 In thee alone I put my trust ;
 Be merciful, and let me find
 Thy power support my sinking mind.

[Preserve me in this evil day ;
 Be thou, O Lord ! my strength and stay ;
 From danger, screen me, I implore,
 'Till these calamities be o'er.]

Whom should I seek, when troubles press,
 But *Him* who pities our distress ;
 Who bids each child his sorrows bring,
 And rest beneath a Father's wing ?

[Though 'mid revilers fierce I stray,
 Though death and danger strew my way,
 My bitterest foes I will not fear,
 Nor tremble, if my Lord be near.]

Saviour ! be thou exalted high,
 Above the earth ! above the sky !
 While harp and psaltery anthems raise,
 Let the whole world proclaim thy praise !

223. L. M. *The Wicked alone reject God.*

Psalm 58.

THÉ wicked (wandering from the womb,) With truth maintain perpetual war ; E'en from the cradle to the tomb, All holiness do they abhor.

[Upon the innocent they prey ; The earth with violence they fill ; And, like the first great serpent, they Delight to poison, ere they kill.]

The Lord, they neither own nor fear ; The vile they bless, the just they hate : No lofty hopes their spirit cheer, Extending to an endless state.

The soothing comforts of *God's Word* Are subject to their impious mirth ! They, like a solitary herd, Abased of spirit, *pore on earth* !

But we to heaven will raise our eye, And take, with joy, what mercy gives ; Our mansions are in yonder sky, We know that our Redeemer lives.

224. C. M. *Brief Triumph of the Wicked.*

Psalm 59.

WHEN many enemies arose, Thou wast, O God ! our stay ; And now preserve us from the foes Who seek our souls to slay.

Thy hand our various wants supplies, Yet few behold thee near : Men love deceit, they utter lies, And say thou dost not hear.

But thou *dost* mark their evil ways ;
 Within thy book they stand ;
 And thou, ere long, thy scourge wilt raise,
 And sweep them from the land.

Through this impenetrable night,
 Send thou a cheering ray ;
 And be thy word our chief delight
 As through the world we stray.

225. C. M. *The Penitent's return to God.*

Psalm 60.

WITH scoffers we have learn'd to scoff,
 And to despise thy grace ;
 And thou, O Lord ! hast cast us off,
 And hast conceal'd thy face.

But all our hopes we feel are vain,
 Delusion now is o'er ;
 Almighty Father ! turn again,
 And visit us once more.

Though we have sought no portion higher
 Than things, which pass away,
 We, now, would evermore desire
 Within thy fold to stay.

From dangers, and deceptions, save,
 Let us more humble be,
 And know, that all the strength we have,
 Must be derived from thee.

226. C. M. *The Rock of Ages.*

Psalm 61.

WHEN sorrows overwhelm our heart,
 And troubles press us round,
 Do thou, O Lord ! thy smiles impart,
 And be our helper found.

We will not covet earthly things ;
These soon will pass away :
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
May we for ever stay.

There is a *Rock*, amid the flood,
Rising, majestic, grand,
Which hath the storms of ages stood,
And still secure shall stand :

To this retreat we eager run ;
The refuge of the just ;—
The Rock of Ages is thy Son,
In whom alone we trust.

227. L. M. *The Folly of relying on transitory Things.*

Psalm 62. PT. 1.

TRULY upon my God I wait ;
The vanities of time I hate ;
My strength and my salvation be,
For help, O Lord ! must come from thee.

How long will men their God forsake ?
And lies, how long, their refuge make ?
They will be found, when summon'd hence,
A bowing wall, a tottering fence.

Men will not with their idols part ;
Hypocrisy is in their heart ;
Though, with their mouths, they seem to bless,
They, inwardly, are wickedness.

Yet, O my soul ! look thou to God ;
Tread thou where all the prophets trod ;
The path through thorns and briars lies,
But it will lead thee to the skies.

228. L. M. *The End in View.*

Psalm 62. PT. 2.

MANY, the tempter's voice obey ;
 They wander from the narrow way :
 Both high and low their Lord deny,
 Both rich and poor love vanity.

Oh ! why should poverty forego
 Its only comfort here below !
 That blessed faith, to which is given
 Solace on earth, and joy in heaven !

Oh ! why should men e'er put their trust
 In fleeting shades, or sordid dust ;
 Or, why let riches make them vain,
 Which they, so soon, must yield again !

Lord ! like our Saviour, may we seek
 The way of life, with spirit meek !
 Through time, Eternal Things pursue,
 And ever keep *the End in view !*

229. C. M. *Confidence in God encouraged.*

Psalm 63.

O LORD ! I will acknowledge thee
 Ere morn illume the sky ;
 I will devoutly bend my knee,
 And to my Father cry.

My soul doth long to know and taste
 More of thy quickening power,
 E'en as the parch'd and desert waste
 Desires the copious shower.

When I have felt and understood
 Thy mercies as they rise,
 Thy loving-kindness, O, how good !
 How bounteous thy supplies !

I love to ponder on my bed
Upon thy guiding hand ;
To think, how thou hast screen'd my head,
And led me through the land.
No longer I indulge the thought,
As I have done before,
That thou, who hast such wonders wrought,
Wilt ever leave me more.

230. C. M. *The Anger of the Wicked restrained.*

Psalm 64.

THE men, O Lord ! who trust in thee,
Will find thee always near :
The workers of iniquity
Shall never make them fear.

They may the secret arrow cast,
And lay the fatal train,
But thou, O Lord ! hast bound them fast
With a resistless chain.

We will no longer heed their frown,
Nor dread their angry voice ;
The wicked soon will be cast down,
The righteous soon rejoice.

While heaven-ward bound, the Saviour's hand
Conducts us on our way ;
And may we all before him stand,
Safe, in the realms of day !

231. L. M. *God manifest in the Works of Creation.*

Psalm 65.

PRAISES to thee, O God ! belong,
 Whose works on every hand appear :
 Let gratitude inspire our tongue
 To spread thy greatness far and near.

Thy guardian care *on earth* we see,
 Display'd through each revolving hour ;
 And those who voyage o'er the sea,
 Behold the wonders of thy power.

[When Ocean, rising from his bed,
 Holds conflict with the raging blast,
 Thou speakest, and he hides his head ;
 His rage subdued, his fury past.]

From hills, eternal as the skies,
 Through vales, the stream meandering steals :
 The day displays its thousand dyes,
 While night, infinity reveals !

To furnish food for man and beast,
 Thou sendest thy refreshing rains :
 The firmament, from west to east,
 Thine eye surveys, thy might sustains.

Pastures, adorned with flocks and flowers,
 Vintage and corn, (man's hopes to crown,)
 Declare whose *Hand* it is that showers
 The ever-varied blessings down.

O Lord, omnipotent ! to thee
 We fly in each perplexing hour ;
 Through Nature, we thy presence see,
 Where all is Goodness ! Wisdom ! Power !

232. L. M. *Admonitions to bless God.*

Psalm 66.

THIE mercies of our God, proclaim,
Ye nations ! that around us dwell !
Sing forth the honours of his name,
And of his matchless glories tell !

God is a strong and lofty tower
To all who in his love confide ;
And, through the greatness of his power,
His enemies are scatter'd wide.

Above our highest thought is *he* !
He made the heavens ! he form'd the earth !
He spake, and lo ! th' obedient sea,
Retiring, gave Creation birth !

Let young and old, with loud acclaim,
Declare the bounties of his hand ;
O, bless our God ! and let his name
Be sounded to the farthest land !

233. C. M. *All Men required to praise God.*

Psalm 67.

OLORD ! let all the earth around,
Thy boundless goodness own ;
Let Israel make thy name resound,
For thou art God alone !

Let songs the spacious world employ,
And mercy be the theme ;
Let all the people sing for joy,
For thou art king supreme !

Let Jews and Gentiles love thy word,
And at thine altar bend ;
Let all the nations praise the Lord,
Till time itself shall end !

Let our ascriptions loud arise
 (While hills the echo give)
 To him, the willing Sacrifice,
 Who died that we might live !

234. L. M. *The Omnipotence of Jehovah.*—
Psalm 68. PT. 1.

SING praises to Jehovah's name ;
 Let earth with sounding plaudits ring !
 All worlds thy sovereignty proclaim,
 Thou great and universal King !

Ten thousand chariots round thee throng !
 The loftiest angels thee obey !
 Sinai is moved when the song,
 Hosannah ! fills the realms of day !

Thy power appears in every land,
 Majestic as the rolling sphere !
 Thy throne, O God ! secure shall stand,
 The same through one eternal year !

235. L. M. *God mindful of the Poor.*—
Psalm 68. PT. 2.

GOD soothes the poor in their distress ;
 From him unseen supplies descend ;
 A Father to the fatherless,
 And still the drooping widow's friend.

He, by his might, restrains our fears,
 And in safe places makes us tread :
 The solitary soul he cheers,
 When all his family are dead !

Bless'd be the Lord who deals us food,
 Who loves to succour and to save ;
 Who hourly loadeth us with good,
 And gives us hopes beyond the grave !

236. L. M. *Anticipations of universal Peace, through Christ, the Prince of Peace.*

Psalm 68. PT. 3.

SING to the Lord, ye nations round !
Praise him in one unceasing song !
Let none the *trump of discord* sound
Who would to heaven's high courts belong.

O, scatter those who deal in war ;
With whom compassion pleads in vain ;
Who drive the head-strong warrior's car,
And triumph o'er their thousands slain !

O, scatter them ! but may *his* breast
That feels as man for man should feel,
Find no rude cares disturb his rest,
And death upon him gently steal.

Shall not the glorious dawn appear,
When brotherhood the world shall fill ?
When low will lie the hero's spear,
And none would torture, none would kill.

Yes ! Ethiopia shall her hand
Stretch forth, on that auspicious day,
When, to our God, the farthest land
Shall undivided homage pay.

Truth must extend ! — its cause prevail !
Foes shall confess their conflict vain !
And soon may earth the tidings hail,
When Christ, the Prince of Peace, shall reign !

237. C. M. *Confessions of the contrite Heart.*

Psalm 69.

TO thee, O God ! my crimes I own,
And drop the contrite tear ;
My countless sins to thee are known,
For thou art ever near.

In wrath, thy face no longer hide !
 I yet would do thy will ;
 Be thou my hope, my God, my guide,
 And may I serve thee still.

The springs of consolation fail,
 And all around is night !
 Let not the water-floods prevail,
 And bear me from thy sight !
 Restore me, as in ancient days,
 Mercy, through Christ, extend !
 And may I grace recovering praise,
 Till this vain life shall end !

238. C. M. *The Good encouraged, the Wicked warned.*

Psalm 70.

LET all who love the Lord rejoice,
 And high their voices raise ;
 Let all mankind exalt their voice,
 And shout their Maker's praise.
 May all thy foes submit to thee,
 Great Lord of sea and land !
 Let every people bow the knee,
 And own thy mighty hand !
 Let those their crimes deplore, who make
 Thy holy law their mirth,
 Before thy vengeance shall o'ertake,
 And sweep them from the earth!

239. L. M. *Benefits ascribed to God.*

Psalm 71. PT. 1.

THOU God and Guardian of the just,
 In thee alone I put my trust ;
 Deliver me from every snare,
 And let me live beneath thy care.

Thou art my refuge in distress !
 Do thou, O Lord, in blessing, bless !
 In every dark and dangerous hour
 Be thou my strong and lofty tower !

Do benefits from chance arise ?
 Doth accident rule earth and skies ?
 Thou dost the universe sustain,
 And all thy ways are one vast chain !

Thou hast redeem'd me by thy truth ;
 Thou hast upheld me from my youth ;
 And I thy glorious name will praise
 Through the brief remnant of my days.

240. L. M. *Old Age aspiring after God.*

Psalm 71. PT. 2.

DIM is the lustre of mine eye ;
 Old age with silent step draws nigh ;
 Let me not *now* thy loss bewail,
 Nor leave me when my strength shall fail.

Thou, by thy smile, canst joy awake,
 Beyond what earth can give or take,
 And compensate, great King of Kings !
 The loss of all material things.

The world to me is blank, and dead ;
 Like shadows, all its joys are fled ;
 As these withdraw, upon me shine,
 Thou day-star of my life divine !

O Lord, as earthly scenes retire,
 With hopes of heaven my heart inspire ;
 And when my final foe draws near,
 May Faith prevail ! and Christ be dear !

241. L. M. *A Hand-full of Corn on the Top of the Mountain.*

Psalm 72.

MY soul ! though righteousness seem dead,
 And all is vanity below,
 Upon the lofty mountain's head
 There still a little corn doth grow.

Firm in its strength it there shall rise ;
 And though the tempest it sustain,
 And bend before th' inclement skies,
 Yet shall it bend to rise again.

The blast and mildew of the plains
 To reach that towering summit fail :
 Thy power, O God ! thy flock maintains,
 And earth and hell in vain assail.

Day shall ere long the *Night* succeed !
 Behold, far off, the morning star !
 The righteous, in the hour decreed,
 Shall spread their influence wide and far.

O Saviour ! our unchanging friend !
 Faith can thy distant triumphs see !
 Thy reign, like ocean, shall extend,
 Till the whole world submits to thee !

242. L. M. *Temporal Prosperity no Evidence of the Favour of God.*

Psalm 73. PT. I.

WHEN I beheld the wicked thrive,
 And view'd their children prosper round ;
 Saw peace with conquering discord strive,
 And vice with earthly honours crown'd ;

My feet were almost gone : I thought
 There was no hope in Providence,
 And, well nigh into bondage brought,
 Aspired to things of time and sense.

Sinners I envied, thus I said,
Their joys, like Lebanon, remain ;
While oft the righteous hang their head,
And bear the storm, or drag the chain.

Full cups of pleasure they receive !
Content and fatness fill their eye ;
They know no crosses while they live ;
They feel no terrors when they die.

With bitterness of mind I saw,
And said, my heart is cleans'd in vain ;
I will no longer keep thy law,
But turn unto the world again.

Then I *Thy Word* explored, when, lo !
I banish'd from my breast despair ;
For *there* I learn'd that, here below,
Thy people must their burden bear.

I found, the thoughtless and the gay,
Who seem'd to prosper in their sin,
Experienced oft *their* evil day,
With nothing to support therein.

I learn'd that sorrow's reign was brief,
And that this world was not our *home* ;
I then compared the good man's grief
With all the joys that are to come.

Wondering, I saw, that many chose,
On earth, for all things, to rely,
Rather than take their lot with those
Who sought the treasure in the sky.

I found that wealth had many snares,
That honours turn'd the heart from thee ;
And that who bore the greatest cares
Thought most upon Eternity !

Then, first I understood these things !
I raised my views to objects higher !
Aloud I cried, — thou King of Kings !
Thou art the portion I desire !

Though now the storms of life I feel,
 Why should I sorrow, why repine ?
 In mercy they are sent to heal,
 And fit me for the life divine !

243. C. M. *God a Tower to the Righteous.*

Psalm 73. PT. 2.

WHOM have I in the heavens, but thee,
 Or in the world below,
 Great God ! the fountain full and free,
 Whence all my blessings flow ?

Earth may her glittering forms display,
 And strive to charm my eye,
 But all are creatures of a day,
 Which soon dissatisfy.

Sinners endure a heavy weight ;
 The *future*, clouds o'ercast !
 They shudder at th' eternal state
 To which they hasten fast !

Praise to thy name, thy words reveal
 The tower where *we* may flee ;
 And fears like these they never feel
 Whose hearts are stay'd on thee.

When sickness shall my spirit bow,
 As to the grave I tend,
 Be thou my strength, my fortress, thou,
 My everlasting friend !

Christ shall uphold me in the road
 Which through this desert lies ;
 Then take me to his bless'd abode,
 Eternal in the skies !

244 C. M. *The Madness of opposing God.*

Psalm 74.

LORD ! evil men have raised their head,
And dared thy sway deride ;
They have, through earth, confusion spread,
Like an o'erwhelming tide.

They seek to cast thy temples down,
And other Lords proclaim ;
To wrest from thee, O God ! thy crown,
And blot from earth thy name !

Presumptuous beings of an hour,
Who first, from dust arose ;
Do *these* resist thy sovereign power,
And dare thy Son oppose ?

[Thou, to whose omnipresent eye
Time's devious course appears,
Distinct, as is the noon-day sky,
With all its countless years !

Thou, who didst form this host of things,
Nor one, of all, in vain ;
To whom the star of morning sings,
With all his glorious train :]

Thou, in thy wrath, shalt raise thine hand,
And scatter all thy foes !
The Saviour's throne secure shall stand
Though earth and hell oppose !

245. C. M. *God raiseth up and putteth down.*

Psalm 75.

DARE not, with impious thought, to say
My arm shall strength supply !
For there is one, whom all obey,
The Sovereign of the sky !

Chance ruleth nothing ; toil, nor rest ;
 Promotion none have known,
 That came from either east or west,
 But from the Lord alone.

He fills the rich man's flowing urn,
 And gives his heart content ;
 But God will claim a strict return
 For every talent lent !

He grants to all a smile or frown ;
 He rules by sea and land :
 He raiseth up, he putteth down,
 And what he wills, shall stand.

Lord ! other portions, lost or won,
 Soon pass, like clouds, away !
 Give us the knowledge of thy Son,
 Which leads to endless day !

246. C. M. *The Wickedness of Men overruled for Good.*

Psalm 76. PT. 1.

WHÈRE are the warriors, once enroll'd
 In glory's records proud !
 Who founded empires ! men of old,
 To whom the mightiest bow'd !

Death, like a tyrant, pityless,
 Hath o'er their memories cast
 A mantle of forgetfulness,
 And all their pride is past !

They once, the sons of spoil, were found ;
 The whirlwinds of their day ;
 But God to them prescribed a bound,
 And who might answer, " Nay ! "

Since Time his great career began,
 Though few have understood,
 The Lord hath curb'd the wrath of man,
 And evil turn'd to good.

Hence, when conflicting storms arise,
 And loud the tempests roar,
 May we, to God, direct our eyes,
 And learn to trust him more.

247. C. M. *The Wicked enjoined to seek God.*

Psalm 76. PT. 2.

WE own Jehovah's sovereign reign,
 However dark the hour ;
 Chariot and horse are weak and vain,
 When he restrains their power.

His will directs on every hand ;
 For Him, a reverence feel !
 For who before the Lord might stand,
 If he should wrath reveal !

When thunders shake the vaulted skies,
 We seek some covert nigh ;
 But when in judgment God shall rise,
 Where shall the wicked fly !

Ye, nations, round, your Maker praise ;
 Let chains no longer bind ;
 Nor spend in vanity the days ;
 Which mercy leaves behind.

248. C. M. *Oppressed Hearts encouraged to trust in God.*

Psalm 77. PT. 1.

OLORD ! wilt thou for ever chide ?
 Is all thy goodness o'er ?
 Wilt thou thy face in darkness hide,
 Nor visit us once more ?

Ere this, thou oft hast on us shone,
 And turn'd aside thy veil ;
 Are now thy smiles for ever gone ?
 And shall thy promise fail ?

Thou art the author of our days,
 Our strength, our comfort be ;
 Let us for ever sing thy praise,
 And trust alone in thee.

Still let us in thy Son delight ;
 Before thee walk in fear ;
 And when, O Lord ! thou see'st it right,
 The clouds shall disappear.

249. C. M. *Sin often the Cause of Chastisement.*

Psalm 77. PT. 2.

THOU, O our God ! thy face dost hide,
 And midnight round me cast,
 To wean from folly, and from pride,
 Which hold me still so fast.

Whene'er the path in which I tread,
 A thorny path is found ;
 When threatening clouds involve my head,
 And all is dark around ;

May I inquire, with serious thought,
 What recent sin was mine,
 Which thus thy judgments on me brought,
 To scourge, and to refine.

But when uncertain is the cause
 Which thus thy bow has bent,
 May I review thy righteous laws,—
 From failures, penitent.

May I a reverent silence keep,
 And thy perfections own,
 Whose paths are in the mighty deep,
 Whose footsteps are unknown !

250. L. M. *The Dealings of God with the Children of Israel.*

Psalm 78.

THE heavens, O Lord ! didst thou create,
Ere first the sun his circuit ran ;
Almighty Father ! thou art great,
Beyond the grovelling thoughts of man.

For Israel thou hast oft appear'd,
And led them by thy mighty hand ;
Their sighs, their prayers, by thee were heard,
When captives in a foreign land.

Thou, by the greatness of thy might,
Didst cause the ocean to divide ;
When, lo ! to their astonish'd sight,
A wall arose on either side.

Through these, secure, our fathers pass'd,
And, when the foe still press'd them sore,
Thou calledst up thine eastern blast,
And horse and chariot were no more !

And when they roam'd the desert wide,
Thou didst not leave them to expire ;
Thou gav'st them, for a sign and guide,
By day—a cloud, by night—a fire.

Thou bad'st the solid rock expand,
And roll its waters by their way ;
While quails from heaven, at thy command,
Before their tent, unnumber'd, lay.

But though thy voice around them spake,
And all thy wonders struck their eyes,
Yet, did they not their sins forsake,
But turn'd to vanity and lies.

When every heart had gone astray,
And truth was spurn'd, by old and young,
To aggravate their evil way,
Their God they flatter'd with their tongue !

Yet, though thou saw'st our fathers live,
Filled with revolt, and discontent,
Thou hadst compassion, and didst give
Still time to pause and to repent.

For thou rememberedst what they were,
Their lives how frail, their strength how vain ;
That they but felt the breathing air,
And sank into the dust again !

How oft from thy constraint they broke,
And did despite unto thy grace !

How oft thy wrath did they provoke,
And turn to other gods their face !

They would not stay within thy fold,
Nor to their Maker bend their knee !

And they forgot thy works of old,
When thou, from bonds, didst set them free.

Yet thou wast loath upon their head
To hurl the thunders of the sky,
But rather chosest, in their stead,
To send thy “ Evil Angels ” nigh.

[These, mid the desert solitude,
Our fathers fill'd with toil and woe !
Tumult, and indignation rude,
The torments of the world below !]

Yet they repented not ! may we,
By all the ways which Israel trod,
The semblance of *our* spirits see,
So prone to wander from our God !

May we, with heart and purpose pure,
Obey and trust the Saviour's word ;
Lest we, like Ephraim's tribe, endure
The fearful anger of the Lord !

251. L. M. *God sought in Adversity.*

Psalm. 79.

SINNERS, O Lord ! thy sway disown
Thy laws despise, thy precepts hate ;
The temple where thy glory shone,
The heathen hath made desolate.

Thou hast permitted, for a cause
Inscrutable to mortal eye,
Thy foes to trample on thy laws,
And, for awhile, their God defy !

Lord ! our iniquities are great,
But shall thine anger always last ?
Behold us in our low estate,
And o'er our crimes a mantle cast !

For the dear sake of Christ, thy Son,
Forgive our sins, dispel our night :
May we henceforth transgression shun,
And make thy law our chief delight.

252. C. M. *Israel a little Vine trodden down.*

Psalm 80.

GREAT Shepherd of the flock, look down ;
Pity our fallen race !
Though we have sinn'd, withhold thy frown,
Nor longer hide thy face !

From Egypt, by thy power divine,
That future years might see,
Thou didst bring forth a little vine
To bear its fruit to thee.

It took deep root. In pomp array'd,
It spread its branches wide ;
The hills were cover'd with its shade ;
It form'd the valley's pride.

172 HYMNS, FOUNDED ON THE PSALMS.

But now its honours are no more ;

It falls before the foe ;

The scoffing man, the savage boar,

Hath laid its glories low.

Once more, O Lord ! upon it shine,

And needful succour grant !

Look down from heaven, and view the vine

Which thou, thyself, didst plant !

Still water it with genial rain ;

Let suns its fruit mature ;

And may it spread o'er hill and plain,

For ever to endure !

253. C. M. *The unjust Judge condemned.*

Psalm 82.

LET not the unjust judge believe
That none observance pays ;
He doth his wandering heart deceive,
For God beholds his ways.

The Lord in his assembly stands ;
His crooked path he sees ;
He marks how evil are his hands,
How partial his decrees.

Oft, deeds of darkness are reveal'd,
Which men in clouds would cast ;
But though from mortal eye conceal'd,
They shall be proved at last.

God is the friend of the oppress'd ;
The unjust judge he hates ;
Whose soul will never gain that rest
Which for the righteous waits.

254. C. M. *The Machinations of the Wicked frustrated.*

Psalm 83.

TRANSGRESSIONS, in their pride, have
rais'd,

In wrath, their puny hand
Against the Lord our fathers praised,
Who holds supreme command.

Against the people of his choice
They secret counsel take :
At their backslidings they rejoice ;
Their heads in scorn they shake.

The wicked to the wicked say,
Come, let us lift the spear,
That Israel may behold the day
Of her destruction near.

Our God, the wicked shall repel,
And break their secret snare :
The righteous shall for ever dwell
Beneath his guardian care.

255. C. M. *The Tabernacles of God extolled.*

Psalm. 84.

HOW fair, how amiable, O Lord !
Thy tabernacles are !
Those who reject thy holy word
Are all from peace afar.

I, for thy courts, impatient sigh ;
I faint to see thy face ;
And hourly doth my spirit cry
To taste thy heavenly grace.

Bless'd are the men who there abide ;
Who praise thy holy name ;
Who let no other gods divide
The worship thou dost claim :

Who go from strength to strength, who spend
 Their days for thee alone :
 These shall, at last, with Christ their friend,
 Appear before thy throne.

While journeying downward to the dust,
 He is supremely wise
 Who loves thy law, and puts his trust
 In the Great Sacrifice !

I'd rather keep thy doors, and bless
 My God, with praise and prayer,
 Than dwell in tents of wickedness,
 Although a monarch there.

Thou wilt be near to all who live,
 That in thy Son confide :
 Both grace and glory thou wilt give,
 With every good beside.

256. C. M. *The Reign of Christ anticipated.*

Psalm 85. PT. 2.

O LORD ! for our rebellious race,
 Thou dost all good provide ;
 In wrath thou hast not veil'd thy face,
 But yet art on our side.

Thou wast our hope in ancient times ;
 On thee we daily live ;
 Still pardon our unnumber'd crimes,
 And all our sins forgive.

Though enmity to thee we bore,
 And oft opposed thy will,
 The fierceness of thy wrath is o'er,
 And we may trust thee still.

Is there, at thy right hand, a Friend,
 A Mediator kind,
 Who doth, in mercy, condescend,
 To plead for human kind ?

Bright clouds upon th' horizon shine !
 Israel ere long shall see
 The fulness of that day divine,
 Whose glory dawns on me !

257. L. M. *Sin confessed, and God extolled.*

Psalm 86.

BOW down thine ear, and hear my prayer !
 Deliver me from every snare !
O Lord ! impart thy Spirit pure,
 For I am needy, I am poor.

I own my crimes, I mourn my pride,
 Yet, do not thou thy presence hide ;
 My sins, though multiplied, forgive !
 And let me in thy presence live.

Thou art the author of all good ;
 To thee I owe my health and food ;
 And thou dost pardon still proclaim
 For all who seek thy holy name.

When clouds upon my prospects frown ;
 When cares, increasing, press me down ;
 When foes to truth the rule maintain,
 My faith confirm ! my foes restrain !

My soul henceforth would upward tend
 To Christ, my advocate and friend :
 When tired of vanities below,
 The *Cross* alone can joy bestow.

258. C. M. *The Felicities of Heaven.*

Psalm 87. PT. I.

O LORD ! thy works, thy hand display !
 Thou dost all worlds uphold !
 But thou, in yonder realms of day,
 Wilt more thy power unfold.

Here we survey as fair a sight
 As human eye can bear ;
 But in the eternal world of light,
 New wonders will appear.

Our passions there will be refined,
 Our forms in splendour dress'd,
 And pure as the angelic mind,
 Each thought that fills our breast.

The Lamb, shall every eye behold,
 Where the rapt seraphs gaze :
 Oh ! may *we* sweep the harp of gold,
 That sings Immanuel's praise !

259. C. M. *Our Springs alone in God.*

Psalm 87. PT. 2.

IF heaven at last be our abode,
 Its songs our sweet employ,
 The troubles of our mortal road
 Will but increase our joy.

We oft have felt our faces shine,
 Gazing at Zion's Gate ;
 Warmed with the hope of joys divine,
 Which for the righteous wait.

How terrible will be the voice
 Which death to us will bear,
 If finite things have been our choice,
 And Time, our only care !

We would direct to heaven our eyes,
 From earth's low shackles free ;
 But, of ourselves, we cannot rise,
 Our springs are all in thee.

Do thou, O Lord ! thy grace bestow !
 Attune our hearts to love !
 And when we quit this world of woe,
 Take us to joys above !

260. C. M. *The Solemnity of Death.*

Psalm 88. PT. 1.

O DEATH ! with dread do I behold
 Thy near approach ! I find,
 Though once, in vain assurance, bold,
 Forebodings shake my mind.

Men may awhile, by earth beguiled,
 Put far the evil day,
 And squander, with profusion wild,
 Their precious hours away !

But sickness soon will shadows cast
 O'er all the joys they know !
 And death will visit them at last,
 And lay their honours low !

Their cheeks must yield their transient bloom,
 And languid turn their eye,
 And they must hasten to the tomb
 Where all their fathers lie !

Lord ! ere that solemn time arrive,
 Let heaven my hopes inspire !
 May I, to Christ, my Saviour, live,
 And in *that faith* expire !

261. C. M. *Death terrible, without Christ.*

Psalm 88. PT. 2.

DEATH hastens, with expanded wings,
 Our winding sheet to bear !
 Let us relax our hold of things
 Our heirs so soon must share !

Ere long, and folly's sons will wake
 From dreams and laughter vain !
 When soul and body parting take,
 Solemnity must reign !

178 HYMNS, FOUNDED ON THE PSALMS

The stoutest heart will feel dismay,
Before that dread decree
Which forces it to launch away
Into an unknown sea !

What horrors will the scene o'ercast !
What tempests toss our bark !
When all behind is fading fast !
And all before is dark !

The absence of thy cheering power,
Let me not, Lord ! bewail—
In that untried, and solemn hour,
When flesh and heart shall fail !

May I, to Christ, my soul resign
Before my conflicts cease !
Then, may my Saviour on me shine,
And gently whisper, Peace !

262. L. M. *The Covenant of David, our Trust.*

Psalm 89.

THE mercies of our God are great ;
They every day and hour appear ;
And those who on their Saviour wait,
In life, and death, shall find him near.

Thou hast, O Lord ! from love divine,
A Covenant with David made,
On which our spirits may recline,
When gathering cares our breast invade.

Who in the heavens is like to thee,
From whom we all derive our breath ?
Thou hast from bondage set us free,
And spoil'd the tyrants, sin and death !

The righteous shall protected dwell,
Cheer'd by the word that cannot fail,
Nor shall the raging power of hell
Against the humblest saint prevail.

263. L. M. *The Ravages of Mortality.*

Psalm. 90.

LORD ! thou a dwelling-place hast been
To all who ever fear'd thy name ;
Man changes with the changing scene,
But thou art evermore the same.

Before the stars began their race,
Or man the smiling earth had trod,
Confined to neither time nor space,
From everlasting, thou art God !

Thy will the universe obeys ;
All worlds to thee their homage pay ;
To thine illimitable gaze
A thousand years are but a day !

The stream of time, that torrent wide,
Bears all away, both young and old !
The loftiest, emblem, in their pride,
The tale that yesterday was told !

Where are the sons of pomp and power,
Who once could call the earth their own ?
Like grass they flourish'd for an hour,
Then, hurried on to worlds unknown !

How vain th' aspiring hopes of men !
Their joys, how brief ! their cares, how great !
Our days are three-score years and ten,
A changing and tumultuous state !

Yet, few who reach this lengthen'd age,
On life's tempestuous billows cast ;
The rest are hurried off the stage,
To dwell with generations past !

O Lord ! ere this vain life shall end,
Teach us to number so our days,
That we eternity may spend,
With the redeem'd, in ceaseless praise.

264. C. M. *God a Shield to his People.*

Psalm 91.

CONFIDING in the Almighty's care,
 No perils shall alarm ;
 Nor shall the sons of Belial, dare
 Approach to do us harm !

Protected by Jehovah's wing,
 Though cares may oft annoy,
 Yet every cross shall comfort bring,
 And sorrow change to joy.

We will not fear the dart by day,
 That deals destruction round :
 The powers that on our peace would prey,
 In fetters fast are bound.

Pale Pestilence, that through the air
 In darkness takes his flight,
 The good man's dwelling-place must spare,
 For *there* is God's delight.

A thousand near our path may fall,
 Whilst we from harm are free,
 For o'er our heads, the God of all
 Extends his canopy.

O praise the Lord ! the Saviour praise !
 Aloud, his grace proclaim !
 Let every tongue and people raise,
 Hosannahs to His name !

265. L. M. “*The Pestilence that walketh in Darkness.*”

Psalm 91. PT. 2.

IN shapes as changeful as the sky,
 Perils unseen around us lie ;
 And while our hearts with joy o'erflow,
 Sorrow may aim her deadliest blow.

Danger is ever on the wing ;
 The meanest form may wear a sting ;
 The brightest morning end in rain,
 And what we covet prove our bane.

In hours, when most secure we feel,
 Some enemy may near us steal ;
 And, when our peaceful homes we leave,
 The weeping eye again receive.

Yet, why should fear our souls alarm,
 No *uncommission'd* foe can harm ;
 For well we know, by sea and land,
 The rod is in our Father's hand.

To him the distant thing is near ;
 Darkness to us, to him is clear :
 Though not by mortals understood,
 His plans are fix'd, and wise, and good.

No chance-directed dart can wound ;
 The sparrow falls not to the ground,
 Unseen, unsent, by *him*, whose sway
 Angels and men alike obey.

O Lord, our Saviour ! be our friend !
 Preserve us safe 'till time shall end !
 In slippery paths our feet uphold,
 Nor let us wander from thy fold !

And when our earthly race is o'er ;
 When suns on us must rise no more ;
 In way, and hour, thou judgest best,
 Oh, take us to eternal rest !

266. C. M. *The Book of Nature closed to the Wicked.*

Psalm 92.

IT is a good and pleasant thing
 To raise to heaven our eye ;
 And every night and morn to sing
 Glory to God on high.

Thy works, O Lord ! my thoughts employ ;
 Wondrous and great they be :
 They make my spirit leap with joy,
 And pour its praise to thee.

To thee all nature owes its birth ;
 The boundless sea and air,—
 Mountain and valley, heaven and earth,
 Thou spakest, and they *were* !

Some, 'mid the world's wide harmonies,
 Hear no melodious song ;
 They feel no joys, they heave no sighs,
 But what to *self* belong.

They view, nor comeliness, nor form
 In all the scenes around ;
 And they can listen to the storm,
 And think but of its sound.

They can behold the lightning's fire
 Heaven's spacious concave fill,
 And mark the orb of day retire,
 Senseless and brutish still.

Almighty Father ! may I see,
 Alike in every hour,
 The wonders of thy majesty !
 The greatness of thy power !

267. C. M. *The Dominion of God.*

Psalm 93.

TH' Almighty sits enthron'd on high ;
 On him arch-angels wait ;
 The Lord is cloth'd in majesty,
 And all his works are great.

His mandate fix'd creation's bound ;
 He calls the stars by name ;
 And he with strength is girded round,
 Unchangeably the same.

The sun uprose at his command
 From night's primeval bed ;
 He form'd the ocean, cloth'd the land,
 The spacious heavens he spread.

In vain, opposing God's decree,
 Proud man may answer, nay ;
 The power that rules the stormy sea,
 Holds universal sway !

268. C. M. *The wide Inspection of God.*

Psalm 94.

LET not transgressors madly think
 That folly's ways are wise ;
 They stand upon an awful brink,
 When they the truth despise.

Shall not the Lord all forms behold
 Who gave the eye its light ?
 Can any thing, in young or old,
 Be banish'd from his sight ?

Shall not that God, who on the ear
 Its wondrous power impress'd ;
 All tongues, throughout creation, hear ;
 Th' oppressor, and the oppress'd ?

And shall not *he* all knowledge know,
 Whose thought is unconfined ;
 To whom the little light we owe
 That glimmers on our mind ?

Till Christ restore us from the curse,
 And grace implant within ;
 Our hearts are hard, our wills perverse,
 And we are sold in sin.

Divine Redeemer ! with thy love,
 Set us from bondage free ;
 And may our treasure be above ;
 Our only hope in thee.

269. C. M. *Invitation to praise God.*

Psalm 95.

YE nations round, with one accord,
 Extol Jehovah's name ;
 Draw near, and magnify the Lord,
 Who was, and is, the same.

O, come, before his presence throng ;
 There urge your willing feet,
 And with thanksgivings, loud and long,
 The holy psalm repeat.

God is the only *Infinite* ;
 His throne is endless day ;
 Let all who seek the world of light,
 To him their homage pay.

Come, magnify Jehovah's name,
 His power, his works declare ;
 He form'd this universal frame
 Of sea, and earth, and air.

Let us in concert lift our voice,
 And of his wonders tell ;
We are the people of his choice,
 Redeem'd from death and hell !

We, in his temple, God will praise,
 And there our offerings bring ;
 Let the whole world hosannahs raise
 To heaven's Eternal King !

270. C. M. *Praise becometh the Righteous.*

Psalm 96.

SING to the Lord with hearts sincere !
 Aloud, his praise proclaim ;
 Let every tongue and people hear
 The wonders of his name.

Let all the heathen nations round,
Who worship stock and stone,
Know, that the Lord with might is crown'd,
And that he reigns alone.

Let all who breathe, in one vast host,
Their thanks to God declare ;
But gratitude becomes them most,
Who most his goodness share.

Can you, who love the Lord, withhold
The loud and rapturous strain ?
He found you wandering from his fold,
And brought you back again.

He sent his Son to bleed and die,
Transgressors to restore ;
And we, throughout eternity,
Will praise him and adore.

271. L. M. *All that live, required to praise
God.*

Psalm 98.

SING to the Lord a song of praise,
For marvellous are all his ways ;
The powerful arm of the most high,
Hath gotten him the victory.

The heavens above, his hand display ;
The stars by night, the sun by day ;
While earth, to her remotest bound,
With goodness from the Lord is crown'd.

Sing praises to our God above,
Who hath redeemed us by his love ;
Let harp, and voice, and cornet make
The world, to its foundation, shake.

Let all who fear the Lord, proclaim
Eternal honours to his name ;
Ye floods ! break forth in joyous strains,
For God, the Lord, triumphant reigns.

But, chiefly let our thanks ascend,
 That we, in Christ, have found a friend ;
 That we, through him, and *him* alone,
 May call the joys of heaven our own.

272. L. M. *Universal Praise ascribed to God.*

Psalm 100.

LET every people, every tongue,
 The goodness of our God proclaim ;
 Till through the earth *his* praise hath rung
 Who form'd this vast and wondrous frame.

All nations bow before the Lord !
 Enter his gates with solemn joy !
 For he who form'd you with a word,
 Can, with a word, alike destroy.

He on our frames at first impress'd
 His image — Father of the sky !
 And fix'd within our glowing breast
 The hope of immortality !

To God we consecrate our days,
 To whom ten thousand gifts we owe !
 Approach his courts with songs of praise,
 And let the grateful heart o'erflow !

But chiefly may we feel and own
 That debt stupendous, full and free,
 When Christ, for sinners to atone,
 Offer'd himself on Calvary !

Though hell's rebellious powers oppose,
 Though impious scoffers reign around,
 Truth shall exult o'er all her foes,
 And reach at length earth's farthest bound.

273. C. M. *The Wicked rejected by the Servants of God.*

Psalm 101.

O LORD ! the hardness of my heart
When wilt thou take away ?
And when wilt thou thy grace impart,
And turn my night to day ?

From sin I would withdraw mine eyes,
And evil counsel's shun ;
I will no more the wicked prize,
As I, till now, have done.

Their joy will soon in sorrow end,
I covet not their praise ;
And he alone shall be my friend,
Who walks, in wisdom's ways.

These are the paths that lead to peace,
Which purify the breast,
And form our souls, when life shall cease,
For heaven, that world of rest.

274. L. M. *God implored to uphold Zion.*

Psalm 102.

WHEN troubles and distress arise,
And I am bent to earth with care,
O Lord ! regard thy servant's cries,
And listen to his earnest prayer.

[Hide not thy face ! the pelican
That roams the lonely desert wide,
Resembles the unhappy man
Who will not make thy word his guide.]

I have beheld no comfort near
To give my wounded soul relief,
And mingled with my drink the tear
That flow'd from penitence and grief.

188 HYMNS, FOUNDED ON THE PSALMS.

O Lord ! in this rebellious day
When all thy threatenings cease to awe,
Maintain thy cause, assert thy sway,
And vindicate thy holy law !

But though I mourn for human kind,
So lost and buried in their shame ;
Though troubles have o'erwhelm'd my mind,
While sinners dared contemn thy name ;

In thine appointed way and time,
Relieved from sin's debasing chain,
Thy Zion shall arise sublime,
And righteousness triumphant reign :

[Scenes, such as, while they raise the eye,
Unutterable thoughts inspire !

E'en as the nightly polar sky,
When the vast concave glows with fire.]

When earth's low cares invade my breast,
May I, in faith, my God adore,
And think of that eternal rest,
Where sorrow will be known no more.

275. L. M. *God, eternal ; Man, but dust !*

Psalm 103.

BLESS, O my soul, the Lord of light !
His goodness own ! his power declare !
Gifts, countless as the stars of night,
I owe to his almighty care.

Though some disown their heavenly king,
Who taste his bounty, day by day,
Yet I will of his greatness sing,
And to my God my homage pay.

He breaks th' oppressor's secret snares,
And sets the lingering captive free ;
He heals my wounds, my burden bears,
He pardons mine iniquity.

Favours, unnumber'd, claim my praise,
Extending, with the long review :
He guards my life, and crowns my days
With tender mercies, ever new.

How shall I thank thee, O Most High !
For joys so blended with my woes !
I hourly live on thy supply,
The source whence every blessing flows !

Thou hast not dealt strict recompense
For my departures, Lord ! from thee ;
Nor hast thou number'd each offence,
Omniscience *in the heart* could see.

Great Potentate, for ever bless'd !
By thee my sins are veil'd in night ;
Far as the east is from the west,
Are they removed from thy sight.

Like as a father love reveals
For the one son, his prop of age,
So, God an equal pity feels
For Israel's chosen heritage.

Thou, through eternal years the same !
Alike art merciful as just ;
Thou know'st how feeble is my frame,
And thou rememberest I am dust !

Man is but grass, a fleeting flower,
And though awhile he towers elate,
His life is but a stormy hour,
And vanity his best estate !

The place that gladden'd once his eye,
Will soon its master cease to own ;
The wind of heaven but passes by,
And he is borne to realms unknown.

But thou, unchanged, reign'st above,
The sovereign of the worlds around ;
And, with thy everlasting love,
Shall Zion's chosen race be crown'd.

190 HYMNS, FOUNDED ON THE PSALMS.

Thy sceptre ruleth every land,
And, while created forms decay,
Thy throne, through endless years, shall stand,
When heaven and earth are swept away.

Ye angels, strike your golden lyre !
Creation, shout his power divine !
And, O my soul ! do thou aspire
To call this God of wonders, thine !

276. L. M. *All Creation dependant upon God.*

Psalm 104.

BLESS, O my soul ! the Lord of light !
Extol him, every tongue and tribe !
Let honour, majesty, and might,
All creatures to our God ascribe !

Praise *Him*, whose countenance is day,
Whose word can countless worlds create ;
Vast, as infinity, his sway,
And he is bountiful as great.

O Lord ! thine eyes, while mortals sleep,
Throughout all realms, and times, extend ;
Thy Being is a mighty deep,
Where all our thoughts in darkness end !

The angels, thou hast spirits made,
With strength surpassing ! power unknown !
The seraphim their faces shade,
When bending round thine awful throne !

Thy mandate gave creation birth !
Nature proclaims the hand divine !
The deep foundations of the earth ;
The everlasting hills are thine !

The waters that o'er all things spread,
Ere Time his destined course began,
At thy Almighty fiat fled,
And gave this paradise to man !

The powers of hell by thee are chain'd,
 While seraphs own thy sovereign sway ;
 And thou to ocean hast ordain'd
 The bound that shall his ragings stay !

The fowls of heaven on thee depend,
 And daily thy protection share ;
 The stork and lion call thee friend,
 And feel thy providential care.

The moon and stars thou biddest run, [crown'd ;
 Through heaven's blue vault, with glory
 And thine the hand that leads the sun
 His mystic and eternal round.

Leviathan didst thou create,
 With every creature, great and small :
 Their eyes on thee unceasing wait,
 Thou common Father of us all !

The works of man in dust are laid,
 Imperfect, fleeting, immature !
 But thine, in wisdom thou hast made,
 And thine, for ever shall endure.

Empires, and men who empires sway,
 With all that charms th' astonish'd eye,
 By time will soon be swept away,
 And like a scroll be passed by !

But thou unchanged shalt remain
 Encircled in thy robe of light ;
 Thou through perpetual years shalt reign,
 When sun and stars are quench'd in night !

277. L. M. “ *My Meditation of Him shall be sweet.*”

Psalm 104.

TIIS sweet to drink, as here we dwell,
 Refreshing draughts from mercy's well ;
 But there's a river, calm and clear,
 Sweeter than any fountain here.

'Tis sweet to view the earth around,
With fruits, and flowers, and verdure crown'd ;
But fairer scenes before us lie,
With flowers of never-fading dye.

The stars, by night, our wonder raise,
The sun, by day, demands our praise ;
But better 'tis to see and love
The Sun of Righteousness above.

'Tis cheering, 'mid this desert wide,
To know that God is still our guide ;
And sweet, while on our pilgrimage,
To feel his help from stage to stage.

But sweeter far 'twill be at last,
To find in heaven our anchor cast !
Our bark, so long by storms distrest,
Safe haven'd in eternal rest !

The way, the truth, the life, is *he*
Who once expired on Calvary !
And, if we stand before the throne,
'Twill be through merits not our own.

278. C. M. *Praise due to God.*

Psalm 105.

GIVE thanks, O Israel, to the Lord,
And call upon his name ;
Approach his courts with one accord,
And loud his power proclaim.

Sing to him psalms, with heart and voice,
Join, all, your noblest praise ;
In him, let every tongue rejoice,
And own his wondrous ways.

Throughout the world he reigns alone ;
He guides the orb of day ;
He sits upon a sovereign throne,
While heaven and earth obey.

The Lord is merciful and kind,
An ever present friend :
May we, in him, a refuge find,
When this vain life shall end.

279. L. M. *God ever Good to his Servants.*

Psalm 106.

WHOM can thy wondrous works declare,
Great Lord of earth, and sea, and air ;
Thy hands provide our daily food,
Fountain of light ! and source of good !

Bless'd are the men, or high, or low,
Who fear thy name where'er they go ;
Who in thy holy law delight,
And walk as in their Maker's sight.

Thy benefits my heart would own ;
May I confide in thee alone !
Let me the tranquil joy partake
Of those who God their portion make.

Thou hast a pure, redeemed band,
A chosen few in every land ;
May I, with them, unite my song,
And to that little band belong.

We all have left the narrow way,
Both sire and son have gone astray ;
And we shall wander farther still,
Unless thy power restrain our will.

Almighty Father ! grace impart,
Increase our faith, renew our heart ;
And when we die, through sovereign love,
Oh ! take us to thy courts above !

280. C. M. *God alone to be supremely praised.*

Psalm 108.

WHILE others walk in evil ways,
And from thine altars flee,

I will, O Lord, thy goodness praise ;
My heart is fix'd on thee.

Psaltery and harp ! sweet concord make
To him who rules on high :
At early morn will I awake,
And to my Father cry.

Among the people who adore
Thy great and glorious name,
Will I be found, and, evermore,
Thy matchless love proclaim.

Be thou, O Lord ! exalted high,
Almighty King of Kings !
Above the earth, above the sky,
Above created things.

My soul shall yet rejoice below,
(Though clouds awhile o'ercast ;)
First, over every human foe,
• And over death at last.

281. C. M. *The Efficacy of Prayer.*

Psalm 109.

WHEN wicked men in power appear,
Who would my steps ensnare ;
Why should my spirit sink with fear ?
I'll give myself to prayer.

Prayer is a safe and sovereign charm,
Which all, who will, may seek ;
That can the strongest foe disarm,
And valiant make the weak.

Men often with indifference view
Th' afflicted when they cry,
And more congenial forms pursue,
Than lonely misery :

But God for all his children feels,
When they are sore distress'd ;
He soothes their care, their sorrow heals,
And calms their troubled breast.

Then, though a host against me rose,
Why should my soul despair ?
When threaten'd by the fiercest foes,
I'll give myself to prayer.

282. C. M. *The vain Assaults of Satan.*

Psalm 110.

THOUGH now, awhile, thy sons may feel
Affliction and dismay,
Thou wilt, O Lord, their spirits heal
In thine own time and way.

Satan, enraged, may shake his chain,
When first thy grace appears ;
And trouble, where he cannot reign,
With slavish doubts and fears.

But he, confounded, soon shall flee
At thy commanding voice ;
While all, whose hearts confide in thee
Shall, in the end, rejoice.

With loving-kindness thou wilt bless
The people of thy care ;
Whose souls delight in holiness,
The robe which angels wear.

283. C. M. *God ever present to save the Good Man.*

Psalm 112. PT. I.

BLESS'D are the men who put their trust
In thee, O Lord ! Most High !
Who seek their portion with the just,
Beyond this lower sky.

Thou wilt be found, when they are old,
 Still faithful to thy word ;
 And e'en their children shall behold
 The goodness of the Lord.

When discord and contention rise,
 And war and tumult meet,
 The good man to his Maker flies,
 And finds a safe retreat.

And when the famine rages round,
 And others pine and die,
His board shall be with plenty crown'd,
His springs shall never dry.

May we adore that power divine
 Whose love our thought exceeds,
 And patiently ourselves resign
 To follow where he leads.

284. C. M. *God loveth a cheerful Giver.*

Psalm 112. PT 2.

THE good man, from his bounteous store,
 Would every want remove ;
 He lendeth much, but giveth more,
 Remembering God is love.

All crooked ways his thoughts abhor,
 He will not step aside ;
 Discretion is his counsellor,
 Benevolence, his guide.

He plans upon the couch of night
 To lessen human woe,
 And in it finds that pure delight
 The stranger cannot know.

Who then in wealth would put his trust,
 And selfish passions feed ?
 Who closer grasp earth's sordid dust,
 When others stand in need ?

May we, if riches we possess,
 Which soon may fly away,
 Like faithful stewards, relieve distress,
 While in our prosperous day.

The Lord the liberal man doth love,
 Who round him blessings showers ;
 And if we hope to dwell above,
 That spirit must be ours.

Incline our hearts, Almighty friend !
 When pleading want we see,
 To give what thou didst only lend,
 And show our love to thee.

285. C. M. *Sinners exhorted to fly to Christ.*

Psalm 114.

WHEN thou, O Lord ! from Egypt's land,
 Didst bid our sires depart,
 They saw the wonders of thy hand,
 And gladness fill'd their heart.

Ocean, with awe of thee inspired,
 Fled, when thy voice he heard ;
 While Jordan's waters back retired
 At thy commanding word.

Tremble, thou earth ! and terror show,
 At him, who rules the sky ;
 Whose power can lay the mountains low,
 Or raise the valleys high !

Ye, who have never felt dismay,
 Nor fear'd Jehovah's rod ;
 Whose feet, till now, have gone astray,
 Whose hearts are far from God ;

Behold your miserable state !
 The sinner's woeful end !
 And fly, before it be too late,
 To Christ your only friend !

286. L. M. *Exhortation to serve God, rather than Idols.*

Psalm 115. PT. I.

NOT to themselves, but God supreme,
 Let all the world hosannahs raise ;
 His *mercy* is a glorious theme,
 And what so noble as his *praise* !

Let not the scoffer ask in vain,
 “Where now is God?”—with thought abhorrd !
 Thy hands the universe sustain,
 Omnipotent, and Sovereign Lord !

Others may Ashtoreth adore,
 And daily to dumb idols bend ;
 But I, from thee, will help implore,
 On whom I every hour depend.

Ye righteous! worship God alone ;
 O Israel! serve the Lord most high ;
 With gladness come before his throne,
 And earnest for his pardon cry.

He will be found a powerful shield
 To all who call upon his name,
 While disobedience will but yield
 The harvest of o'erwhelming shame.

287. L. M. *The Young and Old, required to rely on Christ.*

Psalm 115. PT. 2.

WHAT should alarm the hearts sincere,
 The humble who on God depend ;
 Though earth were rent, they need not fear ;
 Their Lord and Maker is their friend.

The old, who tremble o'er the grave,
 The young, may in their God confide :
 He will, in hours of peril, save,
 And be, 'till death, their guard and guide.

For man the gates of heaven are spread,
We hear a voice that bids us come ;
We have an advocate to plead,
Who died to bring the wanderer home.

Dangers may threaten, foes assail ;
To shake our faith, transgressors try ;
But none shall o'er our souls prevail,
While we, on Christ, that Rock, rely.

288. L. M. *The Folly of Idolatry.*

Psalm 115. PT. 3.

OUR God, in heaven, for ever reigns !
His hand directs ; his eye beholds !
His power, the universe sustains,
While age on age, eternal, rolls !

What are the heathen's gods ? so high !
Before whose *awful forms* they bend !
In whom they hope, to whom they cry,
On whom, for every good, depend !

They all are creatures of the dust !
Silver, and gold ! a stock ! a stone !
Yet in these shapes, *immortals* trust !
And leave, for such, the Lord alone !

View the deluded thousands bow !
Mark them, with reverence, prostrate fall !
Hear them present their prayer ! their vow !
And on their senseless idols call !

They heed them not ! they hear them not !
Where they are placed, they patient stay !
Now, with the waste of time, they rot !
And now, in flames, dissolve away !

Though *feet* they have, they steadfast be !
The hands they boast, they never rear !
Though they have *eyes*, they never see !
Though they have *ears*, they never hear !

200 HYMNS, FOUNDED ON THE PSALMS.

O, Israel ! in Jehovah trust !
He is thy shield, and thy reward !
Heed not the gods that waste and rust !
But bless, and praise the Sovereign Lord !

Yet, let our pitying hearts implore
That God would break the heathen's chain !
Would spread his truth, that every shore
Might hail the great Redeemer's reign !

Thy Kingdom come ! Thy Will be done !
Far, let the tide of mercy roll !
Till every nation own thy Son !
And faith extend from pole to pole !

289. C. M. *The Fear of God the highest Wisdom.*

Psalm 116. PT. I.

O LORD ! thy mighty power to show,
Our ice-bound spirits thaw !
As the chief good thou canst bestow,
Our souls to Jesus draw !

Though human wisdom may not bless,
Nor light of science cheer,
The best of knowledge we possess,
If we have learn'd thy fear.

The wisest men beneath the sky,
This truth at last will see,
That they have follow'd vanity,
In wandering, Lord ! from thee.

Wisdom, that leads to endless day,
For this we earnest sigh !
Incline our hearts for grace to pray,
And daily grace supply !

290. C. M. *The dying Saint precious to God.*

Psalm 116. PT. 2.

THY favour, Lord ! can give us rest,
When earth that rest denies :
Thy word can comfort the distress'd,
And make the simple, wise.

Troubles, alike, to young and old,
Must here our portion be :
O Lord ! our fainting hearts uphold,
And let us trust in thee.

And when death's awful hour shall come,
Which will the strongest try,
Th' exchange will be but going home ;
Faith points us to the sky.

Why should the grave our souls affright ?
Why should we fear or faint ?
For precious in our Saviour's sight
Is still the Dying Saint.

291. C. M. *God worthy of Praise.*

Psalm 117.

GIVE to the Lord your noblest praise,
His matchless power proclaim ;
Let every tongue and people raise
An altar to his name.

The mercies of the Lord are great,
Returning every hour :
On those who daily watch and wait,
He will his blessings shower.

While all material things decay,
Or boast an empty name ;
When countless years have roll'd away,
Thou, Lord ! art still the same.

292. C. M. *The Corner Stone.*

Psalm 118.

PROSTRATE, the power of hell was laid,
 When Jesus “Finish’d!” cried!
 Our penalties the Saviour paid,
 When he on Calvary died.

What shall we render to that Name,
 So rich! so full of grace!
 Through which, from heaven, salvation came,
 Free, to our guilty race!

This is the tried, the Corner Stone,
 Which storms in vain assail!
 This shall sustain our souls alone
 When all beside will fail.

Lord! be to us, a rock, a tower!
 The way of truth unfold!
 And may we, in our final hour,
 This Corner Stone behold!

293. L. M. *God sought by the contrite Heart.*

Psalm 119. PT. 1.

BLESS'D are the men whom thou dost draw,
 O God! thy precepts to obey;
 Bless'd are the men who prize thy law,
 The undefiled in the way.

Thou hast commanded us to keep,
 With diligence, thy holy word;
 Both when we wake, and ere we sleep,
 We would remember thee, O Lord!

O that our ways were in thy sight,
 Holy, as thou would'st have them be!
 O that thy laws were our delight,
 And all our trust alone in thee!

Do thou, O Lord, upon us shine ;
 Let us from earthly dreams awake :
 To righteousness our hearts incline,
 Nor utterly our souls forsake.

And when we quit this mortal scene,
 With none but thee our souls to cheer,
 May Faith preserve our minds serene,
 And Christ, our refuge, then be near !

294. L. M. *The excellency of the Word of God.*

Psalm 119. PT. 2.

HOW shall a young man cleanse his way,
 And in the paths of safety tread ?

By fearing to be led astray,
 And heeding, Lord ! what thou hast said.

Though prone to wander from thy fold,
 Urged by a vain and evil heart,
 Do thou, O Lord, my steps uphold,
 And thy restraining grace impart.

My feet, ere this, had often slid,
 While deep corruption reign'd within,
 But in my heart thy word I hid,
 That I, against thee, might not sin.

I own my folly, feel my shame,
 And long from earth to take my flight ;
 To leave this body, and proclaim
 Hosannahs with the saints in light.

But while thy will detains me here,
 I would, resign'd, that will obey,
 With the sweet hope, my soul to cheer,
 That I am bound to endless day.

295. L. M. *The renewed Heart aspiring after God.*

Psalm 119. PT. 3.

TAKE from my dark depraved sight,
 O Lord ! the veil that hideth thee ;

That I may in thy word delight,
And there alone salvation see.

Thou hast preserved me from my birth,
And been my help in many a strait,
Yet I a stranger am on earth,
A traveller to a better state.

My soul would praise thee for thy care,
Vouchsafed in many a past supply ;
And I would hope, thy gifts to share,
In worlds beyond the starry sky.

I pant to leave this low abode !
I long to be more like to thee !
To dwell for ever with my God !
Great fountain of felicity !

296. L. M. *Dedication of the Heart to God.*

Psalm 119. PT. 4.

MY soul, O Lord ! would on thee wait,
And in thy word and promise trust ;
O, raise me from my abject state,
For still I cleave unto the dust.

My heart unfaithful is to thee ;
Trifles too much my thoughts employ :
I half forget eternity !
Th' unfading crown ! and endless joy !

Make me to understand thy way ;
Be Christ my hope ! and heaven my aim !
Preserve by night, conduct by day,
And let me fear and love thy name !

All power in heaven and earth is thine,
Do thou thy quickening grace impart ;
And may I hence, through strength divine,
Restrain my vain and wandering heart.

297. L. M. *God to be sought rather than Riches.*

Psalm 119. PT. 5.

ON me, thy favour, Lord ! bestow ;
(To all the joys of earth preferr'd ;)

I ask the noblest gift below,
The understanding of thy word.

This, to the *sage*, is oft denied,
(Wise only if to thee he live !)

And which, to humble human pride,
Thou often to the fool dost give.

Do thou my vain affections draw
From all the snares that round me lie ;
Incline my heart to keep thy law,
And shun each passing vanity.

Let me not covet earthly things,
Riches and honours, pomp and power ;
Naught but thy smiles, great King of Kings !
Can cheer in death's approaching hour.

298. L. M. *"I will speak of thy Testimonies, and not be ashamed."*

Psalm 119. PT. 6.

BE thou, throughout the world, proclaim'd
The sovereign Lord whom all should fear !

O, may we never be ashamed
To let our faith in thee appear !

[If call'd to answer, in thy cause,
Before earth's potentates, may we
Approve thy ways, defend thy laws,
And freely own our faith in thee.]

Unnumber'd mercies we receive
From thy exhaustless love alone ;
And yet, must these no record leave,
But thankless man his God disown ? T

If thou should'st be ashamed of us,
 And, in thy sore displeasure, say
 Unfruitful, and idolatrous,
 “Depart from everlasting day !”

[Doom, that would cast a sable cloud
 O'er joys, ten thousand times more high
 Than all that ever bless'd the proud,
 Through their brief round of vanity !]

O Lord ! may those who hope to dwell
 In heaven, and there thy glory see,
 To all around thy goodness tell,
 And never be ashamed of thee.

299. L. M. *Persecutions and Trials of short Duration.*

Psalm 119. PT. 7.

THOSE who despise, O Lord ! thy name,
 And in thy laws no beauty see,
 Attempt to cover me with shame,
 And dare deride my trust in thee.

Can I a treatment hope to share,
 Better than what to God they show ?
 Do not these impious men declare
 Contempt of thee, wheree'er they go ?

Do they not all defy thy power,
 While rev'lling in each mad excess,
 And hurry through life's fleeting hour,
 Greedy of all unrighteousness ?

These are the trials thou hast sent
 To purify my wayward mind ;
 To teach me meekness and content,
 Beneath the crosses here I find.

Thanks to thy promise made to men,
 Not many years these ills annoy ;
 The most are but three-score and ten,
 And what are these to endless joy !

300. L. M. *Supplication for Men involved
in mental Darkness.*

PSALM 119. PT. 8.

I WOULD desire to stand apart,
O Lord ! from all who fear not thee ;
And turn from those, whose froward heart,
In holiness, no beauty see.

My friendships shall be form'd with those
Who are the children of the day ;
My Maker's foes shall be my foes,
Yet I will earnest for them pray.

O Lord ! through thy almighty power,
May they thy saving grace receive ;
Teach them the worth of life's brief hour,
And may they turn to thee and live !

May the deep veil which, o'er their sight,
Hath made their best perceptions blind,
Be rent asunder, and thy light
Burst in on their benighted mind !

301. L. M. *Thanks ascribed to God for
Affliction.*

PSALM 119. PT. 9.

FOR all thy benefits, O Lord !
I would each moment grateful feel ;
I praise thee for thy Holy Word,
Which can a wounded conscience heal.

I thank thee, source of every good !
That thou, amid this stormy state,
Hast given me raiment, health, and food,
And hast not left me desolate.

But I would thank thee most of all
For past afflictions, past distress :
Though these, in anger, seem'd to fall,
They led my heart to righteousness.

Before afflictions bent me low,
 And sorrow taught me how to weep,
 Dread thought ! I was my Saviour's foe,
 But now his law I love to keep.

I would in gratitude abound ;
 With all the cares to me decreed,
 Mercy was mix'd, and I have found
 The sweet, the bitter far exceed.

I praise thee for thy chastening rod,
 For past afflictions, past distress ;
 These brought me nearer to my God,
 The only source of blessedness.

302. L. M. *Supplication for all Men.*

Psalm 119. PT. 10.

ALL those, O Lord ! who honour'd thee,
 And made thy holy law their trust,
 Felt gladness when they witness'd me
 Draw near to praise thee with the just.
 And shall not I, rejoicing, view
 The sons of strangers all consent
 To serve thee, with the spirit true,
 And in thy courts themselves present ?
 Mercy, that fount, would not decline,
 Though myriads drank, to ease their woes ;
 What can diminish love divine,
 Which from the throne eternal flows !
 Come ! every kindred, every tribe,
 And worship heaven's Immortal King !
 Come ! glory to the Lamb ascribe,
 And your benighted brethren bring.
 We would not wish to bow alone
 Before that God who dwells on high ;
 Let the whole world surround his throne
 In one redeemed family !

303. L. M. *Faith testified in Affliction.*

Psalm 119. PT. II.

THY laws and judgments, Lord ! are right,
Though them, the wicked dare deride ;
O that they all were my delight,
My only counsel, and my guide !

Amid this wilderness of woe,
My soul desires thy smiles to find ;
These can alone true peace bestow,
And satisfy my craving mind.

When trouble on my spirit preys,
To thee th' inquiring prayer I send —
How many more of these dark days
Before my pilgrimage shall end !

Yet wherefore should a mortal grieve,
Who doth so little see, or know ?
Must I from God all good receive,
And never taste the cup of woe ?

What were the sorrows Christ endured !
His mortal path with thorns was spread !
His blood for me a crown secured,
And I must in his footsteps tread.

Prosperity hath many snares,
This crowds have own'd, with sorrowing eyes ;
For aught I know, my greatest cares,
Have been but blessings in disguise.

Let earth awhile be my abode !
Though foes molest, and clouds o'er cast,
I cannot mourn, O Lord ! the road,
If to thy throne it lead at last.

304. L. M. *God deserving of Confidence.*

Psalm 119. PT. 12.

LORD! thou didst give creation birth,
 The sun and stars thy power proclaim :
 Mid all the changing scenes of earth,
 Thy faithfulness endures the same.

In all thy counsels and designs,
 Immutability appears ;
 While, in thy works, the God-head shines
 The same through everlasting years.

The elements that round us reign,
 To do thy will, obedient, fly ;
 Tempests arouse the sleeping main,
 Or thunders shake the vaulted sky.

No longer man shall be my guide ;
 His feeble light I hence disown ;
 Let me, in thee, O Lord ! confide,
 In whom perfection dwells alone,

305. L. M. *The Insensibility of the Wicked dissipated at Death.*

Psalm 119. PT. 13.

THY precepts have endued my mind,
 O Lord ! with knowledge from on high ;
 Through these I cast the world behind,
 And shun each passing vanity.

Those only, truth, unclouded, see
 Whose souls with heavenly light are bless'd ;
 True wisdom comes alone from thee,
 Fountain of light, and source of rest !

Many, O Lord ! from thee rebel,
 And walk not in their Maker's fear ;
 These all in midnight darkness dwell,
 Because thy voice they will not hear.

Their souls in slavish chains are bound ;
Their hearts to thee they will not give ;
Warnings on every hand surround,
And yet impenitent they live.

Sinners, ere long, will mourn their way !
Delusion cannot always last !
There is a great and trying day,
A solemn hour approaching fast !

Thy favour can alone impart
An antidote for all our fears,
And fill with joy our sinking heart,
When death, the king of dread, appears.

306. L. M. *Thanks rendered to God for his Word.*

Psalm 119. PT. 14.

TO thee, O God ! in every strait,
As to a faithful friend, I flee ;
I ask not to be rich or great
But to be taught, O Lord ! of thee.

Do thou restrain my wandering feet,
Lest they with sinners go astray ;
May every cross which here I meet,
Prepare me for eternal day.

Afflictions oft have been my lot,
While sorrows compass'd me around ;
But I have ne'er thy *word* forgot,
And there I consolation found.

Its worth, in each perplexing hour,
Thy saints, in every age, have tried ;
I thank thee, O, Almighty Power !
For such a lamp ! for such a guide !

307. L. M. *The Smiles of the Wicked dangerous.*

Psalm 119. PT. 15.

FROM all that leads the mind from thee,
 Deliver me, O Lord ! I pray ;
 Enable me alike to flee,
 Vain thoughts, and every evil way.

Thy hand upholds thy chosen race ;
 On thee their future hopes depend ;
 And thou wilt be their hiding place,
 From every storm, 'till life shall end.

Depart, ye advocates of guile
 Who prize iniquity and lies ;
 Sinners ! I covet not your *smile*,
 For *there* is danger in disguise.

I would with every object part,
 Howe'er to flesh intwined, and dear,
 That tends to draw from God my heart,
 And to confine my prospects here.

308. L. M. *God implored to maintain his Cause.*

Psalm 119. PT. 16.

ENABLE me to live, O Lord !
 Upon thy promise day by day ;
 Give me a knowledge of thy word,
 An understanding of thy way.

My heart in bitterness bewails
 Iniquity on every hand ;
 Apostasy from God prevails,
 And darkness hides the promis'd land.

Arise, O Lord ! make bare thine arm,
 Defeat thine enemies around ;
 Though sunk in sin, their souls alarm,
 Their wrath subdue, their schemes confound !

Through earth, thy drooping cause maintain,
 Thou only canst restore our ways ;
 O let thy truth triumphant reign !
 Thine is the power, be thine the praise !

309. L. M. *A pure Heart sought from God.*

Psalm 119. PT. 17.

LET me, while call'd to sojourn here,
 Hold all thy truths and precepts fast ;
 The wisest men, without thy fear,
 Will stand conspicuous fools at last.

Be merciful, and let me find,
 While running life's appointed round,
 In serving thee, that peace of mind,
 Which all thy saints have ever found.

When I behold the threatening storm,
 Instruct me to confide in thee ;
 And let not sin, in any form,
 Obtain dominion over me.

O, may my inmost spirit hate
 Whatever draws my heart away—
 From views, beyond this fleeting state,
 From future joy, and endless day !

310. L. M. *Resignation to God under mysterious Providences.*

Psalm 119. PT. 18.

RIIGHTEOUS art thou in all thou dost,
 Though oft mysterious is thy hand ;
 How should the feeble child of dust,
 Thy secret counsels understand !

Though now a veil, before us spread,
 Conceals thy purpose from our sight ;
 Faith owns, and meekly bows her head,
 That all thy dealings, Lord ! are right.

We are but weary pilgrims here,
 Advancing to that world above,
 Where all thy judgments will appear
 Accordant with eternal love.

The sole prerogative is thine,
 To do whatever pleaseth thee ;
 Then let us all our wills resign,
 And trust thee where we cannot see.

311. L. M. *Delight in meditating on God.*

 Psalm 119. PT. 19.

BEFORE the morning beams appear,
 My heart and spirit upward tend ;
 And when the clouds of night draw near,
 Still, to my God, my thoughts ascend.

I love, O Lord ! to meditate
 Upon thy laws, upon thy ways ;
 I love within thy courts to wait,
 To hear thy word, and sing thy praise.

Help me to walk in fear of thee ;
 To deem thy word of promise true :
 Instruct me, folly's paths to flee,
 And with thy grace my heart renew.

May I derive my chief delight
 From joys beyond this lower sky ;
 Be with me, source of life and light !
 Both while I live, and when I die.

312. L. M. *All Good ascribed to God.*

 Psalm 119. PT. 20.

THY mercies, Lord ! all forms display ;
 I witness them above, beneath ;
 I see them in the light of day !
 I feel them in the air I breathe !

Thy loving kindnesses appear
 Alike, where'er I turn my sight ;
 I view them in the rolling year,
 The opening dawn, the closing night.

In goodness infinite, thy power
 First call'd me from the clod of earth ;
 And thou, through each revolving hour,
 Hast still upheld me from my birth.

No benefit was ever mine,
 Which thou, O God ! didst not supply ;
 In all my paths, the hand divine
 Is manifest, as heaven on high.

Thee, may my grateful heart adore !
 Let me rejoice my vows to pay !
 And may my spirit never more
 Be turn'd to any evil way !

313. L. M. *Resignation to God encouraged.*

Psalm 119. PT. 21.

THY laws to me more joy impart,
 O Lord ! when bowed down with toil,
 Than treasure to the heathen's heart,
 The merchant's gain, the conqueror's spoil.

Thy favour is my chief delight,
 Amid this varied state of care ;
 Thy word consoles me day and night,
 For precious pearls are scatter'd there.

Great peace have they who love thy law ;
 They dwell resign'd in every state ;
 They, from a jarring world, withdraw,
 And calmly on their Saviour wait.

While grief and sorrow others wound,
 No threatening storms can them dismay :
 They know thy hand directs around
 Both in the bright and frowning day.

216 HYMNS, FOUNDED ON THE PSALMS

I would, O Lord ! at all times, own
Thy sovereign power, thy boundless might ;
May I confide in thee alone
And know that all thy ways are right !

314. L. M. *The Folly of not living for Eternity.*

Psalm. 119. PT. 22.

MEN heap the sand upon the shore,
Which the next wave must prostrate lay,
But will not thee, O Lord ! adore,
And tread the strait and narrow way !

Rather than worship God supreme,
And treasure seek that hidden lies,
They sit beside a running stream
To count the bubbles as they rise !

Each airy phantom, and vain sport,
Secures their earnest hearts and hands ;
But they forget that time is short,
That heaven, or hell, before them stands !

I sorrow for the mental night,
In which mankind around appear ;
Almighty Father ! by thy might,
Teach them Omnipotence to fear !

Snatch them from that disastrous fate
Which must, at last, o'erwhelm thy foe ;
And may I more than ever hate
Sin, the true source of human woe !

Grant me communion, Lord ! with thee,
Love to thy worship, laws, and ways ;
A heart from all corruption free,
And tuned to sing its Saviour's praise.

This shall secure unwithering joys,
When other loves shall fade and die ;
Let the vain world pursue its toys,
I live but for eternity !

315. C. M. *A Residence with Sinners bewailed.*

Psalm 120.

O LORD! my praise I yield to thee,
Of whom our fathers sung ;
From lying lips deliver me,
And the deceitful tongue.

From morn to evening, who shall tell
The sorrows I endure !
I in the tents of Kedar dwell,
In Mesech's land impure !

My feet have sojourn'd long with those
Whom evil passions guide ;
Who all profess themselves thy foes,
Who dare thy name deride.

I though strife and tumult round appear,
May I delight in peace ;
And soon the summons I shall hear,
That gives my soul release.

316. C. M. *God our Protector at all Times.*

Psalm 121.

WE will look up to yonder hills,
Where only help is found ;
To him who all creation fills,
Who gives the stars their bound.

The mighty God his servant keeps,
And holy is his name ;
He never slumbers, never sleeps ;
From age to age the same.

Lord ! we who in thy ways delight,
May banish every fear ;
By sea and land, by day and night,
Thy hand is ever near.

No noon-tide sun shall us dismay ;
 No moon our souls alarm ;
 For thou, whom heaven and earth obey,
 Wilt guard from every harm.
 In danger, and the hour of dread,
 Thou wilt thy care display ;
 Thy unseen shield is round us spread,
 Through all our mortal way.
 We will indulge no faithless doubt,
 And wheresoe'er we roam,
 Thou wilt preserve our going out,
 And thou, our coming home.

317. L. M. *A Call to appear in the Courts of Zion.*

Psalm 122.

OUR feet shall on our Maker wait,
 The Lord of Israel's chosen race ;
 Our feet shall stand within thy gate—
 Jerusalem, thou holy place.

Joy fills our spirits when we hear
 The voice that calls our hearts away,
 From thoughts that would confine us here,
 And lifts them to eternal day.

O Zion ! may thy sons increase ;
 Thy daughters love the house of prayer ;
O Zion ! may thy courts be peace,
 And thousands learn salvation there.

Let strangers bend, with us, the knee,
 And of our glorious hopes partake ;
 The door is spread, the banquet free !
 Come ! and the Lord your refuge make !

All those who honour God shall find
 That he, at last, will honour them ;
 They are the chosen of mankind,
 To fill the New Jerusalem.

318. C. M. *Supplication to be brought back to God.*

Psalm 123.

TO thee, O Lord ! we lift our eyes,
With awe and fear profound,
Who sittest on the circling skies,
And guid'st the worlds around.

Some may thy holy mandates hate,
And others feel despair ;
But we, in faith, will humbly wait,
Until thou hear our prayer.

Our hearts have wander'd far from thee,
And follow'd shadows vain ;
Show us, O Lord ! our misery,
And lead us back again.

319. L. M. *The Righteous rescued from the Snares of the Wicked.*

Psalm 124. PT. 1.

WHEN enemies against us came,
Our refuge was Jehovah's Name :
But for that buckler, we may say,
Our souls had been to death a prey,

When all was hopeless ruin wide,
The Lord of life was on our side ;
When foes, unnumber'd, round us spread,
His voice he utter'd, and they fled.

Thy gifts, O Lord ! are ever new !
How shall we yield thee glory due ?
Let us henceforth, triumphant raise,
In chorus loud, the song of praise.

Let us to *him* our homage pay
Who sought us wandering far away !
May the sweet hope our hearts sustain,
That we with Christ shall live and reign !

320. L. M. *The Days of unregeneracy deplored.*

Psalm 124. PT. 2.

IF we, in any measure, love,
O Lord, the spirit from above,
 And on thy word, in faith, repose,
 From *thee* the impulse first arose.

The days unfruitful we can trace,
 When we from light withdrew our face ;
 When we would not our Lord obey,
 But loved and sought the downward way.

Time *was* when we renounced thy fear,
 When those who hated thee were dear :
 Though sons of violence and guile,
 We gave them our approving smile.

Then thou the fatal snare didst break !
 We seem'd as though from dreams awake !
 Of all they said, we saw the end,
 And turn'd to Christ our only Friend !

Henceforth, in every trying hour,
 Uphold us by thy mighty power ;
 And make us for protection flee ,
 From broken cisterns, Lord ! to thee.

321. C. M. *The Righteous like Mount Zion.*

Psalm 125.

HE, whom his Maker hath approved,
 Whose heart's desires are pure,
 Like Zion, never shall be moved,
 But stand for ever sure.

The mountains round Jerusalem,
 In all their steadfast pride,
 At every season, emblem them,
 Who in the Lord confide.

Calm, resting on Jehovah's sway,
 No hidden snares they fear :
 They know that in the darkest day,
 An unseen hand is near !

No slavish dread shall *those* oppress
 Who on the Lord rely ;
 They trust a Saviour's righteousness,
 And they shall never die !

322. C. M. *God the Friend of the Upright.*

Psalm 126.

THOSE who, amid the wilderness,
 Deplore their wretched state ;
 Who mourn their sins with deep distress,
 And cry at mercy's gate ;

Though tears may now bedew their cheek,
 And Satan's dart, annoy ;
 To them, the Lord will comfort speak,
 And sorrow change for joy.

They have a friend in heaven above,
 Although the world may frown,
 Who will, with everlasting love,
 His chosen servants crown.

323. C. M. *God the Refuge of the Just.*

Psalm 127.

WHEN darkness clothes the firmament,
 And dreams our senses chain,
 Unless the Lord preserve our tent,
 The watchmen watch in vain.

When men, with persecuting rage,
 Zion's high towers assail,
 Unless the Lord their wrath assuage,
 Our feeble strength will fail.

We shall submit to every foe,
 And fall before the snare,
 Unless, in mercy, God bestow
 His providential care.

He is the refuge of the just ;
 Of every upright mind ;
 And those who make his word their trust,
 A faithful God shall find.

Enable us, Great All-in-All !
 Of being, cause, and end,
 In sickness and in health, to call
 On thee, our only friend.

324. C. M. *Holiness true Happiness.*

Psalm 128.

THE men hereafter shall be bless'd
 Who make the Lord their boast :
 They, by their God, will be confess'd
 Before th' angelic host.

Nor shall they leave this world of woe,
 Before their joys begin ;
 True happiness they find below,
 When they depart from sin.

To follow after holiness,
 To be, of God, forgiven,
 Is the first dawn of blessedness,
 Whose perfect day is heaven.

Almighty Father ! till at last
 We reach thy holy hill,
 Grant us contrition for the past,
 And strength to serve thee still.

325. C. M. *The Children of Zion preserved by God.*

Psalm 129.

OFTEN, O Zion ! have thy foes
 Appear'd in war array,

But he, who every purpose knows,
Their wrath hath turn'd away.

Our hearts, (may Israel now declare,)
No threatened harm shall dread :
We own Jehovah's guardian care,
Whose shield is o'er us spread.

The men shall all be scatter'd wide,
Who 'gainst us raise the spear :
Why, with the Lord upon our side,
Should we the wicked fear ?

God is the hope of all the just ;
The Being first and best ;
In him alone, we put our trust,
And on his promise rest.

326. L. M. *The Word of God the true Light.*

Psalm 130.

IF thou, O God ! with voice severe,
Should'st strict account for sin demand,
Where would the best of men appear !
Before thy presence, who could stand !

Let psalms, and all sweet minstrelsy,
Amid thy chosen race be heard ;
There is forgiveness, Lord ! with thee,
And mercy that thou may'st be feared.

O, that my heart might now begin
To turn from vanities and lies !
To see my greatest foe in sin,
And fly to the Great Sacrifice !

Egyptian darkness reigns around ;
Satan, in gloomy power, presides ;
While all the light that can be found,
Thy *word*, O Lord ! alone provides.

May I this word of life obey !
Its wisdom prize, its laws revere !
Imbibe its spirit ! nor, delay,
Since time is short ; and death is near !

327. C. M. *Humility encouraged from a Sense of Sin.*

Psalm 131.

LET me not tread the downward road,
 Nor look with lofty eyes ;
 And never let me, O my God !
 The humblest saint despise.

I would not seek the highest seat,
 Nor covet man's renown,
 But hourly pray to be made meet
 To wear a heavenly crown !

Though I, too long in trespass dead,
 Have found deceitful rest,
 My hand to thee, I now would spread,
 And, weeping, smite my breast.

I own my guilt ; to Christ I flee ;
 Regard my earnest cry !
 Have mercy, Lord ! no other plea
 My soul can satisfy !

For the dear sake of Christ, thy Son,
 My every sin forgive !
 For refuge, to that tower, I run,
 That I, through grace, may live !

328. L. M. *Holiness required in the Teachers of Truth*

Psalm 132.

LET all who speak of heavenly things,
 Adorn the doctrines they profess ;
 Those who proclaim the King of Kings,
 Should first be clothed with righteousness.

Shall we, of heaven, and God, be told
 By men, who from their Maker stray ;
 Whose minds are dark, whose hearts are cold,
 Whose spirits feel not what they say ?

Most aggravated is their sin,
Who praise the Saviour's diadem,
While evil passions reign within,
And all their *deeds*, their *words* condemn !

Meekness and holiness should shine,
Conspicuous as the solar ray,
In those who teach the life divine,
And point our views to endless day.

He down to hell the swiftest speeds,
Who dares provoke the Lord supreme ;
Who pleads for truth, yet, by his deeds,
Makes scoffers louder still blaspheme.

329. C. M. *Brotherly Love encouraged.*

Psalm 133.

HOW fair and beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree ;
In unity who take delight
And wrath and clamour flee.

On those a blessing shall descend
From him who rules on high ;
Jehovah shall their steps defend,
And all their wants supply.

And should not those who *Zion* seek,
With faces thitherward,
Encourage, with the spirit meek,
Their brethren in the Lord ?

Let such as through the wilderness
Seek Canaan's happier land,
To all around their joy confess,
And journey hand in hand.

Help us, O Lord ! by grace divine,
Anger and wrath to quell ;
And may the people who are thine,
In concord ever dwell.

330. C. M. *A Call to praise Immanuel.*

Psalm 134.

LET those who prize Immanuel's name,
Upon him daily call !
Let them his matchless worth proclaim,
And own him Lord of all !

He look'd upon our fallen race,
And felt compassion rise :
The Saviour pleaded, and his grace
Eternal life supplies.

Love, unexampled, was display'd,
Upon that awful day,
When Christ the sinner's ransom paid,
And bore his guilt away.

For benefits, so full and free,
How should our hearts o'erflow !
What shall we render, Lord ! to thee,
To whom such gifts we owe !

331. L. M. *Resignation to God enforced.*

Psalm 135. PT. 1.

WE know, O Lord ! that thou art great ;
That whatsoever pleaseth thee
Prevails, where angels round thee wait ;
Upon the earth ; upon the sea.

The vapours at thy voice ascend,
Refreshing showers obedient fall ;
Thou speakest, and the winds attend,
While marshall'd lightnings hear thy call.

And thou, who dost in every place
Thy majesty and greatness show,
Alike art sovereign in thy grace,
Where to withhold, or where bestow.

Jacob is chosen in thy sight
 To bear the reverend patriarch's name,
 Whilst Esau's hopes are quench'd in night,
 On whom no father's blessing came.

Our vision is a point, but thine
 Extends to every age and clime :
 We would, to thee, our wills resign,
 Both for Eternity and Time !

332. L. M. *God's Inscrutable Designs not to be sought after.*

Psalm 135. PT. 2.

I WOULD not, Lord ! in vain, desire
 To read the secret book of fate,
 Nor with perplexing thoughts, inquire
 What doom may on my fellows wait.

But may my chief concern arise
 To hold communion, Lord ! with thee ;
 To look beyond these lower skies,
 And, in thy smiles salvation see.

Oh ! may I find the better way,
 Which all who humbly seek shall find ;
 May I be bound to endless day,
 And taught to cast the world behind.

This hope shall sacred joy impart,
 Both ere I sleep, and when I wake ;
 This faith shall reconcile my heart
 To all that life can give or take.

Earth's little ills shall not offend ;
 I'll meet them as a traveller's fare ;
 Still looking to my journey's end
 That terminates each anxious care.

Ere long, and with the saints above,
 I would surround the mercy seat,
 And, while I sing redeeming love,
 The lowest lie at Jesus' feet.

333. L. M. *The Almighty regardful of his Creatures.*

Psalm 136.

LET all mankind, with one accord,
 Sing praises to the sovereign Lord ;
 To him — above our highest thought !
 To him, who hath such wonders wrought !

All things he call'd from nothing forth ;
 He guides the winds, he rules the earth ;
 He spread the spacious heavens around,
 And gave the raging sea his bound.

[He made great lights to dwell on high ;
 The stately fabric of the sky !
 By day, — the sun, ordain'd to reign ;
 By night, — the moon, the starry train !]

Though God upon the whirlwind rides,
 And all the wheels of nature guides,
 He doth our little burdens bear ;
 He stoops to hear the humblest prayer.

Praise him, in one unceasing song !
 Let all, his courts adoring throng !
 And when to time we bid adieu,
 May we in heaven the song renew.

334. L. M. *Zion remembered in a foreign Land.*

Psalm 137.

BY Babylon's unhallow'd tide,
 Our fathers mourn'd th' oppressor's hand ;
 In vain their griefs they strove to hide,
 They thought upon their native land.

While doom'd their bondage to bewail,
 In fancy still they loved to gaze
 On every hill, and every vale
 That charm'd them in their happier days.

Zion the beautiful appear'd,
 Whose brow Jehovah's Temple bore,
 And, every stormy night, they heard
 Proud Lebanon's majestic roar.

But, borne by hostile bands away,
 No longer hope their bosom cheers ;
 Upon the willow's drooping spray
 They hang their silent harp in tears.

335. C. M. *Blessings sought from God.*

Psalm 138.

SHALL I not praise, O Lord ! thy name,
 And strive to serve *thee* more ;
 Whose hand upholds this wondrous frame !
 Whom Seraphim adore !

Teach me submission to thy will ;
 Let me all evil flee ;
 May I thy holy law fulfil,
 And fix my hope on thee.

Though angels tremble at *thy* frown,
 Whom heaven and earth obey,
 Thou dost, from thy high throne, look down
 To hear what mortals say.

Give me to love what thou dost love,
 And, when this world I leave,
 May I, through Christ, in realms above
 A glorious crown receive.

336. L. M. *God's universal Providence.*

Psalm 139.

THOU, O my God ! hast searched me,
 Thine omnipresence, Lord ! I own !
 My actions, whatsoe'er they be,
 And all my thoughts, to thee are known.

Both when I lay me down at night,
Or with the morning sun arise,
I am encompass'd by thy sight,
And naked stand before thine eyes !

Both rich and poor, both old and young,
Thou dost each hour, each moment, see ;
While every accent of their tongue
Is altogether known to thee.

Thy hands the worlds around us guide,
Thou art the first, and thou the last ;
Thy *Greatness* is an ocean wide,
And only by thy *Love* surpass'd.

The sun and moon by thee were made,
The stars, through boundless ether, spread :
Thou needest not an angel's aid
To perfect what thy word hath said.

Yet, O ye heavens ! with wonder view !
Thou, on this earth, hast cast thine eye,
And promised, to thy servants true,
A glorious immortality !

In vain I trace the boundless maze,
The scene o'erpowers my labouring mind !
Lost in infinity, I gaze,
And leave this shadowy scene behind !

Where shall I wander from thy sight ?
Though I to caverns deep withdrew,
Darkness itself to thee were light,
For all is open to thy view !

If with arch-angels I should dwell,
Heaven would Jehovah's power declare ;
Or if I made my bed in hell,
Still should I find thy traces there.

If on the wings of morn I rose,
And met the sun-beam on his way ;
This would but more thy power disclose,
Whom all the Hosts of heaven obey !

I never will forget thy praise,
 My guide and guardian from the womb !
 And thou wilt lead me all my days,
 Down to the dark and silent tomb.

Most fearfully my frame is made,
 And wondrous is my every sense !
 I am in miracles array'd,
 All pointing to Omnipotence !

Nor am I left, while wandering here,
 To sink or swim in life's vast sea ;
 My members in thy book appear,
 And are preserved, O Lord ! by thee !

How sweet and precious is the hour,
 When, to my God, my thoughts ascend ;
 When I can feel thy cheering power,
 And call thee, my Almighty Friend !

Sceptres and thrones, compared with this,
 Are glittering bawbles, mean and low ;
 To call thee mine is more than bliss,
 Which none but kindred spirits know.

Search me, O God ! and try my heart,
 Make pure each thought that fills my breast ;
 And when with this vain world I part,
 O, take me to eternal rest !

337. C. M. *Hope derived from past Deliverances.*

Psalm 140.

JEHOVAH ! to thy might I flee,
 And find protection there ;
 From wicked men deliver me,
 And break their secret snare !

[By men of violence and blood
 I am encompass'd round,
 Who would o'erwhelm me like a flood,
 But thou my help art found.

Though foes the slaughter-weapons wield
 And hourly seek my harm,
 O Lord ! protected by thy shield,
 What should my soul alarm !]

Are not my enemies, though great,
 All subject to thy sway ?
Angels on thee delight to wait,
 And shall not *men* obey ?

Why should my heart indulge its fears ?
 From Zion's holy hill,
 The Lord my supplication hears,
 And he is faithful still.

Help me, O Father ! to depend
 On thine Almighty power ;
 And thou, to me, wilt succour send,
 In every trying hour.

338. L. M. *Confession of Sin : the Rebuke of God's Servants profitable.*

Psalm 141.

TOO prone am I to go astray,
 O Lord ! from thee, my only friend ;
 When shall my heart thy law obey,
 And these my mournful wanderings end !

Though I thy praise have often sung,
 I have back-slidden to my shame ;
 O keep a watch upon my tongue,
 And my rebellious spirit tame.

Let not thy foes be prized by me,
 Who seek the things of time and sense ;
 But may I in thy servants see
 Those who deserve my confidence.

When *they* rebuke, my patient ear
 Shall meekly to their words incline ;
 Next after thee, I most would fear
 The men endued with grace divine.

339. C. M. *Help to be sought from God rather than Men.*

Psalm 142.

WHEN darkness overwhelm'd my mind,
And sorrow's weight I bore ;
When danger follow'd me behind,
And peril stood before !

I found in God a refuge true,
While human help was vain,
And here my offerings I renew,
And pour the grateful strain.

All ye who feel afflictions press,
All ye who downward bend,
Look to the Lord in your distress,
And he will be your friend.

Jehovah call'd us into light,
And show'd us Zion's Hill ;
Let us in God alone delight,
And trust his mercy still.

340. L. M. *Self-righteousness renounced.*

Psalm 143.

IF thou, O Lord ! should'st be severe,
Where would the race of man appear !
Who shall thy piercing sight abide,
Or who, with thee, be justified ?

My thoughts were evil from my birth ;
They spring from guilt, they tend to earth ;
Impurity still reigns within,
And my best deeds partake of sin.

I have no righteousness to boast,
If thou art strict, my soul is lost ;
The cleansing power of faith I need,
And, Mercy ! Mercy ! Lord ! I plead !

For the dear sake of Christ alone,
 My soul, at last, accept and own ;
 And may I, when this world is o'er,
 With saints, the Lamb of God, adore !

341. L. M. *The Vanity of Time. Solicitation for Eternal Blessings.*

Psalm 144. PT. 1.

LORD! what is man that he should raise
 His thoughts to thee, and homage pay !
 That thou should'st stoop to hear his praise,
 The feeble being of a day.

Our best estate is vanity,
 We flutter through life's little reign,
 Then, in the silent grave, we lie,
 And mingle with our dust again !

Grant me thy Spirit ! While I see
 The end of all beneath the sky,
 May I to Christ my Saviour flee,
 And live like one who soon must die :

Like one who seeks communion sweet
 With God, while journeying here below ;
 Like one who after death must meet
 Eternal joy, or endless woe.

342. L. M. *The Young urged to trust in God.*

Psalm 144. PT. 2.

WHREE'ER the sun, O Lord ! appears,
 May righteousness extend its sway,
 Till every land salvation hears,
 And every people, thee obey.

When we have yielded up our breath,
 And pass'd this wilderness of care ;
 When we have slept the sleep of death,
 May others still thy name declare

O may our sons with zeal aspire
 To tread the paths their fathers trod !
 O may our daughters all desire
 To honour thee, their father's God !

[Within these walls may crowds be found,
 Christ, as their refuge, to adore ;
 May the dear Saviour's name resound
 When we, who sing, are seen no more !]

Hasten, O Lord ! (inspiring thought !)
 Those pure delights, those blissful days,
 When all the saints, to Zion brought,
 Shall shout thy everlasting praise !

343. L. M. *The Dominion of God universal.*

Psalm 145.

I WILL extol thee, Lord of light !
 I will aloud thy love proclaim ;
 In thee, and in thy word, delight,
 And ever bless thy holy name.

Great is the Lord, and to be fear'd
 By all who tread this lower earth ;
 He spake !—obedient nature heard,
 And sent her countless myriads forth.

Adoring angels round thy throne
 The ceaseless Hallelujah swell ;
 Thy mercy is a depth unknown !
 Thy greatness is unsearchable !

We see thee in the opening morn,
 We view thee in the clouds of eve ;
 And generations, yet unborn,
 Shall drink the transport we receive !

The Lord is gracious, and displays,
 In all that is, his boundless power ;
 We hear unutterable praise
 From every tree, and leaf, and flower !

Thy works in general concert join
To point to thee our wondering soul ;
To magnify the hand divine
Which form'd, and still sustains the whole.

Let the cold scoffer's clouded sight
No wonders in creation see ;
Those only can admire aright,
Who have been taught, O Lord ! by thee.

Thy saints shall own thy Sovereign sway,
Alike reveal'd in earth and air ;
They view, in each returning day,
New proofs of thy paternal care !

Thy kingdom ! who shall say its bound ?
In vain upon the thought we pore !
When countless years have run their round,
Eternity is still before !

An everlasting kingdom thine !
Thy glory veils the dazzling sun !
When moon and stars have ceas'd to shine,
Thy boundless reign is but begun !

Thou, who didst every form create,
Hast o'er the earth thy goodness spread ;
The eyes of all upon thee wait,
And from thy bounteous stores are fed.

Thou art the good man's only trust,
When troubles press, or foes dismay ;
Holy art thou in all thou dost,
And righteous in thy darkest way..

No fears thy servants shall alarm ;
Although around they perils see,
Thou wilt preserve them all from harm,
And their eternal portion be.

But while thy guardian arms are spread
Round those who *thee* their refuge make ;
Where shall the sinner hide his head,
When thou, O Lord ! shalt reckoning take !

344. C. M. *Confidence to be placed alone in God.*

Psalm 146. PT. I.

PUT not in feeble man your trust,
His boasted help is vain ;
From dust he came, and to the dust
Will soon return again.

Nor in the mightiest prince confide,
That ever sceptre sway'd ;
Ere long and we shall see his pride
In death's dark chamber laid.

But put your confidence alone
In God who reigns on high ;
Whose seat is heaven's majestic throne,
Whose home,—eternity.

Happy, thrice happy, are the men
Who on the Lord depend ;
Who, through their three-score years and ten,
Make God, their only friend.

That God who form'd both earth and sky,
With all that see the light ;
Who spake, and heaven's vast family
Spangled the vault of night !

Though great, his greatness most we see,
In stooping to survey—
Such frail and sinful worms as we,
The creatures of a day.

He deigns to give the hungry bread,
Th' afflicted mind to cheer ;
To raise again the bowed head,
And wipe the falling tear.

His hands the friendless stranger bless,
And unseen springs prepare ;
The widow and the fatherless
Are his peculiar care.

O praise him for his mercy's sake,
Unmerited and free ;
To God, supreme, sweet concord make,
And bend the willing knee.

But let the harden'd sinner fear,
His mis-spent years bewail ;
The hour of reckoning hastens near,
When all his hopes must fail.

I hear him call upon the hills !
I see his trembling frame ;
Dread, unconceived, his spirit fills
With soul-consuming shame !

Such terrors are to saints unknown,
Death cannot them dismay ;
It leads them to their Father's throne,
To realms of perfect day !

Where all a haven safe shall find,
Beneath a cloudless sky ;
Where sorrow shall be left behind,
And every tear be dry !

345. L. M. “*He taketh not pleasure in the legs of a man. The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in them that hope in his mercy.*”

Psalm 146. v. x. xi. PT. 2.

FAATHER of earth, and sea, and air,
Thou bounteous Parent of mankind !
Thou viewest, with thy tender care,
The destitute, the halt, the blind !

Men, shadows and deceptions hail,
The outward garb is their delight ;
While oft the fairest forms but veil
The heart, abhorrent in thy sight !

The legs of impious men, and proud,
No beauty in thine eye possess ;
Thou lookest to the souls, endow'd
With faith, and love, and righteousness :

Thou lookest to the spirits just,
 To them who thee, their Maker, own ;
 Who in thy mercy hope and trust,
 And plead the blood of Christ alone.

346. C. M. *Praise due to Jehovah.*

Psalm 147.

WHEN foes on every side appear,
 And clouds portentous spread ;
 Why should our hearts the wicked fear,
 Since God will guard our head.

We in his statutes will delight,
 His wondrous works proclaim ;
 He counteth o'er the stars of night,
 And calleth them by name.

His power exceeds our highest thought,
 Omnipotent he reigns ;
 His word the world from nothing brought,
 And he the heaven sustains.

Give to the Lord your noblest song,
 The pealing anthem raise ;
 Let the whole earth the strain prolong
 Which sings Jehovah's praise !

347. L. M. *Saints called upon to magnify God.*

Psalm 149.

GLORY and might to God belong,
 With willing feet his temple throng !
 Let all mankind a tribute bring,
 And own their everlasting king !

Let young and old Jehovah seek !
 The Lord will beautify the meek :
 He will their sins behind him cast,
 And crown them with his love at last.

Let all the saints adore his name,
And far and wide his power proclaim !
He views with smiles complacent still
The servants who perform his will.

Let high ascriptions to our God,
By Zion's sons, be spread abroad,
And in a better world, ere long,
We all shall join a nobler song.

To Christ, let every nation raise
One shout of universal praise,
Till earth, from her remotest bound,
With heaven, return the solemn sound.

348. L. M. *All Things required to praise God.*

Psalm 150.

EXALT the Lord with loud acclaim,
Who spread the firmament on high ;
Sing endless praises to his name,
In confluence of sweet melody !

Praise him for all his wondrous ways,
Join all that is with one accord !
His power, each living thing displays,
Omnipotent and sovereign Lord !

Let harp and psaltery all around
The drooping sons of Zion cheer ;
Let the shrill trumpet's solemn sound
Extend his praises far and near !

Let the soft timbrel joy inspire,
As round its notes dissolving fly !
Let the bold organ swell it higher
Till Songs of earth with Seraphs' vie !

Let the loud chorus now advance,
And concords, like a torrent, flow,
'Till, raised to a prophetic trance,
We taste the joys of heaven below !

END OF PART THE SECOND.

SACRED LYRICS.

PART THE THIRD.

349. “*And the Ruin of that House was great.*”

Luke vi. 49.

BEHOLD yon Tower its head uprear,
¹
Whose strength with adamant may vie ;
The stablest forms that round appear
Shall perish ere it prostrate lie :
Its battlements shall see the day
When temples proud have pass'd away.

2
The woods, that everlasting seem,
The hills, that storms assault in vain ;
The living sward, the stately stream,
The rocks, that ocean's self can chain,
All these their ruins wide shall spread,
Before yon Tower shall bow its head.

3
Still loftier its presumptions rise,
Smiling at each inferior boast,
It shall survive the azure skies,
Sun, moon, and all the starry host ;
To fix it, from mutation free,
The Highest uttered, “ Let it be ! ”

4

Grand destinations to fulfil,
 This tower—is *Man's Immortal Mind!*
 Endued with powers, expanding still,
 That leave the labouring thought behind !
 Its home, eternity !—that flame
 Burning, and yet to burn, the same !

5

How dread, to hazard such a state !
 A tower, so firm, at last to fall !
 Were not its fearful ruins “*great!*”
 If blasted by the Lord of all !
 Long suffering still, O Father, spare !
 And, for thyself, our souls prepare !

350.

Beneficence.

1

OH ! have we never seen an *eye*,
 Pure as the infant’s at its birth ;
 The *look* of some superior sky,
 Allied to heaven, though found on earth ?

2

A rich, a soul-subduing gleam,
 That with the blush of angels shone ;
 Brief as the moon-beam on the stream ;
 A *glance*, that thrill’d us, and was gone ?

3

These are the dim precursors kind,
 That, in mysterious symbols, tell
 Of realms, enduring and refined,
 Where soon the pure in heart will dwell.

4

This gleam of sunshine after storm,
 This look benign, this eye of love,
 Just emblem, in their faintest form,
 The pleasures of the world above !

351. *Christ weeping over Jerusalem. Luke xix. 41*

1

TH E Saviour weeps ! behold the tear,
 In silence, falling to the ground !
 Is there some dread convulsion near,
 That must th' impenitent confound ?
 Its grandeur soon to be laid low,
 He weeps for Salem's overthrow !

2

Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
 In all thy pomp and power array'd,
 He sees thy boasted diadem
 Rent from thy head, and prostrate laid ;
 Thy temple, famed of every land,
 Uprooted by the Waster's hand !

3

He views, in his prophetic glance,
 Mourning and woe succeed to joy ;
 Armies, in long array, advance
 The murderous city to destroy !
 Memorial to the after age,
 How men, with God, the warfare wage !

4

Was it, alone, for sculptured tower,
 For pinnacles, in pride austere,
 Approaching to their final hour,
 For which the Saviour shed the tear ?
 Far deeper ills *his* thought recalls
 Than shatter'd turrets, crumbling walls.

5

The spoil, the ruin, *last* and *worst*,
 Before his cloudless vision spread !
 He saw the spot, of heaven accurs'd !
 Wrath resting on that people's head
 Who heard his warnings with disdain,
 Who had so many prophets slain !

6

The pitying voice his heart reveals !
 He cries, with Israel full in view,
 " Even as a hen her brood conceals,
 " How often had I gather'd you !
 " But death you love, and truth you hate,
 " And now, your house is desolate !"

7

He heard the imprecation dire,
 " On us, and ours, thine anger spend !"
 He knew that hope must soon expire,
 Vengeance in crushing weight descend !
 The Besom of Destruction sweep !
 And therefore did the Saviour weep !

352.

Sweet Afflictions.

1

SWEET afflictions ! now I own,
 You were blessings in disguise ;
 Grand enlighteners, you have thrown
 Lustre o'er my darkest skies !
 You have stripp'd, by clearer sight,
 Life of all its gaudy dress,
 And have brought me, with delight,
 To the Fount of Blessedness !

2

Sweet afflictions ! but for you,
 I had join'd the thoughtless train
 Who the things of time pursue,
 Boasting of its phantoms vain :
 I had spurn'd the heavenly prize,
 Spotless robe, and jasper seat,
 For earth's vanities and lies,
 For the husks that " swine do eat !"

3

Sweet afflictions ! you, I know,
 God, my Father, sent in love,

To prepare me, here below,
 For the world of joy above.
 When I reach that bless'd abode,
 Safe beyond the tear and sigh,
 While I trace my mortal road,
 Sweet afflictions ! I shall cry.

353. *The Midnight Storm.*

1

THIS is the moment of mysterious power,
 When tempests though the air imperious, fly
 And to extend the horrors of the hour,
 Impenetrable darkness veils the sky !

2

Whilst trees, in mortal strife, augment the roar,
 Terrific, as their stately limbs they fan,
 The tumult dies away, to rave the more,
 In sounds that teach the littleness of man !

3

Still to increase the conflicts of the air,
 Thunders, heaven's concave, traverse in their
 might ;
 While lightnings, with their wide-extended glare,
 Transform to instant day, the blackest night !

4

The God who thus his unseen hand can rear,
 And make the mightiest feel *his* mightier sway,
 O, sinner ! dread. The *God of Nature*, fear,
 Whose faintest emblems, stars and storms
 convey !

354. *The Pilgrim's Song.*

1

SONS of sorrow and care,
 All pilgrims we are,
 Pressing onward, and bound to the Canaan afar;

The sunshine and rain,
Both trouble and pain,
We must cheerfully bear, the crown to obtain.

2

Come, let us rejoice,
With our heart and our voice,
Our master is God ! and his service our choice ;
His image we bear,
His Spirit we share,
And with gladness like ours, no joy can compare.

3

In our paths to and fro,
Wherever we go,
To his cloud, and his pillar, our safety we owe ;
But the gift, not denied,
Which exceeds all beside,
Is the gift of his Son, who on Calvary died !

4

When from earth we remove,
The fruit of his love !
We shall dwell evermore in the mansions above !
This inheritance pure,
This portion is sure,
Which, when suns pass away, with himself shall endure.

5

With Immanuel our friend,
While before him we bend,
We shall, with the angels, eternity spend !
In those regions of praise,
New songs we shall raise,
To the Lamb that was slain, and the Ancient of Days !

1

EARTH, retire ! your power is o'er ;
Brighter regions I explore !

Wearied with the finite story,
 Time ! detain me not from glory !
 I ascend the heavenly steep
 Where the angels vigils keep.

2

Hours, and days, and years recede !
 Yet awhile, and I am freed !
 Safe escaped from pain and sorrow,
 There remains a bright to-morrow !
 On the sky of sapphire blaze,
 I, ere long, shall ever gaze !

3

Nobler visions fill my sight !
 I, the uncreated light,
 Soon shall view, with growing wonder,
 While, beneath, the rolling thunder,
 (Rending this material sphere,)
 Shall proclaim the *Judgment* near !

4

With the pure and white-robed band,
 Own'd and honour'd, I shall stand !
 To his Father's throne ascended,
 By Seraphic hosts attended,
 I, the Lamb that once was slain,
 Shall behold, and with him reign !

5

Time ! to join that glorious throng,
 Swifter roll your wheels along !
 To enjoy that fair dominion,
 Angels ! lend your swiftest pinion !
 Let my kindling soul advance
 To the beatific trance !

1

COME, ye wanderers from the fold,
 Prodigals, in trespass, dead,

Come and see the wealth, untold,
 Treasured up in Christ your head :
 All your pitying Lord requires,
 In the greatest, and the least,
 Is, repentance, with desires
 To partake the Gospel Feast.

2

Come, ye Mammon-loving souls,
 See what shadows you pursue !
 Time, his round impetuous rolls,
 And your moments now are few !
 See the grave impatient wait !
 You, ere long, will find your loss,
 (How unspeakable and great !)
 If you sell your *gold* for *dross*.

3

Come, ye souls, by sin ensnared,
 Your forgiveness *one* ensures ;
 See the remedy prepared
 For diseases such as yours :
 Christ, the fallen to restore,
 Calls you now to be his guest ;
 Only go, and sin no more,
 Lest you lose the promis'd rest

4

Come, ye burden'd and forlorn,
 By afflictions made to sigh,
 You are to a princedom born,
 And your heritage is nigh !
 See, by faith, the throne above !
 And, thereon, the Lamb divine,
 Through whose everlasting love,
 You may on a *rock* recline !

5

Come, ye dying ! see the land !
 Joyful view yon radiant gates !
 There, archangels smiling stand !
 There, your Lord, to hail you, waits !

Look beyond the vale of woe !
 What are nature's passing pains !
 Streams of joy for ever flow
 Where the Great Immanuel reigns !

357.

Snow and Rain.

" For as the rain cometh down, and the snow, from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall my *word* be that goeth forth out of my mouth : it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." *Isaiah 55. x. xi.*

1

HAS the *Snow*, and has the *Rain*,
 Wide commissions to fulfil ;
 Watering now the barren plain,
 Cheering now the thirsty hill ?
 These are heralds, from above,
 That in concert downward fly,
 Sent on embassies of love
 From the Father of the sky.

CHORUS.

All that live in earth or air
 Hang on his paternal care !

2

Does the snow, and does the rain,
 (Clothing earth with colours bright,)
Life, in all its forms, sustain,
 From *Behemoth* to the *Mite* ?
 Do the oaks, — the pines that tower,
 And afar their shadows send,
 With the plant, and humblest flower,
 On these gifts of heaven depend ?

CHORUS.

Barrenness and death would reign
 But for genial snow and rain !

3

From the snow and rain proceed
 Gifts that claim perpetual praise

God, through these, supplies our need
 In his own ten thousand ways :
 In *his* comprehensive sight,
 Every flake and drop of rain
 Fix'd effects must bring to light,
 In a sure, but devious train !

CHORUS.

Having wrought their final end,
 Snow and rain to heaven ascend.

4

Image to instruct the wise !
 Emblem of the Word Divine,
 Sent in mercy from the skies,
 Truth to teach, with voice benign !
 Here is peace, without alloy,
 Star, that cheers the darkest night,
 The commencing Spring of Joy,
 Rolling toward the *Infinite* !

CHORUS.

This is rain, from realms on high,
 Sent, the soul to fructify !

5

By the Lord Omnipotent,
 (Heaven and earth directing still,)
 Every *Word*, like rain, was sent
 To perform his sovereign will.
 Not a costly sentence there,
 But an instrument has been,
 Some, to warn of Satan's snare,
 Some, from sin, the heart to wean.

CHORUS.

Guiding to a happier place
 The successive Heirs of Grace.

6

Each imperishable line
 Kindles with the blush of morn ;
 Sent to teach, and to refine,
 Generations yet unborn !

Clouds the meaning deep conceal,
 'Till the destin'd hour arrive,
 When the callous learn to feel,
 When, to hope, the dead revive !

CHORUS.

Then the flood of light is seen,
 With no veil to intervene.

7

Have we heard the Gospel Sound ?
 Let us love the tidings more !
 But, if still in slumbers bound,
 Lord ! arouse us, we implore !
 Not a *Word*, like snow and rain,
 Shall at last return to thee,
 'Till it make the crooked plain,
 And accomplish thy decree !

CHORUS.

On our hearts, great Lord and Friend !
 Let thy *Snow* and *Rain* descend !

358.

Thankfulness.

1

WE thank thee, Lord of heaven and earth !
 Who hast preserved us from our birth ;
 Redeemed us oft from death and dread,
 And with thy gifts our table spread.

2

The fabric of this earthly frame
 First from thy sovereign fiat came ;
 And, at thy word, the spangled sky
 Proclaim'd thine own Infinity !

3

But though so high, the King of Kings !
 Thou dost behold the meanest things !
 Now guide the spheres that round us roll,
 And now support the contrite soul !

4

We thank thee for thy still small voice,
 Which oft has check'd our wayward choice ;
 For limbs preserved, for senses clear,
 And for our friendships, doubly dear.

5

Thy Providence has been our stay,
 When other helps were far away ;
 Our constant guide, through every stage,
 From infancy to riper age.

6

How shall we half our task fulfil !
 We thank thee for thy Mind and Will ;
 For present joys, and blessings past,
 And for the hope of heaven at last.

7

With mercies in perpetual round,
 Should aught but *thankfulness* be found ?
 And those who pace a flowery road,
 Forget the hand that all bestow'd ?

8

On every side, below, above,
 All is stupendous power and love !
 Alike, where'er we fix our eyes,
 New thanks are claim'd, new wonders rise !

9

And shall we strangely turn away
 To cold and night, from warmth and day ?
 Ponder on ills, and waste, unwise,
 Our moments in rebellious sighs ?

10

Shall we, mid countless gifts beside,
 Behold *some* good, by heaven denied,
 Nor let our grateful thanks prevail,
 If, of the thousand, *one* should fail ?

11

Oh ! shall our tongues, in accents sweet,
 To God, no song of praise repeat ;

No incense from our hearts arise
For Christ, the One Great Sacrifice ?

12

For benefits so rich and free,
What shall we render, Lord ! to thee ?
Let us begin this theme sublime,
Which will survive the wreck of time.

359.

Christmas Hymn.

1

THE night is fair ! The planets, glorious,
In silent pomp their rule maintain ;
The shepherds, on the hills of Judah,
Behold, with awe, the starry train,
And worship, bending low the head,
Him, who through heaven such wonders spread.

2

What voice is that ? — Symphonious numbers,
Aloft in air, are faintly heard !
And now they nearer draw, and nearer !
Cherubs are seen ! — The liquid word,
Entrancing, steals like zephyr forth,
“ Good will to man, and peace on earth ! ”

3

While now, enraged, the Powers of Darkness,
For conflict rally round their king,
The Son of God, from heaven descending,
Comes, borne upon the Seraph’s wing !
Lo ! countless guards, (in concord sweet,)
“ Glory to God ! ” aloud, repeat !

4

Love, undeserved, our thought surpassing !
(How full the fount from which it flows !)
The Prince of Peace assumes our nature,
To rescue man from endless woes !
He comes, with mercy, full and free,
To sound the sinner’s jubilee !

5

The Lord of Life, so long predicted,
 In all his Father's might appears !
 Ye righteous ! rich in consolation,
 Glad tidings now salute your ears !
 See, Prophecy her page unfold !
 The Vision of the Lamb, behold !

6

What royal birth-place *him* must welcome ?
 What sumptuous palace ? — garb of state ?
 What monarchs, proud of their obeisance,
 Must bend around a guest so great ?
 All costly robes of Tyrian dye
 Before the Lord of Life must lie !

7

Ah, no ! His palace was a stable !
 No guards, obsequious homage pay !
 His royal birth-place was a manger,
 And straw, the couch on which he lay !
 Humility for ever crown'd !
 Here was the Heir of all things found !

8

Well might the breasts of happy spirits
 Experience high and strange delight !
 Well might such spectacle of mercy,
 From heaven, angelic hosts invite,
 To witness, till that hour unknown,
 Such grace to man, rebellious, shown !

9

Saviour ! accept our spirits' incense —
 That thou, to earth, didst cast thine eye !
 That thou, *thyself*, didst freely offer,
 That we, in hope, might live and die !
 We give thee praise ! we bend our knee !
 We consecrate our hearts to thee !

360.

The Flood.

1

WHEN oppress'd by Satan's chain,
 Earth, to death devoted, stood ;
 Ere the voice that could restrain,
 From his slumbers, roused the *Flood*.
 Silence reigning through the air,
 What a solemn pause was there !

CHORUS.

Like the sleeping leaves and reeds,
 That the thunder oft precedes.

2

Nature, in her fairest vest,
 Charmed the eye, and soothed the heart ;
 All around, from east to west,
 Made the tear of rapture start :
 Lovelier dyes, and fresher green,
 In creation's face were seen.

CHORUS.

Take once more the lingering glance,
 Lo ! Destruction's wheels advance !

3

Whilst the earth, in grace array'd,
 Scatter'd her voluptuous smile,
 Man alone the *curse* display'd !
 Every thought perverse and vile !
 Sin he loved, whose fruit is woe ;
 Sin shall be his overthrow !

CHORUS.

Sinners oft at God rebel,
 On the verge of death and hell.

4

Now the Sovereign word has past !
 “ Tempests ! in your fury, sweep ! ”
 “ Whirlwinds ! round, destruction cast ! ”
 “ Burst, ye fountains of the deep ! ”
 View the torrents from the sky !
 See the lawless lightnings fly !

CHORUS.

While his bow Jehovah bends,
From *one* spot, the prayer ascends !

5

View the scoffers ! fix'd ! aghast !
Midnight gathering in the air !
Mark that rock-upturning blast !
With that flood of fiery glare !
At heaven's frown, so dark ! so dread !
Rocks and mountains hide their head !

CHORUS.

Earth, when God to wrath awakes,
To her deepest centre shakes.

6

Sabler clouds invest the sky !
Crowds, the wreck of life to save,
To the hills, bewilder'd, fly,
Follow'd by the foaming wave !
Tenderest sympathies are fled !
Nature in this hour is dead !

CHORUS.

Parents, on their struggling child,
Gaze, unmoved, in horrors wild !

7

What shall screen yon vent'rous bark,
'Mid the ocean's fearful swell ;
For the winds the noblest mark,
On its ample form to dwell ?
Blow, assailants ! fiercer blow,
Strive towhelm your daring foe !

CHORUS.

Storms are harmless ! lightnings, vain !
What can move, if God sustain !

8

While around the bolts are hurl'd,
Noah, calm in faith appears !
Moved not by a crashing world,
He restrains his rising fears !

'Mid commingling earth and skies,
He, to God, his refuge, flies !

CHORUS.

We may trust unchanging love,
Here, as in the realms above !

9

Now the conflict is no more !

Storms are hush'd ! the winds subside !
Noah, and his sons, adore

God, their guardian and their guide !
See them raise memorial-stone,
While the world is all their own !

CHORUS.

Shall no *wider* ruin rise ?

Vaster tempests rend the skies ?

10

Greater wreck shall earth behold

In the great and final day !

When creation, waxing old,

Like a scroll, shall pass away !

Who shall then lift up his head

That has not to Jesus fled !

CHORUS.

O, Immanuel, let us flee

For a refuge-tower, to thee !

361.

Seen of Angels.

1

ANGELIC hosts, Messiah's advent hail'd,
When he at Bethlehem's humble town was
born !

When mercy pleaded, and o'er hell prevail'd,

Arch-angels usher'd in the blissful morn !

While in the manger, Christ, an infant, lay !

Around him crowd th' adoring sons of day !

2

When, in the Garden of Gethsemane,

The drops of blood his conflicts hard betray'd,

By homage drawn, attendant angels flee,
 To soothe the agony that on him prey'd ;
 No followers near, in his deserted state,
 Faithful, on him, the loftiest Seraphs wait !

3

When in the silent tomb the Saviour lay,
 (The penalty a fallen world to save !)
 Angels, resistless, roll'd the stone away,
 And watch'd his glorious triumph o'er the grave !
 Through all heaven's plains, admiring wonder ran,
 To mark the love he bore for ruin'd man !

4

When earth at length has run her destin'd race,
 And the arch-angel's trump shall wake the
 dead !
 When all shall stand before the Saviour's face,
 And, 'mid the confluence grand, the book be
 spread !

Whate'er of joy or woe their mission be,
 Angels shall minister to God's decree !

5

Then will the ransom'd hear, with bliss supreme,
 " Bless'd of my Father ! welcome to the sky !"
 " You all shall drink of yonder crystal stream,
 " While God shall wipe the tear from every
 eye !"

Rapt to new ecstasy, the concourse raise,
 One vast ascription to Immanuel's praise !

362.

Ascension of Christ.

1

BEHOLD the Lord ascending high,
 No pomp, imposing, marks his flight ;
 He rises solemn to the sky,
 Till clouds receive him from the sight !
 Jehovah's justice satisfied,
 Christ quits the world for which he died !

2

But, though no spectacle sublime,
 No meteor's glare, no trumpet's sound,
 Denotes the Saviour's flight from time,
 Acclaiming angels hover round:
 The Seraph band, in glad accord,
 Attend to heaven their risen Lord !

3

Oh ! what a contrast to the hour,
 When he shall judge the quick and dead !
 When, in his own, and Father's power,
 He shall the final record spread ;
 Ten thousand angels in his train,
 While all that sleep, shall rise again !

363. *The Day of Judgment.*

“ Behold he cometh with clouds, and every eye shall see him ! ”
Rev. i. 7.

1

LO ! the Saviour comes to Judgment !
 His pavilion round is night.
 Arrows, and the rolling thunder
 Still precede him in his flight !
 Darkness flies ! — upon the tempest,
 Now he rides in splendours bright !

2

Angels, and arch-angels lofty,
 Stedfast spirits, round him crowd !
 At his look, the mightiest tremble !
 At his sight, the heavens are bow'd !
 “ Lo ! he cometh ! rise, to Judgment ! ”
 Through the earth, is heard aloud !

3

Wider spreads the fearful accent !
 “ Dead ! awake ! to judgment come ! ”
 From their lowly beds uprising,
 From their long-forgotten tomb,
 Countless myriads hear the summons,
 And come forth to hear their doom !

4

'Mid the awful expectation,
 Sounds, bewailing, fill the air ;
 " Cover us, ye hills and mountains !
 " Who the frown of heaven shall bear !"
 Mountains heed not ! Hills obey not !
 Pledge, and prelude of despair !

5

Shall they 'scape ? — all frantic ! whither ?
 Though on morn's swift wing they fly ;
 Rush to caverns ! plunge in ocean !
 All is naked to his eye !
 Bound by adamantine fetters,
 They *must* meet the Judgment nigh !

6

Those shall see the Lord descending,
Him, whose sufferings *were* not mourn'd !
 They shall look upon their Sovereign,
 Whom, on earth, they pierced, and scorn'd !
 Now exalted ! now triumphant !
 In his Father's Grace adorn'd !

7

There are others, not confounded ;
 Calm in hope, — without amaze !
 While through heaven the whirlwinds traverse,
 Who on flaming worlds can gaze !
 Looking to their near redemption,
 And the Seraphs' song of praise.

8

Hear the judge proclaim their welcome ;
 " You from future wrath are spared !
 " Come, ye blessed of my Father !
 " You his special love have shared !
 " You are brought, through tribulation,
 " To the kingdom long prepared !"

9

" Go, ye cursed ! Go, ye cursed !"
 Others hear, and shuddering stand !

“ Outer darkness is your portion !
 You are the rebellious band !”
 From the heavenly Canaan banish’d !
 From the pure, and promis’d land !

10

Now, at length, the consummation !
 (Working thus Jehovah’s will !)
 Rising slow,— behold the trumpet !
 Heaven itself with dread to fill !
 Still it rises ! — now is raised !
 Every voice and harp is still !

11

Blast on blast ! with lightnings mingling !
 See yon pale expiring sun !
 With the crash of thousand thunders,
 Through all worlds the tidings run !—
 Moments vanish ! — Time is ended !
 And Eternity begun !

364. *“After my Decease.”* 2 Peter i. 15.

1

DREAD sentence ! “ After my decease ! ”
 It bears deep meaning to my heart !
 Must soon this mortal journey cease,
 And I, from earth, and all things part !

2

Soon from my breast must warmth retreat ;
 This active frame from toil repose ;
 This busy pulse forbear to beat,
 And the deep sleep my eye-lids close !

3

The place familiar, friend that cheer’d,
 Composing memory’s choicest store ;
 The home, from earliest years endear’d,
 Must each soon know my face no more !

4

Still higher thought ! o’erpowering ! vast !
 Do I possess a world within !

Must I, when time's brief rounds are pass'd,
A new and endless state begin !

5

My soul, redeemed, return to God,
The source of good, of bliss, of day ;
Or make its long and last abode
With the rebellious cast-away !

6

Fountain of Mercy ! God of Love !
Through Him alone, the Prince of Peace,
Oh ! may I dwell in heaven above
For ever, "after my decease !"

365.

The Aged Christian.

1

CHISTIAN ! swift thy days decline,
Behold the setting sun !
Relax not thy might,
The goal is in sight,
Ere long and the race will be won.

2

The travellers who know at eve
They shall their homes survey,
Their spirits sustain
Through the wind and the rain,
And fear not the toils of the way.

3

A glorious rest for thee awaits,
When life's short reign shall cease ;
With joys ever new,
Thou the Saviour shalt view,
In the regions of permanent peace !

4

Let none of weariness complain,
Whose hopes can reach the skies ;
With prospects so fair,
Heed not trouble nor care,
But rejoicing press on to the prize.

366.

Consolation in Sorrow.

1

CHRIстиANS find rich consolation,
Solid ground, on which to rest;
Trusting in the great salvation,
Not deserted, though opprest.

2

When they bow beneath affliction,
Tempests threatening to o'erwhelm,
They have, still, the sweet conviction
That their Father guides the helm !

3

Though they feel the weight of sorrow,
Tasting oft the cup of grief,
God, they know, can, on the morrow,
Wipe their tears, and send relief.

4

Lord ! though we deserve thy chiding,
On thy Son our souls we cast ;
In his blood, alone, confiding
To obtain thy smile at last.

367.

Christ the Second Adam.

1

WHEN with sighs we look around us,
Wide apostasy we see ;
Evils, multiplied, confound us,
Traced to the forbidden tree :
Lord ! mysterious are thy ways,
While we tremble, thee we praise.

2

Though in Adam all have perish'd,
Sovereign Mercy we adore !
Hope in heaven may yet be cherish'd,
Christ is still the open door :
To the Second Adam, we,
Joyful, for deliverance, flee !

3

Great Redeemer ! take possession
 Of our hearts, both young and old !
 Thou didst die for our transgression
 When we had our birth-right sold :
 Saviour, Advocate, and Friend !
 Guide us safe till life shall end !

368.

The Promised Rest.

1

GOD is good ; his works declare it !
 Bow before him, great and small !
 Who on earth, with vain contention,
 Can withstand the Lord of all ?
 Devils fear him ! Angels serve him !
 Shall the feeble child of clay
 Lift his arm against the Highest
 Whom the hosts of heaven obey !

2

Oft his visits are of *mercy*,
 In the soft and breathing word ;
 Oft *in judgment* is his utterance,
 When, in wrath, he will be heard !
 Let us, as becomes the creature,
 Stoop to his paternal sway ;
 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry,
 And we perish by the way !

3

God, as with a voice of thunder,
 Bids us reverence and adore
 Christ, the Advocate of sinners,
 Priest and King, for evermore.
 If, to him, we scorn submission,
 And, as rebels, stand confess'd,
 We shall not appear in Zion,
 And obtain the Promis'd Rest !

369. *The Mount of Olives.**

1

IN the silence of midnight, when all was repose,
 The *future* before him ! the Saviour arose ;
 To the Mountain of Olives, while stars shone on
 high,
 Alone, he retired to converse with the sky.

CHORUS.

Rejoice, heirs of glory ! the ransom'd he sought !
 Compassion, spontaneous, then reign'd in his
 thought !

Toward *Calvary*, near him, he look'd undismay'd,
 Where the debt, for redemption, was soon to be
 paid !

2

In that moment of stillness, no eye to behold,
 O'er his spirit, what surges, mysterious, roll'd !
 Whilst the blood-drops of sweat, descended as rain,
 The angels attend him, his strength to sustain !

CHORUS.

On the ocean of time, still borne to and fro,
 O, Immanuel ! conduct us, wherever we go !
 And when, with life's billows, no longer opprest,
 May we find, in thy presence, the haven of rest !

3

Beneath him Gethsemane's garden appear'd !
 No pangs, drawing near, no terrors, he fear'd !
 On the morrow, regardless of sufferings supreme,
 He resolved, by one offering, mankind to redeem !

CHORUS.

How enough shall we thank our unchangeable
 Friend,
 Who loved us so much, and who loved to the end ;
 Who, *alone*, trod the wine-press, that we might
 survey
 A path, like the sun, to the regions of day !

4

The scoffer, before him, distinctly he saw ;
 The *gospel* arise on the wreck of the *law* ;
 The sponge, dipp'd in gall, with the thorns round
 his head !
 The spear, and the nails, and the blood he must
 shed !

CHORUS.

The conflict is o'er ! our salvation is sure !
 With the pillars of heaven, our crowns shall
 endure !
 Come, let us ascribe, in the rapturous strain,
 Praise, honour, and might, to the Lamb that was
 slain !

370. “ *Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.* ” Gal. vi. 7

(ADDRESSED TO ANTINOMIANS.)

1

BEHOLD yon house upon the shore,
 Begirt with adamantine bands ;
 Unmov'd, while tempests round it roar,
 Firm as the rock on which it stands,
 Whose head, upborn, in strength sublime,
 Defies the rudest blasts of time.

2

Emblem of *their* abiding state,
 The calm composure of their breast,
 Who, (like heaven's everlasting gate,)
 Upon the rock of ages rest ;
 The Word of God their prop and stay,
 Though earth and sky were swept away !

3

The Saviour, to this house, compares
 The servant who performs his will ;
Him who (mid wide declension) dares,
 The precepts of his Lord fulfil ;

Who, upward toiling, sloth disclaims,
And at the loftiest summit aims.

4

Let none with Satan league, and cry,
“ Our fallen natures cannot soar ;
We *must* in abject bondage lie ;
To *strive*, is failure to deplore :
The more on God for help we call,
The further from his grace we fall !”

5

Oh ! mournful state of blackest guile !
Are all our prayers, and efforts, vain ?
Shall we at threat and promise smile,
And meet heaven’s statutes with disdain ?
The treach’rous steward we imitate,
And, in our hearts, our master *hate* !

6

What ! with the deepest-dyed disgrace,
Because *perfection* is denied,
Shall we despairing quit the race,
And brave, and hardier spirits chide ?
On God’s commands dare close our eyes,
And heedless spurn the proffer’d prize ?

7

Is earth a wholly barren soil,
Which fruits and flowers must ne’er array ?
Is heaven so little worth our toil,
That from its joys we turn away ?
Speak, prophets ! martyrs ! saints of old !
You, *not*, like *these*, your birth-right sold !

8

The man of God must lift his eye
Above the mists of life’s low vale !
While gazing stedfast at the sky,
He seeks the springs that cannot fail !
He strives, unmoved by toil and pain,
To please his Lord, and heaven obtain.

9

The man of God must leave behind
 The loiterers, still to Mammon true ;
 No fleeting forms delight his mind ;
 He must eternal things pursue :
 The joys, once loved, are past and gone,
 He trims his lamp, and presses on.

10

There is a heritage at stake ;
 Much to perform, and short the time ;
 We must from slumbers deep awake,
 And up the steep, for safety, climb !
 Bewail the days in folly spent,
 And grasp at pleasures permanent.

11

Has the eternal source of good
 Bestow'd on man his *mind* and *will* ?
 Has Christ, (our offering !) shed his blood,
 That we might *Satan's* laws fulfil ?
 Base subterfuge ! Oh, thin disguise !
 Refuge of blasphemy, and lies !

12

The Saviour came to cleanse from sin ;
 To raise a people from the dead ;
 Unblamed without, and pure within ;
 Zealous the path of life to tread :
 To love and praise their Maker here,
 While hastening to a nobler sphere !

13

Though *trusting* to that blood alone,
 For sinners shed on Calvary,
 When standing round Jehovah's throne,
 Where all is mercy, full and free,
 They must, like *sons*, obedient live !
 They must their hearts to Jesus give !

14

Let all, who God profess to serve,
 Come out from men involved in night !

Though others stray, *they* must not swerve,
 But keep the *glorious end* in sight !
 Like their Great Master, though reviled,
 Be holy, harmless, undefiled !

15

A broad, conspicuous mark, should rest
 Upon the followers of their Lord !
 They seek the things, above, and best,
 And pause, and tremble at his word.
 “Come, faithful servant !” may we hear
 In that great day, so dread ! so near !

371. *Abraham's God.*

1

THE God of Abraham, may we know !
 Be this our great desire below !
 While gladness in *his* heart prevail'd,
 Abraham, the Saviour's advent hail'd :
 May we adore the holy, wise, and just,
 And make the Patriarch's hope our only trust !

2

In Abraham, faith triumphant reign'd,
 Faith, at all times, his heart maintain'd ;
 The God who had so oft appear'd,
 By day and night, he own'd, and fear'd :
 May we, henceforth, in Abraham's God confide,
 And make his Son, his Word, our hope and guide !

372. *The Seasons.*

1

THE deafening blasts of *Winter* now prevail ;
 Their course, no more, the mountain streamlets
 hold ;
 One pall of snow conceals the hill and vale,
 And all is dark, and desolate, and cold :
 Let not the blasted heath our state portray,
 And o'er us winter hold a sovereign sway.

2

Now *Spring*, in youth and beauty, charms the sight ;
 The shivering winds have vanish'd like a dream ;
 Buds, bursting forth, the gazer's heart delight,
 And soft and soothing flows the mountain stream ;
 O, may our hearts its spring-tide sweet enjoy !
 Nor nipping frosts our buds of hope destroy !

3

Now *Summer*, in her gorgeous vest appears ;
 The circling hours, with flowery wreaths are
 crown'd ;
 The warbling wood-notes charm the listener's ears,
 And all is luxury of sight and sound ;
 May the bright sun-shine of the summer day
 Emblem, through life, our own resplendent way !

4

And now, in plenitude of wealth and power,
Autumn comes forth, rejoicing earth, to cheer ;
 Her fruits, around her, she delights to shower,
 The vintage time that crowns the future year :
 May we that richer harvest keep in sight,
 And reap our fruit among the saints in light !

373. “To the Law and to the Testimony.”

Isaiah viii. 20.

I

TO man who would be wise
 A thousand questions rise,
 Too deep for reason to unfold ;
 But, to instruct us, Lord !
 Within thy *Holy Word*,
 All needful knowledge we behold :

2

Thy precepts teach the way
 That leads to endless day,
 Through *Him*, our Advocate on high :

They clear instructions give,
How we may happy live,
And, in the full assurance, die.

3

Much that we learn below,
Is learn'd with toil and woe,
And soon as trifles will appear ;
But, what *thy word* bestows,
Still in importance grows,
And will, at death, be doubly dear.

4

Though knowledge must be good,
This truth be understood,
Knowledge of Christ precedes it all ;
So short on earth to stay,
We must improve our day,
For evening shadows soon will fall.

5

Preparing for our flight,
Thy word be our delight ;
Still looking to the promised land !
And when, at length, in peace,
Our pilgrimage shall cease,
Give us a place at thy right hand !

374. *The Goodness of God.*

1

GOD is bountiful and gracious ;
Mercy shines in all things round ;
Watery worlds, with insects, share it,
Birds that fly, and beasts that bound !
Ocean wide, the earth and heaven,
Hang upon creation's friend !
But, to favour'd *man* is given
Gifts and mercies without end !

2

All their faculties and senses,
To the Highest, mortals owe ;

He, the many streams dispenses,
 Which, in blessings, round us flow.
 Day and night, the varying seasons,
 All, a lasting tablet, raise,
 And combine their thousand reasons,
 Why our hearts should teem with praise.

3

But, O Lord ! though oft offended ;
 Though we have ourselves undone,
 Thou hast all thy gifts transcended
 In the gift of Christ, thy Son !
 Here was goodness, full and flowing !
 Thou thy matchless love didst show
 To the guilty, by bestowing
 Angels' bread, on man below !

375. “*My Departure is at Hand.*” 2 Tim. iv. 6.

1

EARTH ! no more my heart allure,
 My departure is at hand !
 Let me join the spirits pure !
 Let me seek the promised land !

2

Traveller, on a journey bound ;
 Sojourner alone, below,
 I must leave the tinkling sound,
 And each vain and gaudy show.

3

Were I cent'ries here to dwell,
 Where my soul so much admires,
 I might feel my spirit swell
 With a thousand bold desires ;

4

But I check the passion fond ;
 Waiting till my Lord appear,
 I must wisely, look beyond
 Life and time's contracted sphere.

5

I must make provision meet
For the new and nobler land !
Earth ! I spurn thy poisons sweet,
My departure is at hand !

6

To the Lamb of God I fly !
I, *his* favour, must secure,
Whether, then, I live or die,
My inheritance is sure !

376.

Joy in Believing.

1

WHAT pleasures so rare,
What joy can compare
With those which the children of righteousness
 Moon, planet, and star, (share!)
 Things near, or afar,
All, present, or absent, their heritage are !

2

Our pleasures extend
To Abraham's Friend,
The first, and the last, the beginning and end !
To the angels allied,
Our God is our guide,
Who will, "in the mount," for his children provide.

3

If storms have distress'd,
Or losses depress'd,
We all are fast bound to the haven of rest !
There, felicities wait,
Unchanging, and great,
The end and reward of this mutable state !

4

Free from frailty and pain,
With our Saviour to reign,
This prospect and hope should our spirits sustain!

The toils of the way,
 Heaven soon will repay,
 And our Pilgrimage end in the Regions of Day !

377.

Evening Hymn.

1

LORD ! now, in sleep, I rest my head ;
 Till light again illume the skies ;
 Let angels watch around my bed,
 To guard from danger and surprise ;
 And, should I wake once more, Almighty Friend !
 Let my first thoughts, in prayer, to thee ascend !

2

O ! may this emblem of the grave
 Remind me of a brighter morn ;
 When, if my Lord my soul should save,
 That soul his triumphs will adorn ;
 "And join the countless multitude on high
 Who praise the Lamb !" — throughout Eternity !

378.

"Men ought always to Pray."

Luke xviii. 1.

1

FAATHER ! who dost always hear,
 At thy awful throne we bow ;
 May our hearts delight in prayer,
 Love it *more*, and love it *now* !

2

Children, to their sires apply,
 When they want the favour given ;
 We, to thee, our Father, cry,
 Thee, our Sire, who art in heaven !

3

Oft we pray that *that* might be,
 Which, if wiser, we should shun ;
 Let us, when we come to thee,
 Say, O Lord ! thy will be done !

4

Dost thou always hear our prayer ?
 O, that we could always pray !
 On our hearts petitions bear,
 More by night, and more by day !

5

For inferior things we sigh,
 Earnest watch, and patient wait ;
 Let us seek the things on high,
 With an ardour, half as great !

6

Thoughts, acceptance find with thee,
 The sincere, but silent, prayer ;
 Thou the inmost heart dost see,
 And each strong aspiring there !

7

Grant thy Spirit, O, Most High !
 To assist us, and, the more,
 Since, (with hours so fast that fly,)
 Praying time will soon be o'er !

379. *The Great Salvation.*

1

DESPAIR not, mourner, when you bear away
 Your dearest object to the cypress shade !
 There is a sanctity in holy clay,
 And precious is the spot where it is laid !
 The dead in Christ, of every tribe and nation,
 Again shall rise, to hail the Great Salvation.

2

Whoe'er in Jesus sleep, in peace repose ;
 God views them from his everlasting skies !
 And when, at length, the last loud trumpet blows,
 They shall to pure, and endless life arise !
 Wherefore rejoice, in deepest tribulation,
 Those, whom you mourn, shall see this Great
 Salvation !

3

The wicked, who, on earth, and time, rely,
 And strive in vain to hold their treasures fast ;
 Who never raise to heaven the suppliant eye,
 But live like fools, and, such, expire at last !
 O, fearful thought ! with life, a short probation,
 They have no interest in this Great Salvation !

4

The ransom'd, with dissolving nature round,
 Trusting in God, omnipotent to save,
 May cry, "Come Jesus ! flames shall not confound !
 "Where is thy sting, O Death ! and thine,
 O Grave !
 "I leave my tomb, mid holy exultation,
 "With all the saints, to share the Great Salvation !

380.

A Midnight Reflection.

1

A SOLEMN silence fills the skies,
 The clouds their deepest shades unfold ;
 On meditation let me rise,
 And with my soul communion hold.

2

Am I a sojourner on earth,
 Exposed to many a storm and strait ?
 Am I a pilgrim from my birth,
 Fast passing to an endless state ?

3

Is there a God who deigns to dwell
 With heirs of frailty here below ?
 And is there, too, a heaven ! a hell !
 Eternal worlds of joy or woe ?

4

Is life a tale, a flower of spring,
 That withers, while it charms the sight ?
 Compared to every fleeting thing,
 A cloud, a vision of the night !

5

Do I this moment breathe the air,
 And stedfast feel my house of clay,
 Yet, know that, from a world of care,
 The next, I may be call'd away !

6

Have I, till now, disdain'd the voice
 Which Mercy sends me from on high ;
 And made terrestrial things my choice,
 That vanish with the evening sky !

7

Have I my being's aim and end
 Confined to life's contracted stage !
 Desired, than earth, no better friend,
 Than time, no nobler heritage !

8

Almighty Father ! grant thine aid,
 That I may from these dreams awake !
 Till I have Christ my refuge made,
 Oh ! spare me for thy mercy's sake !

9

May I, the remnant of my days,
 Devote to righteousness and Thee !
 And join, at length, the song of praise
 With thy redeemed family !

381. *Invitation to Saints and Sinners.*

1

OUR moments pass on,
 Scarce arrived, they are gone,
 And leave not a trace ;
 And such soon will be, our name and our place !
 Then, for pardon, to day,
 Let us earnestly pray ;
 On Jesus rely ;
 To-morrow, the strongest may sicken and die.

2

To Christ, none applied,
 And was ever denied !

The gift we implore,
 He freely bestows from his bountiful store :
 He waits for the word,
 “ Have mercy, O Lord !”
 The heart’s warm desire
 Will not be refused by our heavenly Sire.

3

And those who have known
 How precious to own
 The Lord for their guide,
 Their concerns, great and small, will *to him*
 confide :
 Let them still watch and pray,
 Nor faint by the way ;
 With a few sorrows more,
 They will stand round the throne, and the Lamb
 will adore.

382.

Short the Race.

1

HOW thorny the way to the regions on high,
 With such foes to oppose, half desponding
 we sigh ;
 Yet rich consolation
 God still can bestow,
 Who views with compassion
 His children below.

2

Though hard is the strife, yet short is the race,
 And still to support us, he gives us his grace ;
 Hence, let us, in meekness,
 Look ever above ;
 Though *we* are all weakness,
 Our God is all love.

3

The prospect before us might angels delight ;
 The dawn gently steals o’er the shadows of night ;

Haste *on*, glorious morning,
 In sapphire and gold !
 Our spirits, adorning,
 The Lamb to behold !

383. *God our Refuge in Distress.*

1

WHEN none regard our earnest cry,
 And earthly cisterns all are dry ;
 When terrors on our souls have prey'd,
 And those who pity cannot aid ;
 Then, Lord ! we turn, (O, hear and bless !)
 To thee our refuge in distress !

2

When hopes are blasted ; prospects change ;
 When foes revile, or friends are strange ;
 Amid vicissitudes and cares,
 When earth a wintry aspect wears ;
 Then, (moving cause, and final end !)
 Do thou thy voice, consoling, send.

3

When sickness on our vitals preys ;
 When the pale cheek disease portrays ;
 And every day reveals some trace
 Of nature's "dull, cold," resting-place ;
 Then, O, our Father ! may we find
 Thy presence to sustain our mind !

4

And when our final foe appears ;
 (Betray'd, too true ! by silent tears ;)
 When, (death in sight !) our spirit turns
 From time, and all its vain concerns !
 When Jordan's stormy waves we see,
 Then, may we find a friend in thee !

5

And at the last and awful day,
 When all things here have passed away !

When the new heavens august shall shine,
And all are *lost* who are not *thine* !
With the redeem'd, of every land,
Let us before thy presence stand !

384.

Invocation to Jesus.

1

SAVIOUR ! from heaven above,
 Regard thy servants' prayer !
Confiding in thy tender love,
 O, make us still thy care !
Fast to the grave we tend ;
 Our moments soon will cease !
In earth, or heaven, no other friend
 Can give our spirits peace !

2

Didst thou not bleed and die
 To save thy wandering sheep ?
We all in fatal slumbers lie ;
 Arouse us from our sleep !
Ourselves we humbly cast,
 Low, at thy sacred feet !
Before our day of grace be past,
 Mercy ! we, Lord ! repeat !

3

Let not our foes prevail,
 Though sore and great they be !
Thy kind compassions cannot fail
 That flow so full and free !
Saviour ! subdue our sin !
 In thee may we delight !
Let us, afresh, our race begin,
 And keep the prize in sight !

385.

Last Day of the Year.

1

TIME impatient marches on ;
 Lo ! another year is gone !

While our fleeting months recede,
Hear the voice of wisdom plead.

2

" Since so swift thy hours have past,
" Mortal ! think upon the last !
" Whether it alarm, or cheer,
" Fast thy end is drawing near ! "

3

Youth and health no surety give,
We are dying while we live ;
Ere another day be fled,
We in dust may lay our head.

4

Victims, many, round we see ;
Thousands die, as strong as we :
All things admonitions bear, —
For a better world prepare !

5

Life is a tumultuous tide,
On whose surface fast we glide ;
Borne unceasing to the sea,
Boundless, of Eternity !

6

What is time ! or months, or years ?
Like a mist, the whole appears !
And, at length, our lives will seem
But a short, and stormy dream !

7

Shall we see our moments fly,
And in sins and slumbers lie ?
Shall we view the realms of day,
Pass, unheeded, pass away ?

8

Shall we lose our lofty birth
In the husks and chaff of earth ?
Shall the Saviour cry in vain,
" Agonize with me to reign ! "

9

O, our Father ! wisdom give ;
 Rouse us, teach us, how to live !
 And, still pressing to the sky,
 Oh ! instruct us how to die !

386. *First Day of the Year.*

1

LO ! the morning clouds unfold
 In their train of gems and gold :
 Time begins his race anew,
 In the year which now we view.

2

What o'ercast, and dreary skies,
 Ere it closes, may arise !
 We may not behold the sun,
 When this year his course has run !

3

O'er the year which now has past
 We a look of sadness cast :
 Oft, by subtle foes subdued,
 We unhallow'd paths pursued.

4

Bound by a mysterious chain,
 Conscience often spake in vain :
 We have not, our hearts confess,
 Follow'd after righteousness.

5

Sins, that should our souls dismay,
 In *omissions* we survey :
 Oh, how little have we shone
 Like Immortals passing on !

6

What can soothe the pangs we feel ;
 What our wounded spirits heal,
 But the Sovereign Sacrifice
 Where the sinner's charter lies !

7

Let our freedom now begin ;
 Guard us, Lord ! from self, and sin !
 Though we all transgressors be,
 We are still complete in thee.

8

Do we not desire to know
 Joys, that from thy presence flow ?
 Have we not for refuge fled
 To our Great and Glorious Head ?

9

Soon will death our souls release ;
 Soon the arduous conflict cease ;
 Till the victor's crown we gain,
 Let thy grace within us reign.

10

May this year, (perhaps our last !)
 Be holier spent than was the past !
 May we hence, like pilgrims true,
 Keep our resting-place in view !

11

May eternal things appear
 What they will, when death is near !
 And, henceforth, our feet be found
 To the heavenly Canaan bound !

387.

Watchfulness.

1

WE all in hourly perils stand ;
 Dangers prevail on every hand ;
 Around us, snares are spread :
 On every form, we read, — “ Beware ! ”
 E'en lawful objects have their snare,
 Which wisdom learns to dread.

2

O Lord, may we from dreams arise !
 In self-distrust our safety lies,
 From feet, so prone to slide ;

Still may we know, and clearer see,
That strength is all derived from thee,
Who dost the humble guide.

3

May watchfulness alike be ours,
Whene'er the heaven portentous lowers,
Or, cloudless be our sky :
Secure the most, when most we fear,
Be thou in perils ever near
To whom for help we fly.

4

Guard us from each enticing foe ;
Our spirits wean from all below ;
The conflict soon will end :
Teach us to watch, with spirits meek,
Thy hand to view, thy grace to seek,
Our best, our only friend !

388.

Faithfulness.

1

FOUNTAIN of good, below !
Oh ! draw us near to thee ;
Whate'er we speak, wheree'er we go,
May we thy presence see :
Too prone, alas ! to stray,
To leave our truest friend,
Preserve us in the narrow way,
Till we our journey end.

2

This world, a wilderness,
Of old, our fathers found ;
They felt their heavy burdens press,
While on to Canaan bound ;
But they have gain'd the prize ;
The weary pilgrim's rest ;
They all have reach'd the upper skies ;
And now with Christ are blest.

3

Our callings, high or low,
Are both alike to thee :
We, faithfulness, alone must show,
Whate'er that calling be :
Be thou our God and guide !
Surround us with thy love !
And for our souls, at last, provide
A portion, bless'd, above !

389. *"Precious Promises."* 2 Peter, i. 4.

1

WHAT precious promises abound
In that bless'd book, which all should prize ;
A mine, where countless gems are found,
And where the deepest wisdom lies !

2

If men with poverty contend,
God's blessing is the greatest gain :
Our heavenly master is our friend,
And none shall serve him, and complain.

3

The good, design'd, may not proceed
Just in the way *we* deem the best,
Yet Faith can see a Father lead,
And on his faithfulness can rest.

4

Do sorrows press the righteous down,
While in their sojourn here below ?
We read of an immortal crown,
And streams of joy that ever flow.

5

Do widows combat with distress ?
What precious words are those we see !
A Father to the fatherless,
And let the widow trust in me !

6

Does sickness on our vitals prey,
 And the weak frame in languor lie ?
 God can transform our night to day,
 And, in the desert, springs supply.

7

Must death at length the victory gain,
 And *we* confess his sovereign power ?
 The *strongest* promises remain,
 To soothe **us** in that trying hour !

8

Faint not ! dismiss your faithless fear !
 Though others sink, with dread oppress,
 Be not dismay'd, for I am near,
 The Rock on which your souls may rest !

9

When passing Jordan's waters wide,
 The billow shall assault in vain !
 My faith shall cheer, my hand shall guide,
 My smiles your sinking heart sustain.

10

With such encouragements, to men
 Who truly in their Lord rejoice,
 Let us, our three-score years and ten
 Fulfil, without a murmuring voice !

11

These transitory conflicts o'er,
 In exile call'd no more to roam,
 God and the Lamb shall we adore,
 And saints and angels hail us home.

390.

Prayer and Praise.

1

HEAVENLY Father ! good and wise !
 Our help through all our days ;
 In the morning when we rise,
 Attune our hearts to praise :

May we with the dawn begin,
 The Lord who bought us to adore,
 While we pardon ask for sin,
 And mercy still implore.

2

Thanks, for all thy goodness past,
 Our hearts are bound to give ;
 We are on thy bounty cast,
 In whom we move and live ;
 Every hour the sum extends
 Of heavenly blessings, great and new ;
 Oft unfaithful are our friends,
 But thou art ever true.

3

Thou dost offer a retreat,
 Alike, by night and day ;
 Praise is comely, prayer is sweet,
 O, teach us how to pray !
 When our souls are drawn to thee,
 We taste the joys of heaven below ;
 But, our chief felicity,
 We all must die to know.

391. *The Solemn Warning.*

1

PAUSE and ponder, thoughtless sinner !
 Worlds could not repay thy loss !
 How, at death, canst thou be winner,
 Who hast sold thy *all* for *dross* !
 Wisdom warns thee —
 Flee for refuge to the cross !

2

Souls are worth no small endeavour !
 In thy breast a treasure lies,
 Which, once lost, is lost for ever —
 With the worm that never dies !
 See thy danger !
 From thy fatal slumbers, rise !

3

Ere too late, with deep contrition,
 Look beyond the bounds of time ;
 Warm'd by the *supreme ambition*,
 To the throne eternal climb !
 Fix thy vision
 Stedfastly on worlds sublime !

4

Christ is waiting to befriend thee ;
 Look upon thy ways, and mourn :
 Angels at this hour attend thee
 To behold the wanderer turn :
 Fly to Jesus !
 He will not the sinner spurn.

392. “*O that they were Wise.*” Deut. xxxii. 29.

1

WIIDE is the field where folly reigns,
 In forms of every shape and dye ;
 And many are the fatal chains
 That drag immortals from the sky !

2

Some fain to heaven their hopes would send,
 But for the happier moment wait :
 While some, to every theme attend
 Save that of an *eternal state* !

3

Life's momentary pleasures vain ;
 Wealth, honours, men untired pursue :
 These o'er their heart a rule maintain
 Which hides the *future* from their view !

4

The mariner, in pride, or sport,
 Bounds gaily o'er the billow vast ;
 Unmindful of that *further port*,
 Where he, his anchor, soon must cast !

5

The merchant, with unsleeping cares,
 Where *profit* beckons, eager flies,
 While he forgets the *richer wares*
 Which God approves, and angels prize !

6

The man who pants for human praise,
 His idol, fame ; his God, renown ;
 Builds, on the sands, that fools may gaze,
 Which the first wave sends head-long down !

7

The soul, opprest with anguish, feels
 How poor the solace *these* convey ;
 And Fame its prostrate power reveals
 When God the spirit calls away !

8

Death is the hour of solemn thought,
 When earth withdraws her dreams and toys ;
 Immortal beings, wisely taught,
 Grasp at imperishable joys !

9

May we, rejecting Folly's voice,
 Burst each delusive fetter strong ;
 And make the things alone our choice,
 Which to *Eternity* belong !

393.

Resignation.

1

THO' my path has been stormy, a wilderness drear,
 The day is declining, the shadows are near ;
 A little more patience, and I shall survey
 The portals of peace, and the regions of day.

2

When the tempests of winter grow darker and higher,
 Still the husbandman sows, with hope to inspire ;
 With faith in *the future*, he learns to endure
 Both the wind and the rain, since the *harvest* is sure.

3

Shall *he* trust the seasons, and Christians complain
Of their moments of darkness, their sorrow, and pain,
When soon their worst woes they will cease to regret,
And the sun on them rise, which never will set ?

4

Instruct me, Great Sovereign ! to bow to thy will ;
Thy voice to regard, thy good pleasure fulfil ;
And in the *fit* moment, which *thou* knowest best,
O, take me to dwell in thy haven of rest !

394.

The Dying Pilgrim.

TUNE, — “Vital Spark.”

1

LONG a pilgrim doom'd to roam,
I am near my Father's home !
Riches, honours, nothing heeding,
Nature fair, so fast receding,
What should bind me to this clod,
When I am call'd to dwell with God !

2

Lo ! my spirit breathes her vow ;
Christ, the Lamb, is precious now !
Choral songs far off I hear !
Cherubim with palms appear !
Why should I so love my clay,
When angels beckon me away !

3

Farewell, vain world ! my friends, farewell !
I go, 'mid nobler realms to dwell !
From earth, from bondage, free !
This, this is joy ! heaven's portals shine !
I am my Lord's, and he is mine,
Throughout eternity !

395. *The Lord's Prayer. PART 1.*

“ Our Father, which art in Heaven.”

1

MAY we call our God, “Our Father?”
The eternal, wise, and just!
We approach his awful presence?
Sinners! children of the dust!
Be encouraged
In his mercy still to trust.

2

May we banish all our terrors,
And to God for pardon cry?
May we raise our aspirations
To the everlasting sky;
And, 'mid glory,
Hope to enter, when we die?

3

Whence this privilege surpassing,
Granted to our fallen race?
Whence this confident reliance
On complete and sovereign grace?
This assurance
To behold our Maker's face?

4

Heavenly Father! once offended,
Now thy wrath is turn'd away!
Thou art reconciled to sinners!
One has stoop'd, our debt to pay!
Christ hath suffer'd,
And reveal'd the living way!

396. *Lord's Prayer. PART 2.*

“ Hallowed be thy Name.”

1

IN our world of sin and sorrow,
Here, the wicked; *there*, the just;

All retain *some* boasted treasure ;
 But, the gold that will not rust,
 He possesses,
 Who has made God's name his trust.

2

In their sport shall mortals venture
 To prophane that Holy Name ;
 Headless of their Maker's anger,
 At whose word from dust they came !
 Who upholdeth
 Nature's universal frame !

3

All alike will need a shelter
 From the storm that soon will rise !
 There are clouds of fearful omen,
 (Gathering in the further skies !)
 Mid the tempest,
 In his *Name* our safety lies !

4

What below shall soothe our terrors,
 When his raging blasts descend ?
 If his *name* no shelter yield us ;
 If our God be not our friend ?
 Unavailing,
 In dismay our hopes will end !

5

What, in death, shall grant us comfort,
 If his face Jehovah hide ?
 What in judgment shall support us,
 When the *book* is open'd wide,
 If no refuge,
 God, our final judge, provide !

6

Spared by mercy, from this moment,
 May we all our sins bewail !
 In our hearts, may solemn reverence
 At the *Name* of God prevail,
 In whose presence,
 Seraphim their faces veil !

397. *Lord's Prayer. PART 3.*

"Thy Kingdom come."

1

MIIGHTY Lord ! extend thine empire !
Be the truth with triumph crown'd !
Let the lands that sit in darkness
Hear the glorious gospel's sound,
From our borders,
To the world's remotest bound !

2

By thine arm, eternal Father !
Scatter far the shades of night !
Let the great Immanuel's kingdom
Open like the morning light,
And the future,
Realize our visions bright !

3

What are Satan's mightiest barriers,
Which a breath of thine o'erthrows !
Shall the *creature*, in his phrensy,
The Creator's power oppose ?
Him, whose lightning —
Ruin hurls upon his foes !

4

Come ! too long to earth a stranger !
Once again thy reign restore !
In thy strength, ride forth and conquer,
Still advancing, more and more,
Till the heathen
Shall the Lord Supreme adore !

5

On their cruel habitations
May the dawn celestial break !
May they, from the sleep of ages,
To the blaze of day awake !
Spurn their idols,
And the Lord their portion make !

6

Nor, in breathings for thy kingdom,
Would we banish from our prayer,
Men, renouncing home and kindred,
Tidings of the *Cross* to bear ;
 Ease disdaining,
Burning suns, and poisonous air ! *

7

Such, of high and noble daring,
Venturing thus the truth to spread ;
Bounteous Father ! good and gracious,
On their path thy blessings shed !
 And, in danger,
Cheer their heart, and shield their head !

8

Oh ! what crowns await the faithful,
When the storms of life shall cease !
Mansions fair, for every pilgrim,
Joys untold, that still increase ;
 Thought, exceeding !
Cloudless skies, and perfect peace !

9

If afflictions press us downward,
While, as strangers, here we roam,
Comforts rich are in reversion,
When we reach our Father's home,
 And, *no longer*
Cry, O Lord ! thy Kingdom *come* !

398. *Lord's Prayer. PART 4.*

"Thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven."

1

GOD alone is King in Zion !
 On his high and holy hill,
Low adoring, loftiest angels
Wait around to do his will,
 While hosannahs
The celestial mansions fill.

2

Man alone, through all creation,
 Dares his sovereign power disown ;
 Yet, through mercy full and flowing,
 For our sins doth Christ atone !
 Heavenly Father !
 Turn to flesh our hearts of stone !

3

Days of glory lie before us ;
Thou hast promis'd, it *shall* be !
 Like the sun, from night emerging,
 Preludes of that day we see !
 Bless'd Immanuel !
 Let all people turn to thee !

4

Let the world thy will accomplish ;
 Thee, to serve, is freedom true !
 May the Turk, the Jew, the Heathen,
 In thy name, all fulness view !
 Spoil recover'd !
 Let thy grace their hearts renew !

5

By thy might, Divine Redeemer !
 Rend hell's adamantine chain !
 O'er each soul, through every kingdom,
 Sway thy sceptre ; live and reign !
 Let the nations
 Turn from all their idols vain !

6

Through our hour of short probation,
 Let thy will, O Lord, be done !
 Time recedes, and death advances ;
 Ere our sands forbear to run,
 Father ! give us
 Saving faith, in Christ, thy Son !

399. *Lord's Prayer. PART 5.*

“ Give us this day our daily bread.”

1

LORD of life ! upon thy bounty,
 Daily, we for bread depend !

Great and tender are thy mercies ;
 Thou art an abiding friend !
 Guard us hourly,
 Till our mortal journies end.

2

Not to earthly bread confine us ;
 Better bread than this we need !
 Source supreme of every blessing !
 For the bread of life we plead !
 May our spirits
 On this hidden manna feed !

3

We, too long, with fruitless labour,
 Have pursued the chaff of earth !
 We the vain desire have cherish'd,
 Heedless of our lofty birth !
 Objects prizes,
 Deem'd, by wisdom, nothing worth !

4

Bursting from our strong delusions,
 Now we joys superior seek :
 In creation's face around us,
 May we hear our Father speak ;
 And, obedient,
 Listen with the spirit meek.

5

'Tis thy shower the earth that waters !
 'Tis thy sun that warms and cheers !
 'Tis alone thy fruitful blessing,
 That with mercy crowns our years !
 Fount of goodness !
 May we thank thee, through our tears !

6

But a clearer voice directs us ;
 In thy *word*, thy will we see :
Here is light, all else is darkness,
 May that light our guidance be !
 In our journey,
 Through life's wilderness to thee !

7

Here on earth, thy bread upholds us,
 But surpassing visions rise ;
 Bread of heaven we hope to feast on,
 Through the one great sacrifice !
 Safe in glory ,
 When the world in ruin lies.

400.

Lord's Prayer. PART 6.

“ Forgive us our Trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass
 against us.”

1

WE, O Lord ! implore *forgiveness* ;
Merit we have none to plead ;
 All with thee is free bestowment ;
 All, with us, is want and need :
 For our wanderings
 May a Saviour intercede !

2

How shall we, Great Fount of goodness !
 Half our debt, stupendous, pay ?
 Thou, when other refuge fail'd us,
 Help on Christ didst freely lay ;
 Our forerunner,
 Source, and pledge of endless day.

3

What *obedience* have we render'd
 For this hope of joys divine ?
 What return, with heart devoted,
 For a gift so vast as thine ?
 Grateful incense !
 In life's dawn, or its decline ?

4

Trespasses in youth committed,
 Shrink from thine inspection pure ;
 Trespasses, in riper manhood,
 Leave us shelterless and poor ;
 Christ incarnate,
 Safety can alone insure.

5

We have borne another's trespass,
As to him we pardon show,
So for all our own transgressions,
Thy forgiveness, Lord ! bestow !
More like Jesus,
Daily, hourly, may we grow.

6

God of love ! extend thy mercy !
Saviour ! whom we once denied,
In thy blood, that precious fountain !
May we all alone confide ;
And, hereafter,
See thee by thy Father's side !

401. *Lord's Prayer. PART 7.*

"Lead us not into temptation."

1

EVIL men, and evil spirits,
Bent upon our harm, surround,
Yet, whatever be their malice,
They, by fetters, fast are bound :
Unseen angels
Our perpetual guard are found !

2

May we know our only refuge,
When temptations, Lord ! arise ;
We are feeble, but, to cheer us,
In thy strength, our safety lies :
Fix our vision—
Steadfastly on yonder skies !

3

Trials tend, by thine appointment,
To correct our thoughtless heart :
When temptation (like a torrent)
Overwhelms, thy grace impart !
Foes are harmless,
If the Lord be on our part.

4

Make us, of ourselves, distrustful,
 From the failures that are past ;
 On our God, with calm reliance,
 May we all our burdens cast :
 If we faint not,
Long the tempest will not last.

5

Though we wander now in darkness,
 Brighter suns and skies await ;
 When a few more clouds have gather'd,
 We shall reach a happier state :
 Saints invite us,
 From heaven's everlasting gate.

402. *Lord's Prayer. PART 8.*

" For thine is the kingdom, and the power."

1

MONARCH of the wide creation !
 Thy directing hand we own :
 Man may boast the sovereign empire,
 But the power is thine alone !
 Kingdoms vanish —
 Thine is an eternal throne !

2

Mists involve *our* every prospect ;
Thou beholdest things afar,
 And, obedient to thy purpose,
 All things *were*, and all things *are*,
 Since, rejoicing,
 Sang, at first, the morning star.

3

Shall we dare arraign our Maker !
 Him, whose ways are deep, and high ?
 Shall our dim and feeble vision,
 In *Thy* secret counsels pry ?
 Veil'd from mortals, —
 Seen not by the seraph's eye ?

4

Though, on all our fallen natures,
 Spirits, dark, their influence shower ;
 There is still, to stem the torrent,
 Barrier firm, a rock, a tower :
 Thine, O, Father !
 Is the kingdom, and the power !

5

Be the empire wide of *evil*,
 By thy might, O Lord, o'erthrown !
 Let thy Son, in strength resistless,
 Tread his haughtiest rivals down,
 And, for ever,
 Guide the sceptre, wear the crown !

403. *Lord's Prayer. PART 9.*

"And the glory."

1

ANGELS, give the loud ascription
 To the Majesty on high !
 And, in all their wide commissions,
 Traversing the starry sky,
 Sound *his* praises
 Ever distant ! ever nigh !

2

Let the boastful heirs of frailty
 From their towering heights retire !
 Let them give to God the glory,
 And, (with prostrate hearts,) aspire
Self to humble,
 And exalt the Almighty Sire !

3

At *his* mandate, if transgressions
 Haste to a perpetual end ;
 If the powers of darkness tremble,
 And the reign of truth extend ;
 To Jehovah
 Let hosannahs loud ascend !

4

If our efforts have been honour'd
 By the Lord, whom we adore ;
 If his face has smil'd upon us,
 In our basket, and our store,
 To his glory
 Praise be offered evermore !

5

If, when time is fast retiring,
 And eternity is near ;
 If the hope of heaven, unfolding,
 Our departing spirits cheer ;
 We shall glory
 In the Lord, whom angels fear !

6

If, beyond the waves of Jordan,
 Join'd by every tongue and tribe,
 God, in his eternal record,
 Our unworthy names inscribe,
 All the glory
 We shall to the Lamb ascribe !

404. *Lord's Prayer. PART 10.*

“ For ever.”

1

WHAT a depth profound of meaning
 In that word, *for ever*, lies !
 Kindling thoughts of joy or sorrow,
 As alternate scenes arise !
 While, impatient,
 Time on rapid pinion flies !

2

He who wets his nightly pillow,
 On the world's wide desert cast ;
 Trouble still succeeding trouble,
 Wave on wave, and blast on blast,
 Thinks, rejoicing,
 They will not *for ever* last.

d d

3

If, upon our cold horizon,
 Hope's seraphic form should break ;
 Resting on the Rock of Ages !
 Which, nor flood, nor storm can shake ;
 Then, what transport
 Does the word, *for ever*, wake !

4

But a darker doom is threaten'd !
 Ill that cannot know a cure ;
 Go, ye cursed ! is the sentence,
 From the ransom'd and the pure !
 Who, *for ever* !
 May Jehovah's wrath endure !

5

Yet, prepar'd for every pilgrim,
 Faith beholds a happier shore ;
 Fruits are there which gladden angels ;
 Joys, which ages must explore !
 Still augmenting,
 When the lapse of time is o'er !

6

What are scenes that glide before us,
 Like the blush of closing day ?
 Souls, sublimed from dross of nature,
 Spurn the *good* that will not *stay* ?
 Earthly objects
 Charm their hour, and pass away !

7

Let the word, the long *for ever*,
 Be with all our aims combin'd !
 Streams that fail, and flowers that wither,
 Suit not the immortal mind !
 Ground, *that shakes not*,
 Firm as heaven, *our feet* must find !

8

Through thy grace, Almighty Father !
 By thine influence, Heavenly Dove !
 For thy sake, Divine Redeemer !
 May we *here* be fill'd with love ;

And, *for ever*,
Serve thee in the world above !

405. *Lord's Prayer. PART 11.*

“Amen.”

1

ERE we utter, it is finish'd,
And the *last* amen repeat ;
Many steep and toilsome wanderings,
'Mid alternate cold and heat,
Through life's journey,
Still await our wandering feet !

2

Lessons, hard to be adopted,
We must learn before we die,
And, “Amen” be oft repeated,
With the tear, and with the sigh,
To prepare us
For the glorious world on high !

3

Can we see our friends desert us
For religion's cause alone ;
Can we, if possessions vanish,
Still our Father's goodness own ?
Looking forward
Where afflictions are unknown ?

4

Can we, if disease invade us,
Pain or languor overtake,
Say, amen, and with the faithful,
Heaven alone our refuge make ?
Brought the nearer
As our comforts *us* forsake ?

5

If the hopes our hearts have cherish'd,
Brighter than the summer's day,
God, in his unerring wisdom,
Like our gourds, should take away ;

Could our spirits
Then, *amen!* devoutly say ?

6

And, when death at length approaches,
(Whose precursors pass'd before,)
Are we then prepar'd to utter
The *amen!* and God adore ?
Ever willing
What he wills, and nothing more ?

7

Then, a glorious consummation
Waits to make our joy complete !
When, (beholding *Him* who bought us,)
We surround the mercy seat,
And, the final,
Loud and long, *amen!* repeat !

406.

Retrospection.

1

SOVEREIGN Judge of heaven and earth,
Thou hast fed me from my birth ;
In the hours of infancy
I relied alone on thee,
Whose protecting shield the same,
Screen'd me when to youth I came.

2

When maturer years arrived,
Death around me, I survived ;
Crown'd with favours, ever new,
Still, in age, thy hand I view :
Like a stream, from day to day,
Thou hast led me all my way.

3

How have I, for gifts like these,
Sought my bounteous Lord to please ?
Hadst thou bent thy righteous bow,
Hadst thou let the wanderer go,
To reflection roused too late,
What had been my wretched state !

4

By concern for follies past,
 By the hope of heaven at last,
 Let me from the tempter flee !
 Give me strength to trust in thee !
 In that Saviour to confide,
 Who for me on Calvary died !

407.

Come and Welcome.

1

SINNER! view the gospel feast,
 For the greatest and the least ;
 He who spreads the bounteous board,
 Is our Saviour, and our Lord !
 Hear him cry, to you and me,
Come and welcome ! all is free !
 All who seek to enter there,
 May partake the ample fare.

2

Slaves and captives, bound by sin,
 Freely you may enter in !
 Now the veil is cast aside,
 Since the Lord of Glory died !
 If at length you feel your need,
 And the blood of sprinkling plead,
 While the word of heaven endures,
 All the promises are yours ;

3

Whilst you bear the Saviour's name,
 Turn no more to sin and shame !
 If, from nature, call'd by grace,
 You are a peculiar race :
 Let the cleansing power divine,
 Still conspicuous in you shine ;
 And your lamp more bright appear,
 As your end is drawing near.

408. *Children of Isaac and Esau.*

1

CHILDREN of Esau, as we read,
Still hatred bear to Isaac's seed ;
A different nature each contains,
Here, God presides,—there, Satan reigns !

2

Children of Esau, prone to err,
Time, to eternity, prefer ;
They grasp at shadows,—roam in night,
Nor seek the substance *out of sight* !

3

Children of Esau, *him* contemn,
Ordain'd to wear the diadem ;
They in his name no virtues see,
Nor to their Saviour bend the knee !

4

Children of Esau, from beneath,
The atmosphere of Satan breathe ;
Deceit they love, the truth they hate,
And prove themselves the reprobate !

5

They spurn the statute from above,
The law of charity and love ;
While they on malice, fraud, and guile,
Can look with the approving smile !

6

Children of Esau, here below,
The union find of *sin* and *woe* ;
But the unutterable doom,
Lies unreveal'd, beyond the tomb !

7

The sons of Esau, may we view
With pity, and compassion true ;
And strive, (while many a prayer we raise,)
To turn them from their evil ways !

8

In that bless'd world, where Christ is crown'd,
No sons of Esau will be found !

May we behold those regions bright,
With Isaac's sons, the sons of light !

409. *The Back-slidēr.*

1

RETURN, backsliding soul, return !
Nor wander further from the fold !
Thy sad condition see and mourn ;
Thou hast thyself to Satan sold ;
But, though a captive, ransom see !
The Lord of Life shall set thee free.

2

Behold thy state, and see thy need,
Wretched, and poor, and blind, thou art ;
But there is one above to plead,
Who bears thee ever on his heart :
Still to the Saviour raise thine eye,
And, to that fount of mercy, fly !

3

To cease from prayer, thy foe would please,
He whispers, “heaven forbears to hear ;”
He dreads the sinner “on his knees,”
And trembles at the contrite tear !
But Christ will not the mourner spurn,
Return ! backsliding soul, return !

4

Let past declensions make thee wise,
And know, that none can stand *alone* !
To God direct thy fervent cries,
To turn, to flesh, the heart of stone !
To *him*, thy Lord, more faithful be,
Who intercedes, above, for thee.

410. *The Aged Sinner.*

1

WHAT sight so sad on earth
As Age, of *evil name* ?
The man, despising truth, and worth,
And glorying in his shame !

2

Virtue his presence dreads !
 Wherever he is found,
 Disastrous influence he sheds
 Alike, on all around !

3

In youth, he loved to stray ;
 His manhood, none might bless ;
 And age, which should its fruit display,
 With him, is barrenness !

4

He hastens to his doom,
 The grave, where him we leave :
 No tear will fall upon his tomb !
 And none but hirelings grieve !

5

But, Oh ! the storm and blast !
 The terror, the amaze !
 When he shall give account at last
 For his unrighteous ways !

411.

The Watch-Tower.

1

PIILGRIMS here are forced to combat
 With the seen, and unseen powers ;
 Foes by night and day surround us,
 But a mightier friend is ours.

2

He, who calls us to the warfare,
 Will conduct us safe and free :
 Through our captain's sword and buckler,
 We shall more than conquerors be.

3

But, like soldiers, firm and faithful,
 On our watch-tower we must stand ;
 Scorning not the least assailant,
 Clad in armour, spear in hand.

4

If, in heedless hour we slumber,
 Enemies will vex us sore ;
 And the dart again remind us,
 That our conflict is not o'er.

5

Friend of Sinners ! O, our Leader !
 Give us courage, to the last !
 When we combat with temptation,
 Thy protection round us cast !

6

Soon the contest will be over :
 Soon will death our souls release :
 In the world to which we hasten,
 All is safety, all is peace !

412. *"Will ye also go Away."* John vi. 67.

1

WIPLL ye also go away?" —
 Did, on earth, the Saviour say —
 To his followers, men of God,
 Who the path to glory trod ?
 Who his wonders saw, and heard,
 Day by day, his gracious word ?
 How should we the question hear !
 How, ourselves, distrust and fear !

2

Lord ! our only hope thou art ;
Let us not from thee depart !
 We have treacherous foes within ;
 We have natures prone to sin ;
 Prone to grovel, not ascend ;
 Prone to leave our highest friend !
 Set us from our bondage free !
 Give us hearts to cleave to thee !

3

Follies oft our hearts beguile ;
 We pursue the creature's smile ;

Wasting on the world *that* love
 Which should soar to things above ;
 Heavenly Father ! Good and Wise,
 Help our sluggish souls to rise !
 While with quicken'd zeal we run,
 Fix our hopes on Christ, thy Son !

413. *"I stand at the Door and knock."*

Rev. iii. 20.

1

ON thy heart, O, sinner, hear !
 Thy Saviour casts his eye ;
 Still he seeks an entrance there ;
 Wilt thou thy Lord deny ?
 To the winning voice attend ;
 His spontaneous mercy own ;
 Open to so kind a friend !
 He seeks thy good alone !

2

Shall he knock, and knock in vain,
 In providence severe ?
 In dismay, or racking pain,
 Or death of object dear ?
 Heed the whisper, and obey !
 To the only refuge, flee !
 Now is the accepted day,
 To-morrow — who may see !

3

Wilt thou, with the harden'd mind,
 Say to thy Lord, Depart !
 Shall thy Saviour knock, and find
 Some rival in thine heart ?
 Oh, if Christ in wrath should cry,
 " Since he spurns the living bread,
 I will leave him ! let him die !
 " His blood be on his head !"

4

Those, whose hearts are hard as rocks,
 And will not grace implore ;

Who refuse when Jesus knocks,
And open not the door ;
Their confusion hastens fast !
Since they cast his words behind,
They will knock at heaven at last,
And there no entrance find !

414.

Days of Darkness.

(Addressed to the Intemperate.)

1

BEHOLD the *wicked* at their banquet ;
What sparkling goblets round them glow !
What dainties and o'erpowering grandeur !
Can yonder spirits taste of *woe* ?
Whatever sea and earth afford,
Profuse, are piled upon their board.

2

While on the costliest viands feasting,
They meditate some richer fare ;
Amid the boisterous exultation,
Can such contend with *secret care* ?
Boasting they cry, “ Long life we see !
To morrow, as this day, shall be !”

3

’Mid health, and gaiety, and gladness ;
’Mid riches, that exhaustless seem,
What folly, (by delights encompass’d,)
About *futurity* to dream !
“ Our God is pleasure !” they exclaim,
“ And all, beside, is but a name !”

4

The sweetest joys are shortly over !
The longest evening soon will close !
Stillness succeeds the loudest thunder,
When harrass’d nature seeks repose !
The siren’s song will soon be past,
And musings sad arrive at last !

5

Can these be beings, onward passing
 To worlds, beyond the starry sky !
 Of every day and hour uncertain,
 And born for immortality !
 In perils from the passing shower,
 And frail, and fleeting, as the flower !

6

Vain boasters ! pause ! howe'er reluctant,
 The soft and friendly whisper, hear !
 Though long and prosperous be your summer,
 Remember, winter's in the rear !
 Delusion's reign will soon be gone !
 The *Days of Darkness* hasten on !

7

The joys, which animate your spirit,
 Are suited, as they sink and rise,
 To worlds, alone, estranged from sorrow,
 But life has *stern realities* !
 And many a sudden cloud may throw
 The sablest hue o'er all below !

8

Ah ! he whose heart so late was buoyant,
 (Spurning reflection with disdain !)
 Has lost his air and voice commanding ;
 He lies upon a bed of pain !
 His gay companions now are fled !
 Revolting from the sick-man's bed !

9

He seeks support, oppress'd, and sinking !
 But that support he cannot find !
 He looks around, — all cold and silent !
 He looks within, — a barren mind !
 He now revolves on days gone by,
 All dreary as the midnight sky !

10

Are these the ill returns, disheartening,
 That Pleasure to her votaries makes !

Who, in the trying hour, most needed,
Remorseless, every friend forsakes !
These are the cheerless blasts, unkind,
But darker days are still behind !

11

Sickness must terminate, unsparing,
In weakness, and the hour of death !
The scoffer at the truth, this moment
Sustains the hard and labouring breath !
Compell'd, without one cheering gleam,
To plunge in the dark-rolling stream !

12

This is the moment, fraught with horrors !
But darker day is drawing near !
The last dread morn ! the day of judgment !
Then, reveller, where wilt thou appear !
Rack'd with unutterable woe,
Cast out from heaven, and God thy foe !

415. *Spiritual Wickedness in high Places.*

Eph. vi. 12.

1

SWEET symphonies and concords float,
Borne upward from creation wide ;
MAN'S is the one discordant note,
Where all is harmony beside.

2

And are there spirits, born to climb,
Who with the clod inglorious lie ?
Who spurn the brightest gem of time,
The hope of immortality !

3

With faculties, acute to learn
Truths, endless, curious, or profound,
And who can only *not* discern
Omnipotence in aught around ! —

4

'Mid arguments, like suns, array'd,
Which deity to man recal ;

'Mid proofs, ineffably display'd,
Of *Him*, who framed and governs all ; —

5

Who, full on Nature's lovely face,
With brutish apathy can gaze ;
Nor ever, to yon "Holy place,"
The eye of adoration raise !

6

The world, though vast, in endless round,
Gives the same image to the view ;
But *Evil*, by no limit bound,
Hath form and feature, ever new.

7

Are there a rude censorious host,
Obtuse, contentious, slaves of sense,
Who, in their chains, of freedom boast,
And with obedience *dare* dispense !

8

Proud, domineering, — prone to strife,
Lost in their labyrinth of lies,
Who lightly hold the Word of Life,
And heaven's eternal law despise ?

9

Talk *they* of yon celestial land,
Who spurn the *good*, nor *evil* fear ! —
See, Lucifer his gates expand,
A multitude is drawing near !

10

Oh ! are there hearts, in sable drest,
Men, cheer'd not by the blush of morn ;
The misanthrope within their breast,
With eyes that only look, to scorn ?

11

Who hates his race, must hateful be,
A Thing of Saturn wandering here ;
This is a world of sympathy ;
Back to thine own unsocial sphere !

12

And must the eye, opprest and sad,
 Behold still drearier sights around !
 The harp in cypress wreaths be clad,
 And sorrow breathe her deepest sound !

13

Are there blasphemers, bold to lead
 The phalanx, from beneath imbued ;
 Advancing, with gigantic speed,
 From dark to darker turpitude !

14

With all the martyr's zeal, who strive
 Their impious poisons to dispense ;
 And hope the venom may survive,
 When they, "like chaff," are hurried hence !

15

What bleeding heart, or streaming eye,
 Shall grave *their* monumental stone ;
 Or, o'er their turf-grave, bending, cry,
 " My guide ! my brother ! thou art gone ! "

16

Crowds rather shall exclaim, (while rise
 Curses, uncurb'd, that must be given ;)—
 " You robb'd us of our richest prize,—
 " Our trust in Goodness, God, and Heaven ! "

17

There *are* disastrous spirits, vile,
 With thee, O Lord, who war proclaim ;
 Who at the brooding storm can smile,
 And triumph in the scoffer's name !

18

The creatures of an hour, beguiled,
 Against Heaven's Monarch to rebel !
 Unutterable folly wild,
 As when apostate angels fell !

19

Should men, upheld by Satan's aid,
 To shake thine empire, schemes design :

Should all the beings thou hast made,
In impotent revolt combine :

20

Thy word, which could at first create,
In prodigal profusion fair,
Might hurl them to their pristine state,
And new and holier worlds prepare.

21

The rebel hosts may still increase,
'Till they thy sweeping judgments see ;
But never shall the faithful cease
To magnify and honour thee.

22

The first ! (o'erwhelming thought !) the last !
Who in eternity dost dwell !
The Self-existent Presence vast,
Pervading heaven, and earth, and hell !

23

The *Friend* ! our faintest sigh who hears !
With whom our soul communion holds !
Our hope, through Christ ! when death appears,
And heaven her jasper gate unfolds.

24

Thy throne, O God ! shall firm endure,
And age to age thy praise rehearse ;
Thine altar, is the spirit pure !
Thy temple, is the universe !

416. *The Sabbath of Rest.*

I

THE sabbath of rest
Now dawns on our eyes ;
The day ever bless'd
To the good and the wise :
We plead not our merit,
Compassion to gain,
Lord ! grant us thy Spirit,
Our faith to sustain.

2

This day, free from care,
 (This proof of thy love !)
 Our hearts should prepare
 For the sabbath above !
 No longer caressing
 The world and its toys,
 We seek the best blessing,
 Heaven's permanent joys.

3

We offer thee praise,
 O, our Father and Friend !
 Like a shadow our days
 Fast pass to an end !
 Instruct, by each warning,
 That round us is spread,
 To prepare for that morning
 Which wakens the dead !

417.

Be Serious.

1

BE serious ! is th' impressive word,
 From every form around us heard !
 But thoughtless man his way will keep,
 And as he sows, his soul must reap !

2

Life is a serious thing, — its flight,
 Rapid, from morn, to noon, and night !
 To find our outward man decay,
 And know we soon must pass away !

3

To where ? important thought ! to where ?
 Is it to joy, or to despair ?
 To bow with saints and spirits pure,
 Or with the *lost*, heaven's frowns endure !

4

It claims deep seriousness, to think
 We stand on time's momentous brink ! E e 2

And that, with Christ our foe, or friend,
We shall, ere long, to death descend !

5

It is a serious thing to dwell,
Absent from God ! that absence, hell !
A serious thing our souls to save !
There is no laughter in the grave !

6

That hour of terrible dismay,
The resurrection's solemn day !
Th' arch-angel's trump, that heaven will shake,
Shall not *these* serious thoughts awake ?

7

Must *we* with all the dead appear ;
Must *we* th' unchanging sentence hear ;
The awful accents, "Come!" or "Go!"
Preludes to endless joy or woe ?

8

Such scenes expecting to arise,
Let us be thoughtful, *serious*, wise !
And live like beings, *still to be*,
The Heirs of Immortality !

418.

Invitation to Sinners.

1

COME, sinner ! leave thy ways,
Thou hast no joy therein ;
Join in the Saviour's praise !
This hour the song begin !
He waits to melt thy heart of stone !
He longs the wandering sheep to own !

2

Worship thy God and King,
Give him thy loudest breath ;
His service leaves no sting,
But *Satan's* leads to death !
Thy pitying Lord invites and chides,
Fly to the refuge love provides !

3

Thou yet art out of hell,
 Confess the Saviour's name !
 How terrible to dwell
 With the devouring flame !
 Banish'd from heaven, from joy, from day !
 And be the hopeless cast-away !

4

Have pity on thy soul !
 Howe'er by sin depraved !
 Come, wash and be made whole !
 Come, trust, and be thou saved !
 The vilest may in Christ confide !
 For whom he bled, for whom he died !

5

To Jesus, cast thine eye !
 Thy hands imploring spread !
 In faith, for mercy, cry !
 And plead the blood he shed !
 The bond and free, the halt and blind,
 May fly to Christ and safety find !

419.

Procrastination.

1

ON vanities we fix our eyes,
 No form too low or vain ;
 For ever, meaning to be wise,
 And yet we fools remain !

2

Not the same trifles all pursue,
 Each has his aim and end ;
 Like men of old, still, something *new* !
 And thus our days we spend !

3

We all, in vessels frail, are bound
 Down an impetuous stream !
 And yet, with all things fleeting round,
 Of *lengthen'd life* we dream !

4

Much time is lost, which, to restore,
 Exceeds an angel's power !
 May we the seasons, yet before,
 Improve, from hour to hour.

5

Time is the *refuse thing* on earth,
 With which our springs o'erflow !
 Yet nothing here has half its worth,
 As well the *dying* know.

6

Lord ! give us grace, in faith to live,
 And Christ, thy Son, to own ;
 To hear his voice, and now to give
 Our hearts to thee alone.

7

May we, without delay, arise ;
 Receive the joyful sound ;
 And fly to that Great Sacrifice,
 Where all our hope is found.

420.

The Liar.

1

MAY I, O Lord ! thy will perform !
 Still may my heart adhere to thee !
 In every shape, and every form,
 May falsehood from my spirit flee !
 The purpose, veil'd from human view,
 Is clearly to thy sight display'd :
 Thou art a righteous God, and true !
 Whose eye pervades the deepest shade !

2

Give me a conscience prone to chide,
 If ever from “the mark” I turn !
 Whate'er will not *thy* search abide,
 And man's inspection, may I spurn !
 Thou lov'st integrity and truth,
 But hat'st the liar and his lies :
 The blot of age, the shame of youth,
 Is falsehood in its fairest guise.

3

Liars, thy solemn words declare,
Shall have their portion in that lake,
Where souls must fire and brimstone bear,
And to the second death awake !
In me the love of truth create,
From Satan's slavish fetters free ;
And may I more than ever hate
Each wandering of the heart from thee.

421. “*If any Man serve me, let him follow me.”*

John xii. 26.

1

SAVIOUR ! to follow thee,
 Is my supreme desire ;
 But, Oh ! what heights I see,
 To which I must aspire !
 Prepare me, by transforming grace,
 To run and win my heavenly race !

2

It is no easy task
 To follow thee, my Lord !
 Thy better strength, I ask,
 Encouraged by thy word !
 O, visit me, with love divine,
 And bow my stubborn will to thine !

3

Thou saw'st the crown before,
 Heaven's weight of glory near ;
 And, sinners to restore,
 The Cross itself didst bear !
 May I, too, press towards endless day,
 Nor heed the thorns that strew my way !

4

The lowly heart was thine,
 That wrong and rudeness bore ;
 In meekness thou didst shine
 Till thy last strife was o'er :
 My Saviour ! may I learn of thee,
 Contention shun, and humble be !

5

*Thou didst forgive thy foes,
The crimes of deepest dye !
Thou didst forget thy woes,
With full fruition nigh.
May I forgive, though hard it be,
And good return for ill, like thee !*

6

*Thou didst on Jordan gaze,
Nor tremble at the sight ;
Thou saw'st heaven's portals blaze,
Beyond these realms of night ;
And now, where seraphs homage pay,
Thou dost the sovereign sceptre sway.*

7

*May I, like thee, arise
Above this stormy state ;
While striving for the prize,
May I with patience wait !
And when my last dread foe appear,
May Faith prevail, and Christ be dear !*

422. “*Come, for all Things are now ready.*”
Luke xiv. 17.

1

COME, weary and sorrowful soul,
Attend to the voice from above ;
Time's circles incessantly roll
Thy spirit, from earth, to remove :
Thou now art not far from thy *home*,
The end of the perilous strife ;
The Saviour invites thee to come,
And taste of the River of Life !

2

Despise not the merciful sound,
The feast, the acceptable day !
To-morrow too late may be found,
This moment the summons obey !

The guests are encouraged to meet,
 Free, to all, as the sun and the rain ;
 But those, who excuses repeat,
 Shall knock, and no entrance obtain !

3

Thou hast trifled, O sinner ! too long,
 With objects more precious than mines !
 But the beam of compassion is strong,
 And this moment resplendent it shines !
 Christ calls on the starving around ;
 Unrestricted to bond or to free :
 The condition, eternal, is found ;
 " Help, Lord ! for my hope is in thee ! "

4

To the sceptre of righteousness bow !
 Come ! the banquet is open to-day !
 Ten thousand, as wretched as thou,
 Have not been sent empty away !
 Come ! sinner ! the feast is prepared !
 Partake of the bread and the wine !
 And the oath of a God has declared,
 That forgiveness, through Christ, shall be
 thine !

423. *The Sabbath Morning.*

1

WITH Christ for our friend,
 Come let us ascend,
 And on our Creator, with reverence attend ;
 This one day in seven,
 In mercy was given,
 To detach us from earth, and prepare us for heaven !

2

With trouble and woe,
 We conflict below,
 But felicity waits, in the world where we go !
 No sorrow nor pain
 Shall molest us again,
 When we see and adore, the Lamb that was slain !

3

Our Captain is he
 Who bled on the tree,
 The ransom accepted, for you and for me !
 While thus on our way,
 To the regions of day !
 Our homage let each to the Conqueror pay !

4

This day, ever bless'd !
 This season of rest,
 Let us all give to duties, the choicest and best !
 And find, as time rolls,
 A retreat for our souls,
 Surpass'd only *there* where the vision unfolds !

424.

Pentecost.

1

ON the day of Pentecost,
 Thousands their Lord obey'd ;
 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !
 We now implore thine aid :
 'Thou, O Lord ! all power dost own ;
 Turn to flesh our hearts of stone !'

2

Fetters form'd of triple brass,
 Thy touch dissolved of old ;
 Bring the promised hour to pass !
 Enlarge the Saviour's fold !
 Let each people, tongue, and tribe,
 Glory to the Lamb ascribe !

3

Souls estranged from thee, who spurn
 The Great Immanuel's sway ;
 Thou, like streams, their hearts canst turn,
 And make them truth obey :
 In thine own appointed hour,
 Visit them with grace, and power.

4

Let barbarian, bond, and free,
Before their Maker fall !
Let the loftiest bow to thee,
The Sovereign Lord of all !
Rend their fetters ! break their chain !
In their spirits live, and reign !

5

Thou, who, at thy servants' voice,
(While they for pardon plead,)
Mad'st the multitude rejoice,
From Satan's bondage freed,
Come ! the miracle repeat !
Bring us to the mercy seat !

6

Let some humbler Pentecost
Among us now appear !
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
O, make us see, and hear !
Hear our Lord, inviting, cry !
And behold redemption nigh !

425.

Calvary.

1

TO Calvary I go,
The limits to explore
Of that stupendous woe,
Which Christ, for sinners, bore :
O, ever bless'd !
With thee to reign,
May I attain
The promis'd rest !

2

A thousand snares are spread
To damp my ardent zeal,
But those which most I dread,
Within, alas ! I feel :

To keep my heart,
Till time shall end,
Almighty Friend !
Thy grace impart.

3

Thou Holy One, and just,
Be thou my guard, and guide !
Let me myself distrust,
And in thy strength confide ;
Oft bend my knee
Toward Zion's hill,
Confiding still
In Calvary.

426.

Good Friday.

1

THIS is the morn, of old predicted,
When Christ, himself an offering made !
This is the hour, with love surpassing,
When he the sinner's ransom paid !
Oh, Earth ! the Lord of Glory, see !
Expiring, now, on Calvary !

2

Scenes, which the Saviour's death preceded,
Once more arise ! we view ! we hear !
The garden of Gethsemane ;
The crowd, the swords, the staves, appear !
The bloody sweat ! the pang untold !
The traitor, who his master sold !

3

We hear thee, O Divine Redeemer !
For sinners, with thy Father plead !
We see thy late so faithful followers
Desert thee in thy hour of need !
With not *one* true disciple near,
To soothe thy woe, or wipe thy tear !

4

We see thee at the bar of Pilate !
We, Peter hear, his Lord deny !

And, “Crucify him ! Crucify him !”

Thy scoffing foes infuriate cry !

“Be this man’s blood !” we hear it said,
“On us, and on our children’s head !”

5

Calm as the sheep before her shearer,
We view thee by no threat deterr’d !
We mark thee, smitten ! spit upon !
A murderer to thyself preferr’d !
The scarlet robe we see thee wear !
And that contemptuous, “hail !” we hear !

6

We view thee set at naught of Herod,
And his imperious men of war !
We see thy brow by thorns encircled,
With many a deep, and bleeding scar !
While some rejoice, and others mourn,
To *Calvary* we view thee borne !

7

We see thee on the Cross extended !
Deriders, and revilers, round !
We view the cruel spear that pierced thee !
Thy life’s-blood streaming to the ground !
The nails that fix’d thee to the tree !
The vinegar and gall we see !

8

Amid thy unimagin’d sufferings,
“Father, forgive !” we hear thee cry !
We mark the utterance, “It is finish’d !”
And on that word, for heaven, rely !—
Behold—the porch, the temple, rent !
While darkness clothes the firmament !

9

Here, in this sin-distemper’d region,
Thou trod’st the wine-press all alone ;
But now, from earth to heaven ascended,
Thou interced’st before the throne !
Hell, from his pinnacle, is hurl’d !
And thy reward, a Ransom’d World !

427.

Easter Hymn.

1

THIS is the hour, o'er death triumphant,
When, like a conqueror, Christ arose !
We hail the bright and blissful morning
That, vanquish'd, saw our mighty foes !
We now behold the Living Way
From realms of night, to perfect day !

2

Hell could not check the tide of mercy
That hurried through Immanuel's veins !
Death could not hold the Lord of Glory !
He burst his bonds, and rent his chains !
And scatter'd, as he rose, the gloom
That, cloud-like, brooded o'er the tomb !

3

Oh ! what events, august and fearful,
On that mysterious moment hung !
Dimly perceived by flaming seraph,
And utter'd not by mortal tongue !
That hour heaven's gate was open'd wide,
And man's redemption ratified !

4

Then, with a sudden pang, intenser,
Fear, through yon doleful regions spread ;
While from the throne of the eternal
A clearer, softer, light was shed !
Arch-angels, loud "hosannahs" sing !
While cherubs strike their loftiest string !

5

Till now, *uncertainty*, portentous,
O'er all the *boundless future* spread !
Our brightest moments, choicest blessings,
Just cheer'd us, and, like shadows, fled !
Through every vista, stern of mien,
To mar our pleasure, *Death* was seen !

6

Now, founded on a risen Saviour,
Our views to boundless heights ascend :

Through *him* who paid the sinner's ransom,
 Death, once our foe, is now our friend !
 And o'er the grave, at evening close,
 The star of hope a radiance throws !

7

May we, upon this joyful morning,
 That saw, victorious, Christ arise,
 Prepare, afresh, to meet, rejoicing,
 The Lord of Life, in yonder skies,
 And, with the angels, evermore,
 Worship the Lamb, and God adore !

428. *Death of the Wicked Man.*

1

DEATH comes to all, and now to one,
 Who has his course of folly run,
 And gloried in his sin ;
 See, with what conflict he retires,
 To fan the soul-consuming fires,
 That lawless rage within !

2

What, in this searching hour of pain,
 Would he not freely give, to gain
 The good-man's envied state ?
 In silent agony he weeps ;
 He sow'd the seed which now he reaps,
 From slumber roused too late !

3

Where is the scoff, the laughter loud ?
 Where now the look, self-centred, proud ?
 The boast, defying, where ?
 To dark despondency he sinks ;
 Confusion is the cup he drinks,
 And his retreat, despair !

4

Advancing toward death's unknown shore,
 Alarm'd, he hears the waters roar,
 In new, and harrowing sound ;

No beaten path, no comfort near,
Alone, no voice, no lamp to cheer,
But blackness all around !

5

Where are his bold companions fled ?
Can *they* no light upon him shed ?
So long, his heart, who won ?
They all are broken reeds ! his eye
Rolls round in fearful agony,
With *hell*, on earth, begun !

6

Lord ! ere our final hour draw near,
May we the voice of wisdom hear,
And Christ, supremely prize !
In *health*, may we for *death* prepare,
And seek to dwell for ever there,
Where our best treasure lies !

429. *Death of the Careless Walker.*

1

DEATH comes to all, and now to one
Who oft has slept, and oft has run,
A weak, unequal pace ;
Some enmity he felt to sin,
Some love to better things within,
A loiterer in his race.

2

But standing now on life's dread bound,
With anxious eye he gazes round ;
The heedless hour is o'er !
He shrinks from Jordan, but, alas !
He must the stormy waters pass,
And tread the further shore !

3

He feels, with keen and shuddering pangs,
On what a thread his being hangs,
While bleak the tempest blows !
He needs the prop he cannot find,
The solace sweet, the whisper kind,
The peace that *faith* bestows !

4

What, for assurance would he give
 That he might yet a season live,
 Past follies to despise ; —
 That he might serve his God more true,
 Nor sleep, as he was wont to do,
 Regardless of his prize.

5

Death now appears with fearful glance !
 The sable clouds of doubt advance !
 Hope gives her feeblest rays !
 If ever faith its radiance shed,
 The light was faint, the faith was “dead !”
 And now, the debt he pays !

6

The tree is falling ! Lo ! his breath
 Bespeaks the near approach of death !
 His spirit now is free !
 The world he quits, with sky o’ercast,
 And leaves it doubtful, to the last,
 Where his abode will be !

7

Lord ! send thine influence to our heart !
 May we all act a wiser part,
 Nor e’er thy precepts shun ;
 May we, in Christ, alone delight,
 And, ere to time we close our sight,
 Feel *Heaven*, on earth, begun.

430. *Death of the Good Man.*

1

DEATH comes to all, and now to one
 Who has the *Race of Wisdom* run,
 So soon to walk in white ;
 While others lived to eat, and dream,
 In sailing down time’s rapid stream,
 He kept the *end* in sight.

2

Of sorrow, he has borne his part,
And often felt the burden'd heart,
 And dropt the secret tear ;
But care was lighten'd of its load,
By trusting in a faithful God,
 The Friend, for ever near.

3

Physicians oft, that we might live,
The nauseous draught, unsparing, give,
 Or sweeten to allure ;
And he, submissive, understood,
The Best Physician, wise and good,
 Knew what alone would cure.

4

But now his pains and griefs are o'er,
He, too, draws near to Jordan's shore,
 Yet he the prospect hails ;
Some conflict *Nature* still maintains,
But hope his sinking heart sustains,
 And faith, at last, prevails.

5

The ground he feels is solid ground ;
Trust in his Lord, ere this, he found
 Could lighten sorrow's chain ;
And now he proves, when death is near,
His presence can support and cheer,
 When earthly help is vain.

6

The *things of time*, he finds indeed,
Desert him in his hour of need ;
 The best, an empty name !
Now wealth, and power, and honours bright,
Like shadows, vanish from his sight,
 But Christ is still the same.

7

A servant, *profitless*, is he ;
His only hope is mercy free ;
 The *Cross* is now his stay ;

All other confidence recedes,
He now the Blood of Sprinkling pleads,
And flies to Endless Day !

431. *Morning Aspirations.*

1

THE night's dark shadows disappear,
Once more the dawn is drawing near ;
Let our first thoughts to God arise,
And pay the willing sacrifice.

2

The opening morn which now we see,
May we devote, O Lord ! to thee ;
And, till the evening, like the sun,
Our cheerful round of duties run.

3

Oh ! may the Christian shine this day,
Alike in all we do and say :
From pride preserved, and every snare,
Let meekness be the robe we wear.

4

Till night once more her reign begin,
Protect us, Lord ! from every sin ;
Upon our path thy blessing shed,
And give us still our daily bread.

5

Teach us how fast our moments fly ;
Let our ambition reach the sky !
Why should the world engross our heart,
So soon with all things here to part !

6

Like sands descending through the glass,
Our hours, in quick succession, pass ;
The last will come, and this may be
The threshold of eternity !

7

Yet faith the far-off glance can send ;
Death, to the righteous is a friend

If short the mortal race we run,
The crown will be the sooner won !

8

While these inferior scenes decay,
May prospects of eternal day
Rise fresh, and fairer to our sight,
As morn succeeds the shades of night !

9

Oh ! may we reach at length the shore
Where spirits bless'd, their God adore ;
And join, to Him who once was slain,
The Seraphim's immortal strain !

432.

Beatitude. 1.

"Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

1

ARE there blessings ? are there curses ?
Both there are, and both will be !
Blessed are the poor in spirit,
Those, O Lord ! who worship thee ;
But the foes of the Redeemer,
Shall not God, in glory, see.

2

Pride is restless as the ocean
That in slumber breathes alarm ;
Honours, scrupulous, exacting,
Fancying foes in every form ;
Tumult, his commanding passion,
And his element, the storm !

3

Blessed are the poor in spirit ;
Their commotions long have ceas'd ;
Striving not to be the *greatest* ;
Satisfied to be the *least*.
Through the sovereign balm, contentment,
Theirs is a continual feast.

4

What in *them* should wake the tempest ?

Though the world, inconstant, frown,
Safe, beyond these scenes of turmoil,

They behold a radiant crown !
Taught by wisdom, little heeding
Earth's possessions or renown.

5

Father ! ever good and bounteous,

On my heart, unceasing, shine !

Blessed are the poor in spirit,
May that blessing, Lord ! be mine !

May I, in the darkest season,

On thy word, in hope, recline !

433.

Beatitude. 2.

“ Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”

1

FEARS, perplexities, and mourning,
Often we are call'd to know,
In our rough and stormy passage
Through this world of sin and woe ;
But, the joys that wait the faithful,
Will a recompense bestow.

2

Christ, the hope of man, hath promised
To the captive, friendless, bound,
His effectual consolations,
If, in ways of wisdom, found,
With redemption, everlasting,
Where the saints, the Lamb surround.

3

In that world of light and glory,
We on angels' fare shall feed,
Where our pleasures, ever flowing,
From the fount of God proceed :
Joys, substantial and increasing,
Which *reverse* shall not succeed !

4

Let, no longer, Zion's Travellers
 Hang the head, and heave the sigh,
 Earth is theirs, and theirs is heaven !
 Prospects vast before them lie
 In reversion, stretching forward
 To the throne of God, on high !

434.

Beatitude. 3.

“Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.”

1

THE warrior twines his envied garlands ;
 The conqueror proudly waves his bays ;
 Are these their honours *amaranthine*,
 That *Haste* suspends his march, to gaze ;
 And crowds around, through air extending,
 The shout of gratulation raise ?

2

Alas ! the crowns so hardly fought for,
 Are withered by the evening sun !
 And those who wear them, like their laurels,
 Have oft their race of glory run !
 Then, what avail the loudest plaudits,
 If they no higher prize have won !

3

The *Meek* are blessed ! They inherit
 The choicest favours earth can give ;
 A *peaceful mind*, the hope inspiring,
 In heaven, for ever, soon to live !
 This is their verdant wreath, unfading,
 And this their high prerogative !

4

O, may the meek and gentle spirit
 Which God approves, be our delight ;
 May we prepare our eagle pinion
 To enter on our heaven-ward flight,
 And bid adieu, like captives ransomed,
 To bondage, and these realms of night.

435.

Beatitude. 4.

“ Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.”

1

ALL men for different objects hunger ;
 Some, for the shadowy things below,
 Which fade and perish with the using ;
 Nor will they earthly joys forego,
 To muse on heaven, to walk with God,
 And in his grace and favour grow !

2

Diversified as form and feature,
 All men for different objects thirst ;
 Few, for the things entailing blessings,
 But most, for those pronounced accurst !
 Desiring not Jehovah’s smile,
 The Mighty Being, best, and first !

3

Those who are roused from Nature’s darkness,
 In truth and righteousness delight :
 With choice, that none have yet repented,
 They seek the country, “ out of sight ; ”
 And fix their vision, and their hopes
 On God, and goodness infinite.

4

Eternal Father ! Source of Blessings !
 Give us the wisdom from above !
 The spirit, tuned to heaven’s high harpings,
 The heart endued with sacred love ;
 Then, in the way, and when thou wilt,
 Our ripened souls from earth remove !

5

Death wears no terrors to the faithful ;
 They saw their Lord depart before,
 And, with a fix’d and full assurance,
 Shrink not dismay’d from Jordan’s shore :
 With nobler aims, they idolize
 The vanities of time no more.

G g

436.

Beatitude. 5.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy."

1

WHAT so lovely as compassion,
In a world of pain and woe?
Where the wants of feeble creatures
Meet our eyes, wheresoever we go?
Those, of God and man, are blessed,
Who the healing balm bestow.

2

Mercy is an angel's feature,
First derived from worlds on high!
Mercy is the link that binds us
To the Father of the sky!
For this rich, this heavenly blessing,
Lo! we lift th' imploring eye!

3

Great, O Lord! is thy forbearance,
And *thy* mercies, who can tell?
Through transgression, when our father
From his state primeval fell,
Thou didst pity, thou didst pardon,
And redeem from death and hell.

4

In our season of desertion,
When no other help was found,
Thou didst send thy well-beloved,
To unloose the captive bound,
That, to *penitents*, "salvation!"
Might through earth and heaven resound.

5

Here was *mercy*, everlasting,
Worthy of a God to show!
Here was love, in fulness flowing
From its source, to man below!
Still, let mercy, still compassion,
Plants of heaven, within us grow.

6

Full of blessings, God hath promis'd,
 (For our joy till time shall end,)
 He who mercy shews, shall find it,
 Through our Advocate and Friend,
 In the solemn hour advancing,
 When to judgment we ascend.

437.

Beatitude. 6.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

1

BARREN are our hearts, by nature,
 Cold as ice, and hard as stone !
 Sin we hate not, Satan dread not,
 God, we neither love, nor own :
 We desire not heaven's inspection,
 But would rule and live alone.

2

Holy Father ! by thy Spirit,
 Raise our natures, make them pure !
 May we seek thy strength to aid us,
 Riches true, that will endure !
 Let an evil world no longer,
 With its snares, our hearts allure.

3

May we, ever, Lord ! remember
 Blessed are the pure in heart !
 Such shall see thy face, rejoicing,
 And with angels share a part :
 From thy presence, source of blessings !
 They shall never more depart !

4

Shall we barter hopes immortal ?
 Shall we let our birth-right go ?
 O, our Father ! full of mercy,
 To escape the world of woe,
 Sovereign pardon, grace effectual,
 For the sake of Christ bestow !

438.

Beatitude. 7.

“Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the children of God.”

1

THE world, since Adam fell, is stormy,
A “moral darkness” reigns around :
Injustice *here* provokes contention,
And *there* the shouts of warfare sound !
Fierce commotion ! desolation !
Stretch’d to earth’s remotest bound.

2

Some, who strive to stem the torrent,
Concord prizes, forward stand :
With the meek and quiet spirit,
These proclaim their Lord’s command,
“Peace pursuing, love each other
In the great fraternal band !”

3

If they mark a brother wrathful,
(Wrath ascending from beneath !)
They dissension’s fire augment not,
They the soothing whisper breathe ;
Ever aiming, as befits them,
Discord’s two-edg’d sword to sheathe !

4

If the world be toss’d with tumult,
Sons of Peace, in peace delight :
They, for wrongs, return no evil,
But, for evil, good requite :
In their heaven-illumin’d spirits,
There is *joy*, and there is *light* !

5

Such are children of the highest,
To their Father ever dear ;
They shall reach the blissful regions
Where contentions disappear ;
And, for ever, (full fruition !)
Banish’d are the sigh and tear.

439.

Beatitude. 8.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

1

MOURNING for our fallen nature,
Hear the great Redeemer bless
Those who injuries meekly suffer
For the cause of righteousness !
If reviled, and though in fetters,
May we ever God confess !

2

Lo ! the demon, Persecution !
Lights his torch, and rears his stake,
Dragging, from his quiet dwelling,
One, his cruel rage to slake !
Pitiless, his prey consuming !
For the Best of Being's sake !

3

See ! the father, on his offspring,
Fixing steadfastly his eyes !
See ! the children, wild and weeping !
See ! the wife, in frantic guise !
Heaven imploring ! unavailing !
See ! the *flames*, at length, arise !

4

Whence these horrors ? Does a murderer
Heaven's avenging hand confess ?
He is but a patient sufferer
For the cause of righteousness !
And, expiring, like his Saviour,
His inhuman foes can bless !

5

What can shame and anguish stifle,
But the martyr's feeling true ?
What repress the force of Nature ?
What the dread of death subdue ?
But the vision, beatific !
Heaven unfolding to his view !

6

Look beyond the hour of torture !
 See, his crown, the martyr wear !
 Envy not the proud oppressor !
 Though he *now* may laugh at fear,
 Darkness gathers ! brief the triumph !
 His reward is drawing near !

440.

Beatitude. 9.

"Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, &c."

1

A RE there blessings still recorded,
 To inspire us on our way ?
 Crowns unwithering, glorious mansions,
 Regions of immortal day,
 To receive us, everlasting !
 When these heavens have passed away ?

2

He, who rescued man from ruin,
 Hath a blessing left behind,
 On *their* heads, who bear revilings,
 Evil thoughts, and words unkind,
 For adherence, meek, but steadfast,
 To the Saviour of mankind.

3

View not, as a bitter portion,
 Burdens, you are called to bear !
 Soon the ills, that now afflict you,
 Less than nothing will appear,
 When you enter, heirs of glory !
 On the one eternal year !

4

Be exceeding glad and joyful ;
 These are signs of future good !
 Crowns, that fade not, wait the righteous,
 (Through the Saviour's precious blood ;)
 To possess your weight of glory,
 Fearless, enter Jordan's flood !

5

Keener pangs than you have suffered,
 Righteous men endured of old !
 Prophets, servants of the Highest,
 Many a tale of sorrow told !
 Short the conflict ! now, for ever,
 They, the face of God behold !

6

For your momentary anguish,
 Ages of delight await ;
 When you pass, with all the ransomed,
 (Led by angels,) Zion's gate !
 Former sorrows, once so grievous,
 Will but swell your happier state.

7

Raise the head that now is drooping !
 With such prospects, bright, before,
 An inheritance of glory !
 Why upon the *present* pore ?
 Through Messiah, on the morrow,
 You shall ever God adore !

441. “Your Redemption draweth nigh.”

Luke xxi. 28.

I

ENCOMPASS'D by a world of sin,
 Grief must prevail, and trouble reign,
 And our deliverance will begin,
 As we are freed from Satan's chain :
 Those, who the Lord their refuge make,
 Behind, a voice directing, hear ;
 They have a hope, which naught can shake,
 For their redemption draweth near !

2

When every heart endures dismay,
 And sorrow leads to deeper cares ;
 When Hope resigns her colours gay,
 And earth a wintry aspect wears :

Light, to believers, sudden springs,
 Faith makes their prospects calm and clear ;
 They can rejoice, like ransomed kings,
 For their redemption draweth near.

3

If riches act the treacherous part,
 Or friends, in hour extreme, forsake ;
 If, on some darling of our heart,
 The canker-worm should havoc make :
 While others, toss'd and comfortless,
 'Gainst heaven, the hand rebellious rear ;
 Christians, composed in their distress,
 Behold redemption drawing near !

4

And when they view their final foe ;
 (Victor in every age and clime !)
 When sickness, by advances slow,
 Conducts them to the verge of time ;
 Their souls, with prospects bright, expand ;
 Through him, to contrite sinners dear,
 They know, while angels round them stand,
 That their redemption draweth near !

442.

Our Saviour and King.

1

IF food we possess,
 Our God we would bless,
 The good to his bounty we owe ;
 Do we raiment command ?
 'Tis his merciful hand
 That our cup makes with blessings o'erflow.

2

Yet a little, and we
 From our wants shall be free ;
 We haste to the regions of light ;
 With views so sublime,
 Our moment of time,
 Let us spend with salvation in sight.

3

In the world where we haste,
 Better food we shall taste
 'Than earth's banquets, that sicken and cloy ;
 Better robes we shall wear,
 Sweeter smiles we shall share,
 When we enter the regions of joy !

4

Our voice we shall raise
 To Immanuel's praise,
 While ascriptions triumphant we sing :
 The day hastens fast,
 When our crowns we shall cast
 At the feet of our Saviour and King !

443. “*There remaineth therefore a Rest.*”

Heb. iv. 9.

1

O THOU afflicted mind,
 Toss'd, wave-like, to and fro ;
 There is a Rest behind,
 The end of all thy woe :
 Hope still in God !
 Keep on thy way,
 Thou'rt on the road
 To endless day !

2

Thou must thy burden bear !
 At heavenly joys still aim !
 This is a world of care ;
 Thy fathers found the same !
 But there is rest
 When time is o'er,
 Among the bless'd
 For evermore !

3

On Christ, thy life, depend,
 From Satan's bondage freed ;
 Look to the Sinner's Friend
 For all thy soul can need.

On Jesus trust !
 His fulness see !
 And with the just
 Thou soon shalt be !

444. *Consolations under Persecution.*

1

THOUGH foes condemn, or friends revile,
 We will not heed, if Jesus smile ;
 If, for our Lord, we suffer loss,
 It is our *Crown* ! It is our *Cross* !

2

If we so dread the “*strife of tongues*,”
 How had we felt the martyrs’ *wrongs* !
 If *words* such anguish can awake,
 How had we borne the martyrs’ *stake* !

3

We need not fear the *outward* storm,
 If all within be calm and warm :
 When we, resign’d, on Jesus rest,
 Faith throws her sunshine o’er our breast.

4

In hour, however dark and drear,
 His favour can support and cheer !
 Nor should our souls of aught complain,
 If the sweet hope of heaven remain !

5

The God we serve, the Infinite !
 Has ends to answer, — *out of sight* !
 The very path which *so distrest*,
 May be the path which suits *us* best !

6

To bring our virtues into view,
 Faith to confirm, or pride subdue ;
 To wean us from the world we love,
 And fix our hearts on things above !

7

In that bless’d book which is our guide,
 (Our solace ’mid this desert wide,)

There is enough *their* joy to wake,
Who wrongs endure *for conscience' sake* !

8

There, promises conspicuous shine,
(On which the sorrowing may recline,)
That *they*, for Christ, who suffer *here*,
Shall in his courts at length appear.

9

No one, till time itself shall end,
Who hath forsaken home, or friend,
Houses, or children, or the ease
Which doth luxurious nature please ;

10

None shall *these* gifts, for Christ, forego,
Who shall not find, e'en here below,
Pleasures, that more than compensate !
And, Oh ! what crowns unfading wait !

11

Shall *we* deplore earth's shadows vain,
So soon, with Christ, to live and reign ?
This hope and object, be our care,
And all beside is light as air.

445. “The Judge standeth before the door.”

James v. 9.

1

SOON in peace shall we repose !
Fast to the dust we tend !
Time is hastening to a close,
When all our cares will end !
Soon, the Judge will call us hence,
Search our reins, and try our heart !
We must soon be station'd whence
We shall not more depart !

2

Let us for that hour prepare,
And count earth's smiles but dross ;
Let us, like disciples, bear,
Gladly our shame and cross !

Then, the angel-sons of light,
 (With a few more sighs and pains,)
 Will conduct us to his sight,
 Where joy for ever reigns !

3

Sinner ! view the proffer'd crown !
 Thy dread account is near !
 Oh ! if God at last should frown,
 Where then wilt thou appear !
 Though the Judge be at the door,
 There is hope, for there is grace !
 While thy folly thou deplore,
 Make Christ thy hiding-place !

446. “*Rejoice in the Lord alway.*” Phil. iv. 4.

1

COME, let us rejoice
 In our covenant head ;
 We are, by his voice,
 Through the wilderness led.
 Though we combat with sorrow,
 And troubles increase,
 We look for the morrow,
 When all shall be peace.

2

When assaulted with *pain*,
 Must gladness prevail ?
 When we *losses* sustain,
 Must reliance not fail ?
 Indulge, we must *never*,
 The murmuring voice !
 Not *often*, but *ever*,
 Our hearts must rejoice !

3

Our Father, on high,
 Whom Seraphim praise,
 Our wants will supply
 To the end of our days :

And then, O what pleasure
 Lies boundless before !
 We shall joy, without measure,
 Possess evermore !

447. *The Hour of Visitation.*

1

SHALL we, for the forms that perish,
 Hope indulge, and toil endure,
 And no ardent longings cherish,
 For the world of pleasure pure ?
 Shall we with our Maker trifle,
 And endanger endless day ?
 Those, who their convictions stifle,
 Wander from the narrow way.

2

God, the Father of our spirit,
 Oft, in still small voice, we hear !
 If we would not woe inherit,
 Let us tremble ! let us fear !
 In our *hour of visitation*,
 Let us make our calling sure !
 May we seek the great salvation,
 And, by faith, our crown secure !

448. *Look to Jesus.*

1

THOU, O Lord ! dost not disdain us,
 When to thee, our spirits tend ;
 And thy arm will still sustain us,
 Till we reach our journey's end :
 Thou hast freed our souls from bondage ;
 Faith commands, and we obey ;
 Only let us *look to Jesus*,
 And our fetters fall away.

H h

2

Not deferring till the morrow,
 Jesus ! may we look to thee !
 Look in gladness, look in sorrow,
 And our full redemption see !
 With our souls to God confided,
 How shall we our joy express
 That a refuge is provided
 For the children of distress !

3

What surpassing consolation !
 Death and hell have lost their sting !
 Let us pass our brief probation,
 Looking to our Heavenly King !
 May thy blood be our ablution,
 While we live, a fountain free !
 And, before us, — dissolution,
 Jesus ! may we look to thee !

449.

Christ the Sinner's trust.

1

SINNER ! although thy crimes are great,
 Though all but hopeless is thy state,
 And heaven has bent his bow ;
 There is a Balm in Gilead still,
 Implore, that God would change thy will,
 And a new heart bestow.

2

If thou in evil paths hast trod,
 And madly wander'd far from God,
 Near to perdition's flood ;
 To Christ, the spotless Lamb, return !
 He never will the vilest spurn,
 Who pleads his pardoning blood.

3

When earthly comforts fade and die,
 To him, the Friend of Sinners, fly,
 That Holy One, and just !

Expend for him thy latest breath !
 In sickness, sorrow, and in death,
 Make Christ thy only trust !

450.

Reliance on God.

1

LORD ! to thee our eyes we turn,
 Thou wilt not the suppliant spurn ;
 Visit us, we humbly pray,
 With thy blessing, day by day.

2

If, in ambush, danger lies,
 Or temptations should surprise,
 Screen our heads, and succour yield
 With thy providential shield !

3

If some sudden ill should throw
 O'er our hopes the veil of woe,
 Calmly may our hearts depend
 On our everlasting Friend.

4

Should we suffer grief, or pain,
 Still let faith our souls sustain :
 He, in whom are all our springs,
 Guides, and governs human things.

5

Should some sickness, some disease
 Leagued with death, upon us seize ;
 (In the thoughtless hour serene,
 Such is working oft unseen !)

6

Let us, with the peaceful eye,
 View our home in yonder sky ;
 With our Saviour, ever bless'd !
 Where the weary are at rest !

451.

Life, a Race.

1

THE life of man, on earth,
 Is one *continuous* race ;
 Our footsteps, from our birth,
 No efforts may *retrace* :
 Whether our crown be lost or won,
 Noble, or mean, we *forward* run !

2

Now *Honour's* voice inspires,
 So little understood !
 But this, at length, retires
 Before some greater good !
 Successive objects we pursue,
 Restless, in search of idols new !

3

Now *Riches* charm our eyes,
 Whose pearls before us dance ;
 To gain each glittering prize,
 Impatient, we advance :
 Oh, that we might *such* toils endure,
 To make our *heaven*, our *calling*, sure !

4

Now *Pleasure* is our goal,
 And, to the point, we press ;
 But man commands a soul,
 And he that soul must dress
 In heaven's immaculate array,
 Through faith in Christ, the Living Way.

5

All these our grasp elude,
 Yet, while such zeal we show,
 We are, *ourselves*, pursued
 By a relentless foe :
 Behind us, *Death* still hurries fast !
 And he will overtake, at last !

6

Our Father ! make us wise !
 Teach us the truest gain !

May we the world despise,
 Its pomp, its pageants, vain !
 Our great ambition, may it be,
 To follow Christ, and honour thee !

7

If we in wealth delight,
 What riches may compare
 With those in regions bright,
 Where happy spirits are ?
 With treasures in that world of joy,
 Which moth and rust can not destroy !

8

And if our last dread foe
 The victory must obtain,
 What transport, him, to know,
 Vanquish'd, and spoil'd, and slain :
 To see our captain still precede,
 On earth, to fight ; in heaven, to plead !

9

To God and glory bound,
 Below, heaven's joys begin ;
 If faithful we are found,
 We all the race shall win,
 And, standing round the mercy seat,
 Prostrate our crowns at Jesus' feet.

452.

Ingratitude.

1

IF we an ingrate e'er have known,
 Who ill requites the favour shown,
 We all, with one consent, reveal
 The anger which the generous feel !

2

Lord ! deeper crimes than these we see
 In our ingratitude to thee !
 We daily live upon thine aid,
 Yet, how have we the debt repaid !

3

In all our comforts *thee* we view ;
 Each hour we trace some blessing new ;
 From infancy, to riper years,
 Thy providential care appears !

4

While many want a home, or friend,
 And with unnumber'd ills contend ;
 Some a *frail tenement* sustain,
 Opprest with woe, or rack'd with pain ;

5

A brighter sun has on us shone ;
 Our trials, scarce arrived, were gone ;
 And, for a world so thorny found,
 Our days have been with goodness crown'd !

6

[The hardest lot, whate'er arise,
 In gratitude, should banish sighs !
 And the complaints we loudest raise,
 Still terminate in prayer, and praise.

7

O, that the men, who cares endure,
 Would think, *what balm remains to cure !*
 And, drop one passing tear, for those
 Afflicted with *acuter woes !*]

8

Lord ! fill our hearts with thankfulness ;
 Let praise be *more*, complaint be *less* !
 May we thy countless gifts recall,
 And bless the hand that dealt them all.

453.

Mercy,

1

LORD ! for help we come to thee,
 Set us, from our fetters, free !
 Purify our inward part ;
 Take possession of our heart !
 Make us for our folly grieve,
 And, at death, our souls receive !

2

For these various gifts, so vast !
 At thy feet, ourselves we cast,
 And, with deep contrition, plead
 Christ, in this our hour of need !
 Let thy mercy, Lord ! awake
 For thy Son, our Saviour's sake !

3

While the tears bedew our eye,
 Mercy ! mercy ! Lord, we cry !
 When approaching Jordan's shore,
 We, forgiveness, must implore ;
 And, to mercy, trust alone,
 Standing round the judgment throne !

454. *The Heavenly Prize.***1**

OFT we talk of hallow'd things,
 Do we God indeed adore ?
 We confess the King of Kings,
 Oh ! to feel his presence more !

2

When we venture near thy throne,
 And before thee bow the knee,
 'Tis the heart, O Lord ! alone,
 That acceptance finds with thee.

3

All alike thy pardon need ;
 Prone from infancy to stray ;
 For this pardon, Lord ! we plead ;
 Turn us empty not away !

4

Raise us from our sluggish frames
 To pursue afresh our race !
 Animate our hopes and aims
 By thy soul-reviving grace !

5

May we with each idol part
 That our progress would arrest !

May the Saviour warm our heart,
And his love inspire our breast !

6

Our probation soon will end !
As our days on earth decline,
O, our Advocate and Friend,
In us rule, and on us shine !

7

We have souls that must survive
Yonder flame-devoted skies !
May we agonize and strive
To secure our heavenly prize !

455. *Blessings sought of God.*

1

LO ! before thy throne we bow,
Bless us, Lord, and bless us *now* ;
From corruption's bondage free,
May our spirits cleave to thee !
Give not honour, give not gold,
If thy blessing thou withhold !

2

Grant us, Lord, we humbly plead,
Whatsoe'er we *truly* need ;
Give us, with our daily bread,
Faith to trust what thou hast said :
Cheer us, guide us, bless and keep,
When we wake, and when we sleep.

3

Bless us with the soul sincere,
Christ to love, and thee to fear ;
Let our charities extend
To the world's remotest end ;
And in men, of every hue,
May we friends, and brethren, view !

4

Bless us, from thy holy hill,
With a reverence for thy will ;

Bless us in our house and home,
 Grant us safety when we roam,
 Grace returning with the day,
 Tongues to praise, and hearts to pray !

5

Give us patience ; make us wise ;
 Bless us in the souls we prize ;
 Make us blessings ; may we be
 Own'd of Christ, and bless'd of thee !
 Ever, like the glorious sun,
 Shining in the race we run !

6

Higher blessings we implore ;
 When our mortal strife is o'er,
 Send thy angel convoy bright
 To conduct us to thy sight !
 Bless us in the world above
 With thine everlasting love !

456. “*Boast not thyself of to-morrow.*”

Prov. xxvii. 1.

TO-MORROW ! ¹’tis a fearful coast,
 In midnight wrapt, like heaven’s decree !
 To-morrow ! who shall dare to boast
 Of that which he may never see !

2

“*Change !*” is the short, but solemn line,
 Stamp’d, legible, on all below !
 Our lives are shadows that decline,
 And earth is vanity and woe !

3

The sentence, ere the rising sun,
 May summon us to worlds unknown !
 The present moments, one by one,
 Darkness beyond ! are ours alone.

4

Lord ! with eternity at hand,
 (Upon the verge of heaven, or hell !)

Shall we, thy threatenings dread, withstand,
And, far from thee, contented dwell ?

5

Grant us thy strength, to burst each chain
That would our hearts, enslave, surprise ;
Nor longer let our souls disdain
The *call* that warns us to be wise.

6

Our souls are of ethereal birth !
The track of heaven before us shines !
Time is a gem of priceless worth,
And every moment rich as mines !

7

Like midnight visions, come and gone,
Our *morrows* soon away will flee ;
Save one, a morrow hastening on,
A morrow we shall never see !

457. *Prospect of Heaven.*

1

DESPONDING soul ! no more complain,
Thou, with thy Lord, shalt live and reign,
And now the hour is nigh ;
A few more troubles, toils, and cares,
And thou, the joy that seraph shares,
Shalt taste in yonder sky.

2

Thought hath not reach'd, nor heart conceived,
E'en *faith* herself hath scarce believed,
The bliss, prepared, above,
For those who live like strangers here ;
True servants, who Jehovah fear,
And Christ obey, and love.

3

Beyond the withering scenes of time,
There is a heritage sublime,
To which the just aspire ;

Which will survive that dreadful day,
When all things here shall pass away,
Wrapp'd in devouring fire.

4

Then the new world its head shall rear,
(Which solaced many a pilgrim here,)
When Satan's power shall fall ;
When righteousness, the reign of grace !
Shall fill th' immeasurable space,
And God be all in all !

5

Freely redeem'd from death and hell,
May we that grand assemblage swell,
Whose chorus, loud and long,
(While worshipping the great "I Am,)"
Ascribes salvation to the Lamb,
The theme of every song.

458.

Return to God.

1

LED by every vagrant star,
We have wander'd long and far ;
Joys unstable, shadows vain,
We have sought, and call'd them gain ;
Vanities, that foolish were,
Have, too often, been our snare ;
We, our hearts, to these have given,
Not to God, and Christ, and Heaven,

2

To thy rest my soul return ;
All thy gilded idols spurn :
These are trifles light as air !
What can with thy *soul* compare !
What compensate for thy loss,
If thou sell thy gold for dross !—
Things of earth, that fade and die,
For the joys above the sky !

3

Raise to heaven thy heart and voice !
 Halt no longer in thy choice !
 In thy Lord all fulness see !
 Fly, O fly, to Calvary !
 Make the Lamb of God thy Friend ;
 Trust him, serve him, to the end ;
 Then, when time has past away,
 Thou shalt live in endless day.

459.

The Complaining Christian.

1

DID I not hear thee, mourner ! say,
 “ My sorrows lengthen with the day !
 “ The meanest form that passes by,
 “ Feels more of happiness than I ?”

2

Check this unhallow'd spirit vain !
 Pause, ere thy tongue again complain !
 The eye, that drops th' incessant tear,
 Forgets the heavenly mansion near.

3

Dost thou not trust, when life is o'er,
 To join the host who God adore ?
 I hear thee cry, by joy opprest,
 “ *That* hope alone inspires my breast.”

4

Would'st thou thy faith in heaven resign,
 In state to rule ; in courts to shine ?
 “ Ah, no !” thy shuddering heart replies,
 “ My portion lies in yonder skies.”

5

Would'st thou on earth *for ever dwell*,
 If boundless wealth thy hoards might swell ?
 “ Ah, no !” thou say'st, “ I spurn the clod !
 “ My life is hid with Christ in God !”

6

What ! with such heritage on high,
Dost thou indulge the murmuring sigh ?
Thus rich in faith, canst thou complain
Of losses, griefs, bereavements, pain ?

7

With joys so pure, with hopes so bright,
Canst thou retire to gloom and night,
And pass life's momentary span,
Complaining of the lot of man ?

8

Thou hast a treasure far too high
For crowns to barter, kings to buy !
And canst thou breathe thy discontent
At trials by thy Father sent ?

9

If, by the tempter still betray'd,
Think what thy bleeding Saviour paid
To build those mansions in the sky
Prepared for all, in Christ who die !

10

Look, vain complainer ! look and see
Thousands, less happy, envying thee !
Behold, while thou, on self dost pore,
The crowds around, afflicted more.

11

Be, to thyself, thy prospects true !
The great, the proud, in pity view !
They have no wealth which will endure !
Thou art the rich, while they are poor !

460.

Christ our Confidence.

I

JESUS ! O thou Friend of Sinners !
Smile upon us ! give us grace !
We (the eldest,) are beginners
In the Christian's arduous race :

We depend on thy compassion,
 While, as strangers, here we roam ;
 Perfect, Lord ! thy great salvation,
 Ere thou call our spirits home.

2

From our thousand foes deliver ;
 Rouse the languid ! warm the cold !
 Never may we wander, never,
 From our heavenly Father's fold !
 Art thou not the fount of blessing
 Here, as in the world above ?
 Pour upon us, without ceasing,
 All the treasures of thy love !

3

Let us not be faint and weary
 If thy sun delay to rise ;
 Though our mortal path be dreary,
 'Tis the passage to the skies !
 This the season is for sowing ;
 Harvest time will soon appear ;
 Pleasure, like a river, flowing,
 Full fruition ! now is near !

4

Lord ! we yield to thy dominion,
 Under sin no longer sold ;
 Borne on faith's triumphant pinion,
 May we hidden things behold :—
 Dwell upon the wondrous story,
 Of the Lamb that once was slain ;
 And, at length, with saints in glory,
 Sing his praise, and with him reign !

461.

*"I have called thee."*1 Samuel, xxviii. 15.

1

WHEN sinners, heedless, we behold,
 To folly bound, to Satan sold,
 Running the downward way ;

Those, better taught, with prayer and praise,
Hosannahs to their Lord should raise,
That they, his voice obey.

2

We once the paths of folly trod,
But, looking to the Lamb of God,
Joy, peace, and pardon came :
We tremble at Jehovah's foe,
While gratitude to God we owe
That we are not the same !

3

An evil nature we possess ;
The seeds of all unrighteousness
Reign, half subdued, within ;
And that resistless might alone,
Which changed, at first, our hearts of stone,
Restrains the power of sin.

4

The Lord, from slumber bade us rise ;
He truth presented to our eyes ;
Endued us with his grace ;
And he, who hath such wonders wrought,
At length, will give us, rapturous thought !
At his right hand, a place !

462.

The Cross.

1

WAS it, upon that awful morning,
Our state eternal was secured !
Was it, to save our souls from ruin,
The Son of God the Cross endured !
Did he, for rebels, downward fly,
And stoop, for us, to bleed and die !

2

Lest rocks and mountains rise against us,
Let each repeat, with bended knee,
What shall I render to my Saviour !
For all the pangs he bore for me !

For that spontaneous pity, great,
Which sought me in my low estate !

3

Through all our days, Eternal Father !
Give us thy grace to live to thee !
May we, in Christ, our hope of glory !
All power behold ! all fulness see !
Upon the Cross alone rely
For heaven and immortality !

463.

First Commandment.

"Thou shalt have none other Gods but me."

1

MULTIPLIED are human idols !
Satan's temples spread around !
But before no form, or creature,
Must our voice, imploring, sound ;
We must worship
God alone, the great profound !

2

On his will, we hang for being ;
Through his power, each breath we draw ;
All that *is* would instant vanish
Should he his support withdraw !
On Jehovah,
We must think with solemn awe !

3

He, the everlasting mountains,
With a word, from nothing brought !
He, the countless stars of heaven,
In the silence of his thought !
Reverential !
May we fear him as we ought !

4

He, our souls, at first *created* ;
Clouds that float, and suns that glow !

He, the depths of mighty ocean ;
 He, the beauteous flowers that blow !
 Wood and fountain,
 Things above, and things below !

5

May we yield him adoration,
 When we rise, and ere we sleep !
 May we, in our inmost spirits,
 His commands delight to keep !
 Soon, in glory,
 The rewards of grace to reap !

464. *Second Commandment.*

“Thou shalt not make to thyself any Graven Image,” &c.

1

TO nothing in the heavens above us,
 Nothing on the earth beneath,
 Must we, of our God forgetful,
Prayer, in faintest whisper, breathe,
 Or, Jehovah
 Will his glittering sword unsheathe !

2

Prone we are to seek a refuge
 In the forms that fade and rust ;
 Prone we are, with hearts deceitful,
 In an arm of flesh to trust ;
 Not confiding
 In th’ Omnipotent and Just !

3

No work of man, no graven image,
 Hallow’d in our sight must be !
 Things of heaven, and earth, and water,
 At Jehovah’s presence flee !
 To the Highest
 We alone must bend the knee !

4

We, ere this, have bow’d to creatures,
 Though no image, wood or stone ;

We have fix'd our best affections
 Upon idols of our own !
 From this moment
 May we worship God alone !

5

Near may be commission'd angels,
 To conduct our souls away !
 Let us, on our high probation,
 Keep in view that solemn day !
 And, each idol
 In our hearts, relentless, slay !

465. *Third Commandment.*

"Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain," &c.

1

HIM, who rides upon heaven's circle,
 Whirlwinds his mysterious car ;
 Him, whose utterance is the thunder,
 And whose arrows lightnings are ;
 Him, we worship,
 Witness'd in his works afar !

2

Sun, and moon, and stars, unnumber'd,
 The eternal God proclaim !
 He sustains the wheels of nature,
 Through her universal frame !
 Ever tremble
 At Jehovah's awful *name* !

3

Fast the moment is advancing,
 When we all shall stand and hear,
 Rich and poor, the final sentence !
 Then the stoutest heart will fear !
 And the righteous
 With arch-angels bright appear !

4

Is it an inferior blessing
 To behold in God a friend ?
 Him, whose frown throws night before it !
 And whose smiles the sun transcend !
 On whose favour
 We for every breath depend ?

5

Daring mortal ! learn to tremble
 At the *name* of God, Most High !
 Lest he in his anger smite thee,
 And thy soul and body die !
 Ever banish'd
 From the mansions in the sky !

466. *Fourth Commandment.*

"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy," &c.

1

GOD, in mercy to his creatures
 Hath a day of rest bestow'd !
 Life, to some new state of being,
 Is the rough and thorny road !
 We are hastening
 To a strange and last abode !

2

Many cares, and painful duties,
 Through our week-day hours prevail ;
 With eternity before us,
 Let us bid the sabbath, hail !
 Sacred moments !
 Time is short ! and life is frail !

3

All our days are fix'd and number'd,
 And for weighty ends were given !
 May we evermore remember
 To keep holy *one* in seven !
 Fly from evil,
 And prepare for death and heaven !

4

While, by unseen foes surrounded,
 We deceitful hearts possess,
 On this day, by God appointed,
 May we all our sins confess,
 And the Saviour,
 Make our strength, and righteousness.

5

May we join our feeble praises
 In th' assembly God hath bless'd ;
 And begin delightful foretastes
 Of the joys in heaven possest.
 Blissful region !
 Sabbath of eternal rest !

467.

Fifth Commandment.

" Honour thy Father and thy Mother," &c.

1

IF gratitude, the debt of justice,
 Be due to those who favours show ;
 What shall we render to our parents,
 To whom ten thousand gifts we owe !
 Children themselves,
 The full amount can never know.

2

Do we desire to please our Maker,
 And hope on earth to sojourn long ?
 God hath commanded us to honour
 Our parents, with affection strong,
 Next after God,
 To whom our highest thanks belong.

3

If children dread self-accusation,
 When, 'neath the turf, their parents lie ;
 Let them, while yet they may, unceasing,
 In duty and affection vie !
 Or death may soon
 Provision for remorse supply !

4

And, Oh ! let parents love their children,
 Their *body* much, but more their *soul* ;
 Let them, as well becomes immortals,
 Foster the *good*, the *bad* control,
 And, names so dear,
 Strive in heaven's record to enrol !

5

Let them a *deeper* feeling cherish
 To fit them for an endless state,
 Than to exalt, with anxious purpose,
 Their rank amid the rich and great !
 Oft, slippery paths,
 Seen, in true colours, when too late !

6

Then, when this shadowy world is over,
 They all shall meet to part no more,
 Safe in those realms, where weary pilgrims,
 (Those passing now, or gone before,)
 Shall, victory ! shout,
 And, with the ransom'd, God adore.

468.

Sixth Commandment.

"Thou shalt do no murder."

1

IS it required to give the mandate
 At which demoniacs might turn pale !
 To charge a mortal, "Do no murder!"
 Oh, fallen nature ! worse than frail !
 How might *we* sink
 Should our internal foes prevail !

2

One murderer, on the verge of Eden,
 With brother's blood the green sward stain'd!
 The lifted hand ! the tie fraternal !
 The pleading voice, his heart disdain'd !
 Dread penalty !
 Jehovah's vengeance Cain sustained.

3

There oft exists the murderous spirit,
 Where never purple tide doth flow !
 Revengeful thought, the imprecation,
 The wish that *harm* our foes might know,
 These ever spring
 From the distemper'd world below !

4

Father ! with passions so disorder'd,
 With wrath so prone to rise within,
 Bestow thine influence, to restrain us,
 Lest *anger* turn to deadly sin !
 To curb our hearts,
 Let us this hour, by prayer, begin.

5

May we display, to all around us,
 The gentle spirit, good, and kind !
 The soul that can return, spontaneous,
 The soothing word, for words unkind :
 Grant us thy strength
 To discipline, for heaven, our mind !

469.

Seventh Commandment.

"Thou shalt not commit adultery."

1

IN gifts of mercy without number,
 The treasury of heaven abounds :
 The proof of watchful care paternal,
 Where'er we fix our gaze, surrounds :
 One blessing chief
 With gladness man's condition crowns.

2

The God who guides and governs all things,
 Views *marriage* with th' approving eye ;
 The beings who would burst asunder
 Its hallow'd and endearing tie,
 Must never look
 For portion with the saints on high.

3

Th' Almighty, for such dark delinquents,
 In anger, hath prepared a state :
 His curse, more terrible than lightning,
 Will follow, with o'erwhelming fate,
 Adulterers vile,
 And, on them, close hell's flaming gate !

4

For that eternal world before us,
 We must our wayward hearts prepare,
 Remembering, as a solemn warning,
 None but the *pure* shall enter there ;
 Repentant souls
 Who all the wedding garment wear.

5

Save us, O Lord, from each temptation !
 Give us desires that tend to thee !
 And wash us in that blessed fountain,
 Prepared for sin on Calvary !
 Which, through heaven's grace,
 From every taint the soul can free.

470. *Eighth Commandment.*

"Thou shalt not steal."

1

ARE there some shapes, resembling human,
 (Compounded of inferior dust !)
 So heedless of their Maker's anger,
 As to perform the deed unjust ?
 To wrong ! to steal !
 Whom foes despise, and friends distrust !

2

A sight so abject claims our pity ;
Immortal Beings, sunk so low !
 They dare not view the stars above them !
 They, in their fields, tares only sow !
 Headlong they sink,
 Self-sacrificed, to endless woe.

3

The Lord hath said, whom angels worship,
 Thou shalt not *steal* ! thou shalt not *slay* !
 Yet men, with hearts beguiled by Satan,
 Venture that God to disobey :
 Who *steals*, would *kill* ;
 Crimes thicken in the downward way !

4

Lord ! fill us with the upright spirit,
 That can each sordid thought despise !
 May none desire to wrong another,
 Nor steal, for aught below the skies !
 To give account,
 We, at the Judgment day, must rise !

5

Let us not sell our soul ! that jewel !
 Which worlds in vain might strive to buy !
 The good for which that pearl we offer,
 Will soon, as dust, before us lie !
 The soul once lost,
 Is lost to all eternity !

471.

Ninth Commandment.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour."

1

TRUTH shines in yonder world of glory,
 (Faint emblem'd by the radiant star,)
 The Lord of truth is King in Zion,
 And all but truth must stand afar
 From that bless'd world,
 Where God and happy spirits are.

2

Shall we, unmindful of our Maker,
False witness 'gainst our neighbour bear ?
 Whom God and nature teach to cherish,
 And never to oppress, but spare :
 May we henceforth
 From falsehood flee, and wrath forbear !

3

The days of darkness fast are hastening,
 When sympathy *our* hearts will need ;
 This we shall find, if truth and kindness
 Ourselves have shown, in word and deed :
 Discord and lies
 From hell, their secret source, proceed.

4

If we, ere this, have wrong'd our neighbour,
 Now may we juster ways pursue ;
 And if our neighbour be transgressor,
 Let us, by love, his wrath subdue ;
 May we look on,
 And keep eternal things in view.

5

Death, healer of a thousand breaches,
 May now, with silent step, be near ;
 Let us no longer wrong our neighbour,
 But live in concord, truth revere,
 And, at the last,
 May we in robes of white appear !

472.

Tenth Commandment.

“Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour’s house,” &c.

1

THE Lord, in his unerring counsels,
 Denies his blessings, or bestows :
 His plans, ordain’d for countless ages,
 In darkness veil’d ! what seraph knows ?
 Yet all is right ;
 From him alone perfection flows.

2

He owns, who deals our earthly portion,
 The cattle on a thousand hills ;
 The elements to him are subject !
 The whirlwind his design fulfils !

Ocean he curbs,
He rules the blast, the storm he stills !

3

Sinners can nothing *claim* from heaven ;
All is his *gift*, desert is none :
We have our highest Friend forsaken,
And, by our deeds, ourselves undone ;
Yet light appears,
We have a hope through Christ his Son !

4

Clothed with unutterable meanness
The covetous comes creeping forth !
His envious eye he casts around him,
And thinks for *him* the teeming earth
Gives forth its sweets,
Offering to his superior worth.

5

Whate'er he sees, no rights regarding,
He would possess, "in mountain mass ;"
And now his neighbour's house he covets,
And now his wife, his ox, his ass !
Remembering not,
The bound which God forbids to pass.

6

This is the mandate of Jehovah,
(On whom with awe arch-angels gaze !)
Nothing, whate'er, that is thy neighbour's,
Thy covetous regard shall raise :
All gifts are mine,
And dark, though righteous, are my ways.

7

Father ! may each desire unruly,
Our souls with holy ardour shun !
May we restrain our wants, and covet,
Alone — resemblance to thy Son !
Learning to say
Give, or withhold, — Thy Will be done !

473. *Christ our Confidence.***1**

LORD of life ! we shame inherit ;
 We are bound who once were free ;
 We have neither praise nor merit,
 All our hope is placed in thee ;
 Oft on reeds have we depended,
 Through a vain and treacherous heart ;
 Yet hast thou our souls befriended,
 Saviour ! still thine aid impart !

2

We, too oft, have found our weakness,
 Lord, we covet strength divine ;
 May we grow in love and meekness,
 Let thine image in us shine ;
 Wean our spirits from the creature,
 All below is little worth ;
 Fix them on the Great Creator,
 And on thee, the Hope of Earth.

3

Saviour ! by thy blood and passion,
 With thy favour, full and free,
 View us with thine own compassion,
 Tenderness belongs to thee ;
 Let us not augment the banish'd !
 On our hearts thy grace distil ;
 And, when earth and time have vanish'd,
 Take us to thy holy hill !

474. *Troublous Times.***1**

WHEN wars and rumours, fraught with fear,
 Upon the heart, foreboding, prey ;
 One thought the Christian still may cheer,
 God holds the universal sway !

2

Conflicting billows round may reign,
 Yet these subserve his sovereign will ;
 He can the fetter'd storm unchain,
 Or say to tempests, “ Peace ! be still !”

3

Our Father ! in each threatening hour,
 May we with joy approach thy throne ;
 Is not thy goodness like thy power,
 Where infinite is all thine own ?

4

Shall man, the fleeting and the vain,
 With worms his brethren, dust his bed,
 Thy ways, with impious pride, arraign,
 And trace the path which *thou* shouldst tread !

5

Faith can o'er every foe succeed,
 And still illume the darkest day :
 With God to hear, and Christ to plead,
 What should our steadfast souls dismay ?

6

Teach us, when tumult round prevails,
 To doubt thy guiding hand no more,
 And, where our feeble vision fails,
 To see thee, trust thee, and adore !

475.

The Goal in Sight.

1

SHOULD the christian, death bewail,
 Freed from his oppressive chains ;
 With a body vile and frail,
 That the ceaseless strife maintains ?
 Wherfore should our heaven-bound spirits
 Thus, at distance, love to roam,
 When we trust a Saviour's merits,
 Who invites his children home.

2

When we feel the stormy blast,
 And affliction's waves increase,
 We our eager eyes should cast
 Toward the realms of perfect peace :
 Anxious fears, that once distress'd us,
 Disappointments, aches, and pains,
 These will never more molest us
 In the world where Jesus reigns.

3

Let us check our rising sighs ;
 Let the trembling heart be strong ;
 There are treasures in the skies,
 Which to us, and ours, belong :
 Since our watchful Shepherd sought us,
 As we wander'd from his fold,
 We shall, through the Lamb that bought us,
 Soon a better world behold !

4

When their resting-place is near,
 Earthly racers faster flee ;
 Shall *we* now relax and fear,
 When our heavenly goal we see ?
 Why should doubt and dread assail us,
 With our fullest ransom paid ?
 Saints and angels wait to hail us,
 With a crown that will not fade.

476. *The Duty of Forgiveness.*

1

GOD is constantly bestowing
 Countless blessings on our head ;
 He, with mercy, full and flowing,
 Gives us all our daily bread.

2

Hopes, from him, our hearts expanding,
 Like a river, still increase :

Hear him cry, with voice commanding,
Love as brethren, dwell in peace !

3

As we trust a Saviour's merit,
And in heaven aspire to live,
Grant us, Lord ! the quiet spirit,
Hearts that injuries can forgive.

4

Sins of ours, beyond recounting,
At the feet of Christ we lay ;
What the virtues of that fountain
Which the whole can wash away !

5

Shall *we* anger's deep defilement
Cherish, in despite of heaven ?
Shall we spurn at reconciliation
Who so oft have been forgiven ?

6

Shall we, brethren, young, or hoary,
Hope to meet in yonder fold ;
Yet, while travelling on to glory,
With them *no* communion hold ?

7

If offence, that folly gave us,
Should our faith and patience try ;
Like our Lord, who died to save us,
Let us meekly pass it by.

8

What, our solemn obligation,
If true grace our hearts renew,
While we seek our own salvation
To forgive our brother too !

477. *Wisdom taught by all Things.*

1

WHOM the course of time shall stay ?
Stream that earnest passes on ;
Still impatient in its way,
Ever coming, never gone !

May I hence, to Canaan bound,
Lesson learn from all around.

2

Does the oak, for empire made,
Prostrate on the ground appear ?
Will the thorn ere long be laid ?
Time subverting all things here !
Lord ! prepare me for the day,
When I nature's debt must pay !

3

Now the great and mighty tread
Honour's path, and close their eyes ;
Now, the beggar bows his head ;
Now the fool, and now the wise !
May I make my calling sure !
Give me wealth that will endure !

4

Lords are dust ! and kings are clay !
Now they shine, and now they die !
Honours, riches, pass away
Like the stream that hurries by !
Shall I seek the things of earth,
And forget my lofty birth ?

5

Coveting no pomp or show,
Nor man's praises to obtain ;
May I, like my Saviour, grow,
And hereafter with him reign !
Other choice may grief afford,
This will never be deplor'd !

478. *Song of Praise to the Saviour.*

I

LO ! for man the Saviour died !
Let our praises reach the sky ;
As we lay in ruin wide,
He beheld, with pitying eye :

When no other help was found,
He redeemed the captive, bound.

2

Who shall speak the boundless worth
Of our Everlasting Friend ?
Let the song begin on earth ;
Which, in heaven, will never end !
Glory, praise, and power divine,
Saviour of the world, be thine !

3

While adoring angels gaze
On the Lamb that once was slain ;
Seraphs offer ceaseless praise
In the loud and lofty strain !
Now, released from death and hell,
Let *our* tongues the chorus swell !

4

Bless'd Immanuel ! let us see,
(While our hearts with joy o'erflow,)
All thy Father's grace in thee !
Tread thy steps, and like thee grow,
And, at length, with nobler love,
Join the song of praise above.

479.

Life a River.

1

MARK the river, at its birth,
When it leaves the mountain's side ;
See it, gently stealing forth,
Downward to the valley glide ;
Gathering strength, as on it goes,
'Till a torrent wide it flows.

2

Now, impelled by mighty force,
On, it speeds, from thraldom free :
Nothing may resist its course,
Till it mingles with the sea :
Having raged its little day,
In that gulf it dies away.

3

Image of the birth of man !

View him now an infant mild,
Gifted with the narrowest span :

Who, contemplating the child,
Would suspect, as he beholds,
What that feeble casket holds.

4

Like a slender stream, at first,

See him, weak, yet onward glide !
Now impatient, view him burst

Up to man, in power and pride,
Oft by storm and tempest tost,
'Till in death's dark ocean lost !

5

Here the semblance faint must cease !

Man, though sunk to mortal eye,
Will emerge, and still increase,

Being of a nobler sky !
Life conducts us to the gate
Leading to an endless state.

6

Let us pass our sojourn here,

With an undiverted gaze
Fix'd upon that loftier sphere,
When, (expiring in a blaze,)
Earth shall vanish, time, and sin,

And *Eternity* begin !

480. “All Things work together for good, to them that love God.”

Rom. viii. 28.

1

ALL events, or dark, or bright,
Lord ! are naked in thy sight :
Howsoe'er the world appear,
Chance has no dominion here :
All things, rightly understood,
Work together for our good.

2

“ What ! can crosses ever prove
 “ Tokens of my Father’s love ?
 “ Can bereavements, care, and pain,
 “ Tend to my immortal gain ?
 “ Can the trials I lament,
 “ Be, by God, in *mercy*, sent ? ”

3

Pause a little ! patient be !
 Thou, ere long, shalt clearer see !
 Sorrows, now, that dim thine eye,
 Soon will cease to wake the sigh :
 Let thy troubled spirit rest,
 All is working for the best.

4

We, like children in their play,
 Have our wills, and want our way,
 And, if thwarted, cry in wrath,
 “ Why do thorns molest my path ?
 “ Some exult, and others shine,
 “ But affliction’s cup is mine ! ”

5

Wait a little ! view the end !
 They have no Almighty Friend
 Whom they ever seek, or prize !
 In this world their treasure lies !
 But for sorrow’s chastening rod
 Thou hadst now been far from God.

6

Cease repining, thoughtless heart !
 Where dost thou desire thy part ?
 Here to revel, soon to die,
 Or to dwell with Christ on high ?
 Would’st thou reign in yonder sphere,
 Or desire thy portion here ?

7

The reply thou may’st withhold :
 Thou belong’st to Jesus’ fold ;

And his sheep, so prone to stray,
He conducts through all their way :
Let them not their Shepherd chide,
He is still their Friend, and Guide.

8

Mourning soul ! dismiss thy fears,
Check thy sorrows, dry thy tears :
Trust the unseen hand, and bear
All thy momentary care.
Soon the light of heaven will throw
Lustre o'er thy path below !

481.

Rejoice.

1

REJOICE in thy covenant head,
Desponding and sorrowful soul !
Let hope o'er thee radiance shed,
And the reed that was bruised be whole !
Thou hast an inheritance sure,
Reserved in the regions of day !
A crown, that still bright will endure,
When time shall have vanish'd away !

2

The *present* is bondage to thee,
With freedom a little delay'd ;
Yet still, though a captive thou be,
Thy debt and thy ransom are paid ;
Sustain then life's wintry blast,
Passing on, like a cloud of the sky ;
While thou mournest, the tempest is past,
And redemption eternal is nigh !

3

From the *dust*, no afflictions can spring ;
In measure, and weight, they unfold ;
Let us all, as the sons of a king,
Resemble the righteous of old :
Our fathers have banish'd their fears,
They look back, and exult in their choice,
And we soon shall dry up our tears,
And in glory for ever rejoice !

482.

Sabbath Morning.

I

ENOUGH of time has past away,
For highest end and purpose given ;
We hail the morning of this day,
To raise our thoughts from earth to heaven.
Incline us, Lord ! to look to thee,
And in thy Son all fulness see !

2

Thou art our true and rightful King,
Whose goodness, and whose power we own ;
Wean us from every finite thing,
And fix our hopes on thee alone !
Upon thy mercy we depend,
With *one* to plead, the Sinner's Friend !

3

Let thoughts of Christ within us raise
O'erflowing gratitude and love ;
Our loftiest thanks, our highest praise,
We waft thee to thy throne above !
The breathings of the heart, to thee,
Are sweet as angels' melody !

4

Thee, heavenly Father ! we adore !
Regard us still, thou Prince of Peace
Probation-time will soon be o'er,
And means of grace, for ever cease !
Henceforward, may we fix our eye
Upon the mansions in the sky !

483.

The Journey of Life. Gen. xlvi. 8. 9.

(After a Sermon by the Rev. Robert Hall.)

I

LIFE, with all its toils and cares,
To a journey semblance bears :
Whether *earthly traveller* found,
Or *to heaven* our steps are bound,

Incidents apply to each,
Which important truths may teach.

2

When we have our home resign'd,
Crosses we expect to find ;
Here the *house*, and there the *tent*,
No condition permanent :
Called, vicissitudes to bear ;
Such we know is traveller's fare.

3

If the hospitable voice,
Sometimes makes our hearts rejoice ;
We must still our way pursue,
We *a journey* have in view :
Social joys, however sweet,
Must not stay our earnest feet.

4

If our path through danger lies,
If the inconvenience rise,
If our inn, both rude and bare,
Soften not the brow of care,
Hope must not desert our breast,
'Tis a resting-place at best.

5

Images of child and friend,
Cheer us, at our journey's end ;
Pleasures rich, for sorrows past,
Will reward us, at the last :
Why on gloomy moments pore
With *a year of joy before* ?

6

Emblem this, our hearts reply,
Of our journey to the sky :
Toils to press, and fears to scare,
Like our fathers, we must bear ;
Wind and tempest, hail and rain,
Sometimes grief, and sometimes pain.

7

Many a name, to Jesus dear,
 Travels long in darkness here ;
 Many a saint must watch and weep,
 Ere the destin'd hour to reap ;
 Made in bitterness to roam,
 Ere he shout his harvest-home.

8

But if, haply, we should find
 Prosperous suns, and seasons kind ;
 Joys from infancy to age ;
 These must not our *hearts* engage ;
 Bound to a celestial sphere,
 Nothing must detain us here.

9

Our delights can not be few,
 When we keep the *end* in view :
 Trials, in their utmost power,
 Wear and vex us but an hour :
 Though *fatigue* we now deplore,
 There is *rest* enough in store !

10

All the troubles of the way,
 Heaven at last will well repay :
 We shall soon forget our woe,
 In the world to which we go ;
 And, with all our journeyings o'er,
 Praise the Lamb, and God adore.

484. *On the Decease of a Young Person.*

1

WE yield our treasure to the dust !
 A lovely blossom torn away !
 Lord ! we would own thee kind and just,
 Thou art the potter ! we are clay !

2

Yet *nature*, still, but half resign'd,
 Speaks through the burning tears that start ;

How hard to rend the cords that bind,
And, to the loved-one, say, "Depart!"

3

To mark her thrice six years unfold,
With hopes, so soon to take their flight!
Her intellect, of amplest mould,
Just opening, to expire in night!

4

Her voice, mellifluous as the lyre;
The wit that charmed, or grave, or gay;
The smile benign; the eye of fire;
Pass'd, like the summer cloud, away!

5

Yet not so pass, her zeal and love,
These boast their amaranthine dyes:
The feeblest faith hath links above
That draw the spirit to the skies.

6

What is our mind's procession, strange!
Disrobed of flesh, renew'd, refined!
Thought shudders at its trackless range,
That suns and systems leaves behind!

7

O, hear, ye *young*! her tenderest care
Was, just retiring from the earth,
That you might for that hour prepare,
When all, but *Christ*, is nothing worth.

8

Farewell, bless'd spirit! hope sedate
Looks on, while tears bedew our eye,
To meet thee in that happier state,
For which we live, and dare to die.

485. "*One Thing is needful.*"

Luke x. 42.

I

IN all the social ties of life,
Needful it is to bear our part;

And, if not breathing wrath and strife,
 Sometimes to feel the ruffled heart ;
 Our one thing needful, then will be
 Anger to keep *in due degree* !

2

Needful it is, to mix with those,
 (Where duty calls) of evil name ;
 Who are, to God, and goodness, foes,
 And madly glory in their shame ;
 Then, will our needful lesson be,
 Danger, *in lawful things, to see*.

3

Sometimes our very joys combine
 Our hopes to dim, our hearts enslave ;
 As wealth augments, we grow supine,
 Nor own the bounteous hand that gave ;
 Then will it doubly needful be
The vanity of time to see !

4

Sometimes our sympathetic string
 Is moved to a discordant sound ;
 Our mourn'd corruptions seem to spring,
 Not from ourselves, but those around ;
 Then, will our one thing needful be,
By prayer, to gain the victory !

5

Sometimes the shafts of Satan fly ;
 Assurance sinks, and doubts arise ;
 The world forbears in guilt to lie,
 And we, forbidden objects prize ;
 Oh ! then, our needful thing will be,
Sin, in its native hues, to see.

6

One thing is *chiefly* needful here,
 The smile of God, our highest friend !
 Which, thrice more needful will appear,
 When earth and moments ebb and end !
 As *time* withdraws, we all shall see
 One thing, *alone*, will needful be !

7

Then, on a Saviour to recline,
 Retiring from a world of woe ;
 To feel his cheering presence shine,
 Is heaven commencing here below !
 To fit us for eternity,
Faith will the one thing needful be !

486.

“ God is Love.”

1 John vi. 8.

1

BLESS the Lord ! exalt your voices !
 God is love, our Friend and Guide !
 God, who all things round created,
 Teeming earth, and ocean wide !

2

View, with awe, the spangled concave ;
 Gems, that stud heaven's outer-gate ;
 With delight our hearts expanding,
 God is *good*, as well as *great*.

3

To *his* power we owe our being ;
 On *his* word for life we trust ;
 He withdraws his hand upholding,
 And we sink again to dust.

4

Praise the Lord, each tongue and people,
 Spreading to the farthest shore ;
 He is love, both stream and fountain,
 He, the God whom we adore !

5

But, though light to all his servants,
 O'er his unrelenting foes,
 He is still a cloudy pillar,
 That Egyptian darkness throws.

6

God is love, his gifts declare it,
 Varying, as our moments run ;

But the gift, all else exceeding,
Is the gift of Christ his Son !

7

O, our Saviour, once incarnate,
When we leave this house of clay,
May thy watchful angels bear us
To the realms of perfect day !

487. *Supplication for pardon, through Christ.*

Psalm vi.

1

LORD ! from thee we long have stray'd,
To return, vouchsafe thine aid ;
Fain would we contrition feel,
Heavenly Father, look, and heal !

2

Mercy grant, and grace bestow,
While we sojourn here below ;
May we to thy fold belong,
We are weak, but thou art strong.

3

Death is hastening toward us fast,
And this day may prove our last ;
'Till to righteousness we wake,
Spare us for thy mercy's sake.

4

None but thou our souls can save,
None can praise thee in the grave ;
Let us then renewed be,
Die to sin, and live to thee.

5

Ere our work on earth be done,
Let us fly to Christ, thy Son ;
And, beyond this world of pain,
See his face, and with him reign.

488. *The Righteous alone secure.*

Psalm xi.

1

LORD ! in thee is all our trust,
Fountain, whence our mercies flow !
May we ever, with the just,
Dwell above, and live below.

2

When our foes their shafts prepare,
And in secret aim the dart ;
Screen us from their fatal snare,
Thou, O God ! our refuge art.

3

Thou, from thine eternal throne,
Governest the sons of men ;
Help must come from thee alone,
Through our three score years and ten.

4

All the righteous, thou dost love,
Who, to thee, for pardon cry :
Nothing shall *their* footsteps move,
Who on heavenly aid rely ?

5

But thy foes will ruin see !
On the wicked thou wilt rain
Fire, and wrath, and agony,
Vengeance, and thy fierce disdain.

6

Sinners ! tremble at your way !
Lest the Lord in wrath should chide !
Seek your Saviour while you may,
And his anger turn aside.

489. *Falsehood and Vanity reproved.*

Psalm xii.

1

STRET'CH out thy mighty arm,
 O God ! thy power display ;
 Thy raging foes disarm,
 And let them own thy sway :
 The nations round from thee depart,
 With flattering lip, but faithless heart.

2

'Thou, Lord ! dost flatterers hate,
 With all who deal in lies ;
 The heart, with pride elate,
 Is noticed by thine eyes ;
 O keep us humble, make us free
 From falsehood, and from vanity.

3

Thy statutes, Lord ! are pure,
 And upright hearts delight :
 Thy judgments shall endure,
 For they are just and right.
 Our souls, from every bondage free,
 And let us cleave to Christ and Thee !

490. "*I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness.*"

Psalm xvii. 15.

1

I WOULD not always dwell
 With sorrow, sin, and woe ;
 Nor yet my birth-right sell
 For vanities below :
 I shall be satisfied alone,
 When I appear before thy throne.

2

My spirit pants and sighs
 To run a nobler race :

To leave these lower skies,
 To reach my native place ;
 My Father's house, to part no more,
 And, with the saints, the Lamb adore !

3

Here imperfection reigns ;
 I feel the load within ;
 How hard to rend the chains
 Of Satan, and of sin :
 My holiest days the cause supply
 To smite the breast, and heave the sigh !

4

I long, O Lord ! to see
 Thy face in righteousness !
 To be from frailty free,
 Clothed in a perfect dress !
 Accepted for my Saviour's sake,
 And in his likeness to awake !

491. *"The Angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."*

Psalm xxxiv. 7.

1

THEY that fear the Lord on high
 Find a helper ever nigh !
 God supports them with his hand ;
 Watchful angels near them stand !

2

While to heaven our feet are bound,
 Evil spirits hover round ;
 Enemies, by night and day,
 Strive to make our souls their prey !

3

With such foes, so strong and bold,
 How can we the conflict hold ?
 Lord ! do thou our heads defend !
 Give us strength, and succour send !

4

All our enemies confound !
 Let thy angels still surround !
 Prone to fall, our refuge be !
 May our faith be strong in thee !

5

O, our Omnipresent Friend !
 Guide us, guard us, to the end !
 And, at death, for Jesus' sake,
 To thyself our spirits take !

492. *Pilgrims encouraged to trust in God.*

Psalm lxxxi.

1

WEARY pilgrim ! dry thy tear !
 Thou art bound to endless day !
 Thou shalt find thy Father near
 To conduct thee on thy way !

2

Let us hear the psaltery's voice,
 With the timbrel in our hand ;
 Wherefore should we not rejoice
 As we march to Canaan's land ?

3

Gently tune the psalm around ;
 Let the harp inspire our breast ;
 Blow the trumpet ! let it sound
 From north to south, from east to west !

4

Let the sinner hang his head,
 And in sullen darkness lie !
 Mists and shadows round *him* spread
 While he views a frowning sky !

5

But, let all the sons of day,
 Who their great Redeemer love,
 Gladness in their face display,
 For their Father dwells above !

6

Sing aloud to God our strength ;
 To a better world we go !
 Let us not bewail the length
 Of our pilgrimage below !

493. “Wilt thou not revive us?”

 Psalm lxxxv.

1

THE spring of consolation fails ;
 A coldness in our heart prevails,
 The evening time is near ;
 The joys, which once we felt, subside,
 And if we swim, we only glide,
 Borne, passive, on the moving tide,
 And love is lost in fear.

2

But though we faint, we cannot yield ;
 The soldier must not quit the field,
 Nor slumber in the fight ;
 Although we droop, or little grow,
 Whither, for succour, can we go ?
 God only can new life bestow,
 And turn, to day, our night.

3

Father of mercies ! grace supply !
 To thee, with all our wants, we fly !
 May we from dreams awake !
 The heart, renew'd within, create !
 Still, on our Saviour, may we wait,
 Look earnest on to Zion's gate,
 And Christ, our refuge make !

494. "*The Lord reigneth, let the Earth rejoice.*"

Psalm xvii. 1.

1

WHEN wars and strifes appear,—
 The Temple, men, prophane ;
 This thought should calm, and cheer,
 Omnipotence doth reign !
 The Lord upon the whirlwind rides,
 And he the wheels of nature guides.

2

Though foes may raise their voice,
 Yet, God their power restrains ;
 Then let the earth rejoice,
 The Lord of Glory reigns !
 The storm that sweeps, the sun that shines,
 Alike completes his vast designs.

3

Let faith, by night and day,
 Our sinking hearts sustain ;
 Our God all worlds obey,
 The Lord alone doth reign !
 He makes the wrath of man fulfil
 The secret purpose of his will.

4

If God doth ever reign,
 Alike o'er friend and foe,
 Why should our hearts complain
 Of any want below ?
 The God that rules both earth and sky,
 Will every needful good supply.

5

O, for a child-like mind
 To ask, and humbly wait !
 I hence would be resign'd,
 And learn, in every state,
 To cast my burthen on the Lord,
 And trust his promise, prize his word.

495. *The Wicked and the Just noticed of God.*

Psalm xcix.

1

THE Lord, in heaven's effulgent light,
Hears seraphim proclaim his praise ;
Before him fly the clouds of night,
And all is naked to his gaze :
Whatever earth, or heaven, unfolds,
His power supports, his eye beholds.

2

He sees the righteous man pursue
Life's rugged road, with tranquil joy ;
His eye surveys the wicked too,
And he will soon their hopes destroy :
The world its gifts may on them shower,
But their's the triumph of an hour.

3

Ere long, and all their dreams will end ;
Portentous clouds their sky o'ercast ;
Fain would they death's advance suspend,
But the dread conflict hastens fast :
And what shall breathe the solace sweet,
When *hope* provides no *last retreat* !

4

The world in false attire is dress'd,
Delusive, leading men astray :
The vilest things appear the best
To those who will not heaven obey :
But, at the hour of death, we view
Things in their form, and colour, true.

5

O Lord ! before it be too late ;
Before our fleeting life shall end ;
May we, with faith and patience, wait
On thee, our Father, and our Friend ;
May we to Christ, our refuge, flee,
And, more than ever, live to thee !

496. *God's dealings described and extolled.*—
Psalm cvii.

1

GIVE thanks unto the Lord, ye nations round,
 From whom alone your countless blessings flow ;
 His goodness is a sea that knows no bound,
 His reign is vast, beyond what man can know ;
 Let all who love the Lord declare his might,
 And walk in awe of him, whose power is infinite.

2

When the whole world from him had gone astray,
 And clouds and darkness veil'd the human mind ;
 When each had found his own polluted way,
 And every ear was deaf, and eye was blind ;
 Though sunk in sin, the Lord our fathers sought,
 And, to defend from harm, wonders unnumber'd wrought.

3

When Israel's hope upon the patriarch's head
 Rested alone, beneath the spacious skies ;
 God, with that voice which wakes the sleeping dead,
 From faithful Abraham, bade our tribes arise ;
 Progenitor of prophets, priests, and kings,
 Appointed such by him, who rules all mortal things.

4

Though Joseph, by his cruel brethren sold,
 Was sent to slavery in a foreign land,
 He fear'd the Lord his fathers fear'd of old,
 And he was rais'd, by God's mysterious hand,
 To save, from famine and disastrous days,
 The race, ordain'd of heaven, to teach the world to praise.

5

And when, in after years, 'mid sore distress,
 Israel implored the Lord, with purpose true ;
 He brought them safely through the wilderness,
 And, in deep waters, Pharaoh's host o'erthrew ;
 He guided, though unseen, their doubtful feet,
 Water he gave to drink, he gave them bread to eat.

6

They wander'd in a solitary way,
 And sigh'd again for Egypt's vain repose ;

Unmindful of his power, from day to day,

On every hand they fear'd o'erwhelming foes ;
Remembering not that *he*, who brought them there,
Could guard from every dart, and screen from every snare.

7

And when they saw not heaven's presiding hand,

And murmur'd at the way in which they went,
Hunger and thirst, a fierce devouring band,

To scourge them, for their many crimes, were sent ;
But when, once more, they sought the Lord supreme,
Again he gave them food, he sent the grateful stream.

8

O that the sons of men, with one accord,

Who every hour his benefits partake,
Would shun their evil ways, and serve the Lord,

And his most holy name their refuge make ;
Jehovah then once more would show his face,
And on their hearts confer his pure and heavenly grace.

9

He satisfies the souls that would arise,

And on the Lord with meek submission wait ;
Who would forsake the earth's low vanities,

And live like those who seek a better state ;
He on such souls will every good bestow,

And grant their spirits peace, while wandering here below.

10

You, who in darkness sit, and look around,

To see the light of day, yet look in vain ;
Who in the gloomy shades of death are found,

And bend beneath affliction's heavy chain ;
Still, undismay'd, direct to heaven your eye !

And know that all is sent to cleanse and purify !

11

Because our sires rebell'd against their God,

And dared despise the laws which he ordain'd ;
Because they in the paths forbidden trod,

And impious war against the Lord maintain'd,
He left them to contend with toil and care,
And there was none to help ; wretched and poor they were.

12

Then, to their fathers' God again they cried ;

From morn to night their mournful sighs arose ;

He heard their voice, and would no longer chide ;
 He had compassion on their many woes ;
 He fill'd with joy their eyes, and rais'd their hands ;
 He cheer'd their sinking hearts ; he brake their iron bands.

13

The sons of darkness, who would fain destroy
 The hope of Israel, in one fatal hour,
 In vain attempt our footsteps to annoy ;
 They all are bound by God's almighty power ;
 Iron, and brazen gates, he breaks in twain ;
 He foils their dark designs ; he makes their counsels vain.

14

Sinners, unceasing, bear Jehovah's frowns ;
 Afflictions follow them where'er they go ;
 Iniquity each nobler prospect drowns,
 And they are toss'd with care, and bent with woe ;
 They never look beyond this lower earth ;
 They never cast an eye at their celestial birth.

15

They live as though this life would ever last,
 And flowers, unwithering, crown their lofty head ;
 Rather than like the men who hasten fast
 To the cold regions of the silent dead ;
 Who *here* are for a stormy moment thrown,
 And then are borne away, to scenes and worlds unknown.

16

But when they own the error of their way,
 And, earnest, to the Lord, for mercy cry ;
 Though they from youth to age have gone astray,
 And loved, and follow'd, only vanity ;
 He will not turn aside when they complain ;
 He never heard the cry of penitence in vain.

17

O, who can tell, how merciful and great,
 The Lord, who form'd at first, and guards us still ;
 Who stoops to view us in our low estate,
 And gently strives to change our wayward will ;
 O, that his praise might all *their* hearts engage
 Who bound with sportive youth, or creep with tottering age.

18

The ven'trous men who cross the ocean wide ;
 Who o'er the waste of waters sail alone ;

With naught but sea and air on every side,
 Nor sound, but of the winds that round them moan ;
 These, in the mighty deep, behold his hand,
 Who made both heaven and earth, who rules both sea and
 land.

19

For he commands, and forth the stormy wind,
 Arising, sweeps the mountain-moving wave ;
 They cast their eyes before, they look behind,
 But all around the foam-tipp'd billows rave ;
 And now, to heaven upborn, they labouring breathe ;
 Now to the depths they sink, gazing on death beneath.

20

Then, to the Lord, th' imploring look they cast,
 While waves o'er waves in deafening conflict roll ;
 When, with a word, he stills the raging blast,
 And calms th' impetuous surges of their soul ;
 He speaks, and, lo ! the tempest takes its flight,
 And all again is calm, calm as the stars of night.

21

O that the men who hourly thus survey
 The goodness and the power of God, most high !
 Would walk through life, like children of the day,
 Whose chief concern is, to prepare to die ;
 Striving to please that God, while here below,
 Whose smile is endless joy ; whose frown, eternal woe.

497. *God seen in Nature, but most in Grace*

Psalm cxi.

1

WHREE'ER thy people raise,
 O Lord ! the song to thee,
 Will I Jehovah praise,
 And bend the suppliant knee ;
 Thy choicest smiles wilt thou display,
 Where men unite to praise and pray.

2

Thou didst the earth create,
 With endless wonders fraught !

Thy purposes are great,
Beyond our highest thought:
And those, whose hearts are tuned aright,
Will in thy works, O Lord ! delight.

3

If, since the world began,
Each form thy power displays,
Why should unthankful man,
Withhold the voice of praise ?
Why view thy greatness, and thy love ;
Nor lift his views to heaven above ?

4

We, all, in nature's face,
Behold the hand divine ;
Yet, in redeeming grace,
Thou dost more glorious shine :
Thy power doth *there* our thought transcend,
But *here* we see th' Almighty Friend !

498.

God entitled to Praise.

Psalm cxiii.

1

YE servants of the Lord,
Exalt your Maker's name ;
Let all, with one accord,
His matchless power proclaim :
May we pursue the narrow way,
And, with the heart, our God obey !

2

Let all who with delight
Behold the sun appear,
Or when he sets in night,
The Lord, Jehovah, fear ;
For great his might, and he is high,
Above the world, above the sky.

3

While heaven and earth endure,
Praise him in anthems loud ;

He raiseth up the poor ;
 He putteth down the proud :
 Himself he humbleth to survey
 The bright adoring sons of day.

4

O, come and spread abroad,
 To all the nations round,
 The greatness of our God,
 With strength and glory crown'd :
 Praise *Him*, the source of light and love,
 Responsive to the saints above !

499. *The Head Stone of the Corner*

Psalm cxviii. 22.

¹
WE, thy path, O Lord ! would mark,
 And adore thee, while we gaze !
 But, inscrutable and dark
 Are alike thy works, and ways !
 In the trackless waters, wide,
 Thou dost all thy footsteps hide !

2

Though the builders, in their pride,
 Would thy sovereign choice disown ;
 Though they sought to cast aside
 Thy elect and precious stone ;
 In thy temple, vast and grand,
 This, the Corner-Stone, shall stand !

3

Steadfast, as the throne on high,
 Shall that building still be found !
 There may *we* hosannahs cry,
 And by Christ himself be crown'd !
 Never more to leave the place
 Where the Lord reveals his face !

4

Blessed Saviour ! thy commands
 We will make our guide alone ;

In the house not made with hands,
 Thou shalt be the Corner-Stone !
 While the ransom'd throng, — to thee
 Grace ascribe, and victory !

500. “*I have seen an end of all Perfection.*”

—
 Psalm cxix. 96.

1

O *PERFECTION!* mid our dreams,
 Thou in spotless robe dost shine ;
 Round thy brow the moon's pale beams
 Form a lambent crown divine,
 But thy varied colours gay,
 With the morning fly away !

2

Often, men, with aspect meek,
 Who *some* trials nobly bore,
 Seem to promise what we seek,
 But, the closer we explore,
 We perceive, with traces clear,
 That *perfection* dwells not *here*.

3

We, the hallow'd form who love,
 And invoke her oft in vain,
 (Spirit of the bless'd above !)
 In our hearts to live and reign,
 Find, alas ! though call we may,
 She will not the voice obey !

4

Proving, as we do, too well,
 That through *us* the poison flows ;
Charity must in *us* dwell,
 Sweetest plant in heaven that blows !
 When we feel *our* spirits bound,
 We must pity slaves around.

5

But, though we the mark survey
 Still receding from our eyes ;

We, untired, must hold our way,
 Pressing forward to the prize :
 With a heart that will not bend,
 Striving, praying, to the end.

6

They who love *perfection* here,
 Shall, ere long, *perfection* find ;
 We shall soon, without a tear,
 Frailty's garment leave behind,
 And, with ecstacies unknown,
Perfect stand before the throne !

501. *The Captive Israelite.*

“ We hanged our harps on the willows.” Psalm cxxxvii.

1

“**H**OW shall we our grief express,
 “ When no Zion's towers we see !
 “ We, our harps, in heaviness,
 “ Hang upon the willow tree !

2

“ Lords of Babylon, depart !
 “ Insults not on injuries heap !
 “ Pangs, untold, oppress our heart,
 “ When, at morn, we wake to weep !

3

“ Ask us not for Israel's song !
 “ Ill becomes the sportive strain,
 “ When, to us, and ours, belong
 “ Sorrow, and the captive's chain !

4

“ Strangers, in a foreign land,
 “ Now oppress'd, who once were free ;
 “ We, our harps, by breezes fann'd,
 “ Hang upon the willow tree !

5

“ Let the whispering *winds* awake,
 “ Airs that but for them might sleep ;

“ We will not the stillness break ;

“ We will solemn silence keep !

6

“ Yet, the thought will sometimes rise,

“ Sweet by Kedron’s brook it were,

“ At the morning sacrifice ;

“ At the evening hour of prayer ;

7

(“ While Jehovah we adore,

“ In his ways the great profound !)

“ Our divinest notes to pour,

“ With responding thousands round !

8

“ Days of mourning we fulfil ;

“ Oh ! that we the end might see !

“ Sad,—her harp shall Israel still,

“ Hang upon the willow tree !”

502. *The Eyes of all wait upon Thee.*

Psalm cxlv.

1

BOUNTEOUS Father ! all creation
Raise to thee the suppliant eye :
Every people, tongue, and nation,
On thy liberal hand rely.

2

Birds, that wheel in rapid motion ;
Insects, countless, without end ;
Beast of field, and fish of ocean,
Look to thee, their common friend !

3

Thou hast riches, undiminish’d,
Though thine aid all worlds implore ;
Ever varied, still replenish’d,
From thine own exhaustless store !

4

On thy gifts have we been feeding,
From our birth, in rich supplies ;

But the gift, all else exceeding,
In the Saviour's advent lies!

5

Finite blessings claim our praises,
(Shown to creatures who rebel !)
But our *heavenly prospect* raises
Thanks too vast for tongue to tell !

503. *Animate and inanimate things required
to praise God.*

Psalm cxlviii.

1

THOU glorious orb of light !
Shout thy Creator's praise !
Ye starry hosts of night,
Your songs of triumph raise !
The Lord doth power supreme maintain,
And still, through endless years, shall reign.

2

Ye waters of the deep,
That lift your heads on high ;
Ye stormy winds that sweep,
Impetuous, through the sky ;
Praise *him* who form'd you with a word !
Of all that is, the sovereign Lord !

3

The raging wave he stills ;
The tumults of the air !
Ye everlasting hills,
Jehovah's might declare !
For great and glorious are his ways,
And he demands our noblest praise !

4

Let those who empires sway,
His praises ever sing ;
Let young and old obey
The Great, th' Eternal King !
Our God the angelic choir sustains,
And he the hosts of darkness chains.

5

Ye ministers of light,
Who hear your Maker's voice ;
Ye angels, pure, and bright,
In God alone rejoice :
His *word* your happiness secures,
While power prevails, and heaven endures !

6

Ye saints, who Zion love,
Bid every care be gone ;
To nobler worlds above
You all are hastening on :
A bright and everlasting day
Will soon your earthly toils repay.

504.

Parable 1.

The One Talent. Mat. xxv. 15.

1

SOME boasting *more*, none having *less*,
One Talent, we at least possess ;
What numbers, when their race is run,
Would fain exchange their *ten* for *one* !

2

Whereever *one* poor talent lies,
T' improve it well, is to be *wise* !
Hereafter he will be most bless'd
Who spends his *ten*, or *one*, the best !

3

If God *one talent* gives alone,
Let us be thankful for that *one* !
And, so the end of all things view !
As, by its use, to make it *two* !

4

Small gifts may *good* for *ill* repay !
One talent is enough to *pray* !
To love our neighbour, and fulfil,
In thousand ways, our Maker's will !

5

One talent can, with kindly voice,
Bid suffering faith in God rejoice ;
A sigh can give, a *mite* bestow,
In sympathy for human woe !

6

A race, not easy, lies before,
For wise, and simple, rich, and poor !
If well we run, though men despise,
One talent will secure the prize !

7

One talent may our thoughts employ
On sacred themes, and heavenly joy,
Although *ten talents* cannot tell
What 'tis with Christ, and saints, to dwell !

8

One well-spent talent will supply
A crown of glory when we die,
And give us, through redeeming grace,
At God's right hand, a name, and place !

9

Let those who but *one talent* own,
Preserve the humbler *mien* and *tone*,
And not, by vain aspirings, strive
To equal him, possessing *five*.

10

One talent none must dare *to hide*,
And sleep, through sloth, or yield, through pride,
And think, that, with a *gift so small*,
He need not aim to run at all !

11

One talent, wisely spent, at last,
O'er *brightest parts*, may shadow cast !
And *he* the best maintains his post,
Who loves and serves his Saviour most !

12

Soon the great question here will rest,
 Whose talents were employ'd the best ?
 When from this earthly state removed,
 Not, who had *ten*, but *one*, improved ?

505.

Parable 2.

The Five and Ten Talents.

Matt. xxv.

1

IF on *one talent* there await,
 Unnumber'd obligations great,
 On those, what solemn duties press,
 Who talents, *five*, or *ten*, possess !

2

Since time his busy course began,
What impulse guides and governs man ?
Where does earth's master-spring reside ?
 In *talent*, well, or ill, applied !

3

Oh, stewards ! to whom such wealth pertains,
 How are you bound by Satan's chains,
 If you, who should instruct and guide,
 Your many talents, waste, or hide !

4

With hour retributive so near,
 How can you check the rising fear ;
 Nor think, 'mid barrenness and blast,
 Upon your dark account at last !

5

No *sight* demands so deep a sigh,
 As *splendid gifts* that *buried lie*,
 Save *that*, which shows an equal mind
 To Satan, and to sin, consign'd !

6

Think, wanderers in forbidden ways !
 How fast you spend life's *precious* days !
 Hours squander'd, which no care or pain,
 Compunctions, can again regain !

7

Your profitless pursuits review !
 Behold the world you hasten to !
 Think how that *influence* you destroy,
 Which wisdom might for *good* employ !

8

But, haply, you the *future* dare,
 And sit upon the scorners chair !
 More sad, and piteous, is your state !
 Soon to be roused, but roused too late !

9

Can you each stern foreboding brave ?
 Still, undismay'd, survey the *grave* ?
 Renounce your birth-right, and your crown,
 And, with your *brute* *compeers*, lie down ?

10

But if, dread thought ! *if*, what you fear,
 A world, hereafter, *should* appear !
 If God, o'er rebels, *should* prevail !
 And your last trust and refuge *fail* !

11

Where will you flee ! what other friend
 Heaven's falling judgments can suspend ?
 The Saviour, who could aid bestow,
 You, by revolt, have made your foe !

12

How strange, how direful, is the state !
 When men, the life immortal, *hate* !
 And, from the *hope*, consolement draw,
 That death, no genial sun will thaw !

13

Talent, and power, we wield, and view,
 In all we say ! in all we do !
 In health, and wealth, we talents trace !
 In time, and in the means of grace !

14

And, seeing life is but a span,
 And flowers, and frailty, emblem man !
 Since, ere we pass one fleeting day,
 Our *talents* may be swept away ;

15

Almighty Father! good as great!
 To thee we look! on thee we wait!
 Our talents, *one*, or *ten*, may we
 Henceforward, consecrate to thee!

506.

Parable 3.

Of the Labourers. Matt. xxv.

1

A HUSBANDMAN, at dawn of day,
 Men, thus address'd, who idling stray;
 "Go, seek my vineyard, and, at eve,
 "Each one, *a penny* shall receive."

2

At noon, while sultry suns oppress,
 Others he hired, his vines to dress,
 And, at the setting of the sun,
 He gave *the same* to every one.

3

The first men hired, thus, murmuring, cry,
 "Justice hath sought her native sky :
 "We all have borne, without dismay,
 "The heat, and burden of the day."

4

Meekly, the husbandman replied,
 "Why thus my generous purpose chide ?
 "That which I promis'd, I fulfil !
 "I exercise a *sovereign* will!"

5

Let none indulge the angry thought
 Who, in the vineyard, long have wrought,
 If others, later hired, should find
 The same reward from master kind !

6

Let not the Jew indignant feel,
 If the same Balm should Gentiles heal !
 Nor let the longest labourer sigh,
 When men, at eve, for mercy cry !

7

Though small the joy, the danger great,
 Th' eleventh hour is not too late !
 Come, at the last, though hard the strife,
 For hope expires not, but with life !

507.

Parable 4.

 Of the Householder. Matt. xiii.

1

TH' APOSTLES, and the prophets, told
 Of things important, *new* and *old* ;
 Wise householders ! may we, the same,
 First learn, and then the truth proclaim.

2

Things, new and old, pervade *that book* -
 In which the *wise* will often look :
 Eternal truths adorn its page,
 T' instruct, and warn, from age to age.

3

The things of old, distinct we see,
 But, greater things ere long will be ;
 Things to dismay, or cheer our heart,
 In which we all must bear a part.

4

That will be *new*, our *last complaint*,
 When strength, and breath, will fail, and faint,
 And we shall, anxious, look around
 For solace, and for solid ground.

5

Death, too, is *new* ; O, may we meet
 His aspect, with composure sweet !
 Nor tremble at the rolling flood,
 Confiding in a Saviour's blood.

6

In a *new* world we soon shall move !
 The world of spirits, strange will prove !
 But friends are there, from time releas'd,
 And *there* is Christ, our Great High Priest !

7

[How many to that state belong,
With whom we communed oft and long !
The hope of meeting whom again,
Robs even death of half its pain.]

8

The day of judgment will be *new*,
That solemn day we all must view !
Then may we hear the judge declare,
“Come, blessed ! hence, my image bear !”

9

With such new scenes, advancing fast,
So near, so certain, and so vast !
How should we stretch our ardent sight,
From Finite, to the Infinite !

10

Through all our days, which few may be !
Let us, O Father ! cleave to thee !
May we belong to Jesus’ fold,
And the *New Heaven*, at length, behold !

508.

Parable 5. PART 1.

Of the Net cast into the Sea, emblematical of the End of the World.
Matt. xiii.

1

THE fishermen, upon the strand,
Dragging their nets, with fish, to land,
Who keep the good, from day to day,
And heedless cast the bad away :

2

Emblem that awful scrutiny,
Approaching fast, which all will see,
When Christ, in whom the righteous trust,
Shall sever sinners from the just.

509.

Part the Second.

The End of the World.

1

TO meet their Judge, to hear their doom,
 From the deep slumbers of the tomb,
 The countless generations past
 Wake, at the angel's "trumpet blast!"

2

Behold the ransom'd lift their head,
 The world in flames around them spread ;
 While, as a scroll, upon that day,
 The elements dissolve away !

3

Yet they, unmoved, behold the scene,
 In hope composed, in faith serene,
 Assured, 'mid crowds aghast with fear,
 That their redemption draweth near.

4

The scoffer, hence, will scoff no more !
 The sinner's triumph now is o'er !
 Heaven's thunders, rolling through the air,
 Their hearts, for fiercer wrath, prepare !

5

Arising from their narrow bed,
 No wings, protecting angels spread !
 On nature's wreck, as round they gaze,
 Th' undying worm upon them preys !

6

Is there no hope ?—no lofty tower,
 To cheer, and shield them, in this hour ?
 He, who alone could soothe and save,
 To judgment calls them from the grave !

7

While the redeem'd in God rejoice,
 The wicked hear their Sovereign's voice
 Cry, " Go, ye cursed !" who shall say
 How dread, to be the Castaway !

8

Sinner ! while yet thou breath'st the air,
 To meet thy angry Judge, prepare !
 To the one only refuge fly !
 And on a Saviour's blood rely !

510.

Parable 6.

Of the goodly Pearl. Matt. xiii.

1

IS there, immured in sea or earth,
 One precious pearl, of boundless worth,
 Greater than man hath bought or sold,
 The pearl, of value yet untold ?

2

My heart replies, " That pearl be mine ;
 " Let others seek to rule, and shine,
 " I covet not the monarch's throne,
 " If I can call that pearl my own ! "

3

The merchant bears both heat and blast
 To find the goodly pearl, at last ;
 And now, with gladness in his eyes,
 He sells his all, to grasp the prize !

4

Shall merchants, at a sight so low,
 Feel, with delight, *their* hearts o'erflow,
 And *we*, who richer pearl possess,
 Feel humbler joy, and transport less ?

5

We will not shrink from care or pain,
 With God to dwell, with Christ to reign !
 Can any thing, too great, be given,
 To gain our Crown, secure our Heaven ?

6

For such a pearl, shall we withhold
 Whatever yet was bought with gold ?

Pleasures, that ill deserve the name,
Material treasure ? — *creature* fame ?

7

If, gracious Saviour ! ere we die,
 Thou give *thyself*, and *dross* deny,
 With such a pearl, such hopes divine,
 All other pearls we may resign !

511.

Parable 7.

The grain of Mustard Seed.

Matt. xiii.

1

THE grain of mustard seed is sown
 Small, and despised : by means unknown,
 It rises now, and branches throws,
 In which the birds of heaven repose.

2

An emblem of the seed of grace !
 At first, its progress scarce we trace,
 Till, to prepare for flowers and fruits,
 It spreads its limbs, and strikes its roots.

3

O, may our hearts this grace display,
 Water'd, and growing, day by day !
 May the immortal germ survive
 Whate'er would harm, and in us thrive !

4

It must be planted here below,
 And here its earliest buds must blow,
 Still watch'd by heaven's unsleeping eye,
 Or it will soon decline, and die !

5

Though now, of tenderest hue and form,
 It shall withstand the roughest storm,
 And bear, beyond this world of strife,
 Its fruit to everlasting life !

512.

Parable 8.

The Seed sown.

Matt. xiii.

1

LORD ! the seed which thou dost sow,
Feed with dews, and let it grow !
May it bear, in young and old,
Fifty, and a hundred fold !

2

Let us not the seed display,
Lost and scatter'd by the way !
Never let it, Lord ! be found
Wither'd on the stony ground !

3

Tares, too oft, obstruct the seed ;
Now the thorn, and now the weed ;
Cares, consuming, riches vain,
Choke the word, and prove its bane.

4

In our field, (our hearts of stone,) Precious seed has oft been sown ;
Harvest time is drawing near ;
Where does now the fruit appear ?

5

Let the seed which thou dost sow,
Take deep root, and upward grow ;
And, unmoved by storm or blast,
Prove the tree of life, at last !

513.

Parable 9.

The ten Lepers.

Luke 12.

1

TEEN helpless lepers once were bound
By sorrow's hard, and heaviest chain ;
In their dismay, the Saviour found,
And freely cured them of their pain :
Of all the ten, one, only one,
Return'd to own what Christ had done !

2

“O black ingratitude !” But, stay !
 Can we, who thus indignant chide,
 More fervent thankfulness display
 To God, our constant friend, and guide ?
 From infancy have we been bless’d,
 Yet, how have we our thanks express’d !

3

Our food, while thousands pine forlorn,
 Has sprung from heaven’s benign supplies ;
 Our health, returning with the morn,
 With all life’s fond, and social ties :
 These gifts, with countless more, we owe
 To him, from whom all comforts flow !

4

Have *we*, like this ungrateful band,
 Refused his goodness to adore ?
 To own the kind and liberal hand
 That fed us from his bounteous store ?
 Those, who *our* hearts with anger fill,
 Resemble *us*, more thankless still !

5

But Oh ! if we in gifts rejoice,
 Which will survive the world around ;
 If we have heard the still-small-voice,
 The note of praise should ever sound !
 Saviour ! for benefits so great,
 To thee, our hearts, we consecrate !

514.

Parable 10.

 Of the Tares and Wheat. Matt. xiii.

1

HAST thou, Lord ! within our heart,
 Sown *good* seed ? we trust thou hast !
 Still thy fostering care impart !
 Screen it from the cutting blast !
 From whate’er might prove its bane,
 Scorching sun, or drenching rain !

2

But we feel, and sigh to own,
 That our joy is not complete ;
 That our enemy hath sown
 Tares, that mingle with the wheat !
 Let not seed which thou hast sown,
 By the tares be overgrown !

3

Visit us with favour free,
 Refuge in the time of need !
 Lord ! we look alone to thee
 To restrain the evil seed !
 In temptation's trying hour,
 Shield us by thy mighty power !

4

Here, O Lord ! thy word declares,
 Though thy grace the *wheat* may sow,
 Adversaries set their *tares*,
 And together both will grow ;
 But the sifting-time is near !
 Soon the reapers will appear !

5

Where will sinners then retreat,
 When, from heaven, the judge descends
 To divide the chaff from wheat,
 And distinguish foes from friends ?
 They will view the lightnings fly,
 And, in vain, on mountains cry !

6

When the heavens shall melt away,
 Mid the whirlwind, fire, and blast,
 May we meet that fearful day,
 With our trust, on Jesus, cast !
 Still, with flames from east to west,
 On the Rock of Ages rest !

515.

Parable 11.

Of the Leaven. — Matt xiii.

1

IN every form around,
The wise may hear a friend !
A little *leaven* is found
Its virtues to extend :
E'en *leaven*, to all who truth obey,
Important lessons may convey !

2

The *leaven* we thus behold,
Spreading its influence wide,
Should warm our spirits cold,
And us, as loiterers, chide :
If earthly *leaven* we active see,
What should the heavenly *leaven* be !

3

If one fair gleam within
Disclose our natural state ;
Convince the soul of sin,
And teach, that sin to hate ;
It is a *leaven*, a light divine,
Which will, through endless ages, shine !

4

Before we hence depart,
May we true wisdom choose !
O, Lord ! in every heart,
The *leaven* of grace infuse !
This will prepare us, ere we die,
For heaven, and all the joys on high.

516.

Parable 12.

The Prodigal's Return. — Luke xv.

1

WITH hunger press'd, and toss'd with pain,
The prodigal repents too late ;
Where'er he goes, he wears a chain,
The memory of his fallen state : o o

At length he cries, oppress'd with woe,
“ I to my father's house will go !”

2

While yet far distant from his home,
The father, joyful, sees his child !
He hasten's ! he cries,— “ No longer roam !
“ My son ! my son !” in accents mild ;
“ Though thou hast wander'd far, and long,
“ My wrath is weak, my love is strong !”

3

“ Father ! my crimes deserve thine ire !”
The son, with faltering voice replies,
“ I am not worthy ” — See the sire
Fall on his neck, 'mid tears and sighs !
Silence, impressive, marks the air !
Unutterable thoughts are there !

4

And shall not God the welcome give
To the lost sheep that back return ?
Shall, in the Highest, anger live,
While mortals with compassion yearn ?
The Lord, both pitiful and kind,
Will cast his children's sins behind !

5

Come, sinner ! wretched as thou art,
Thy heavenly Father waits to greet !
Thou hast a place within his heart !
He sits upon a mercy seat !
With such an Advocate to plead !
Trust him, in this thy hour of need !

6

Who, that to Christ for pardon came,
Was e'er rejected ! Come and try !
There is deliverance in his name !
Why wilt thou, wretched sinner, die !
Call on the Saviour ! Blood divine
Hath wash'd out deeper stains than thine !

517.

Parable 13.

Of the Treasure hid in a Field.

Matt. x iii. 44.

1

PREEMINENT, one treasure shines,
 Yielding no transitory joy ;
 Richer than India's choicest mines,
 Which moth and rust cannot destroy !

2

It is that word of promise pure ;
 That hallow'd book ! in which are found
 Wealth, that for ever will endure,
 And hopes, that hell shall not confound !

3

The man who earthly treasure finds,
 O'erpower'd by wonder and surprise,
 Himself, to boundless joy, resigns,
 And buys the field wherein it lies !

4

Oh ! if we *have* secured indeed,
 Amid this world of toil and strife,
 The streams, that from on high proceed,
 The bread of everlasting life !

5

If we have learn'd to say, sincere,
 My Saviour ! I in thee confide !
 This is that pearl, that treasure, rare,
 For which we barter all beside.

6

Let us not cast the longing eye
 At earth's too fair, but fleeting flowers !
 Why should our hearts for shadows sigh,
 When Heaven is near, and Christ is ours !

7

Help us, O Lord ! to make *that* choice,
 That wealth to prize, *that* treasure love,
 In which, at death, we shall rejoice,
 Borne with us to the world above !

518.

Parable 14.

Of the Ten Virgins.

Matt. xxv.

1

TEEN virgins, at the city gate,
 While fast the dews of evening fall,
 To meet the coming bridegroom, wait,
 And now deep sleep o'erpowers them all !

2

While each her vigilance suspends,
 And yields to slumber, soft, and sweet,
 Behold ! the startling cry ascends,
 "The bridegroom comes ! Go forth to meet !"

3

Five virgins of the ten were *wise*,
 And five, the name of *folly* bore !
 The wise, with self-reproach, arise,
 And trim their lamps, with oil in store !

4

The foolish, in amaze, thus plead,
 "This is the hour that tries the friend !"
 "Our lamps are out, and oil we need,
 "Regard our prayer ! Oh ! give, or lend !"

5

"Not so," the wiser answer make,
 "With none to spare, we must deny ;
 "Lest you the bridegroom's anger wake,
 "Hasten, without delay, and buy !"

6

The foolish, with the bridegroom near,
 Inquire for oil, with dread increas'd ;
 He comes ; he calls : the wise appear,
 And enter to the marriage feast.

7

The door is shut ! What noise is there ?
 Tumult extending more and more !
 The knock is heard ! the earnest prayer !
 "Open, O Lord ! thy friends implore !"

8

The bridegroom gives the answer dread,
 " You in this banquet have no part ;
 " Your time is past ! your hour is fled !
 " Strangers ! I know you not ! Depart ! "

9

What import deep, those words contain !
 Heard through all worlds, " The door is shut ! "
 What unimagin'd pangs and pain,
 In that repulse, " I know you not ! "

10

At midnight, should the shout be heard,
 " Prepare your lamps ! your wedding dress !
 " Go, instant, forth to meet your Lord ! "
 When we, nor robe, nor oil, possess !

11

Oh ! should our final foe appear
 When we in heedless slumbers lie !
 Death, and eternity, draw near,
 And clouds, and darkness, veil our sky !

12

To be, like chaff, expell'd from earth !
 Doom'd to desertion and despair !
 To hear, " I know you not ! go forth,
 The anger of a God to bear ! "

13

Father ! most merciful ! we plead
 The blood which Christ, thy Son, hath shed !
 Oh ! hear us in our hour of need !
 To thine own refuge we have fled !

14

May all our lamps be trimm'd, and shine,
 While we await the bridegroom's cry ;
 Grace in our hearts, that oil divine !
 Which, whoso hath, shall never die !

519.

Parable 15.

Dives and Lazarus.Luke, xvi.

1

DIVES, behold, in lordly state,
 Ruling, with half a monarch's sway ;
 Obsequious menials round him wait ;

His looks regard, his nod obey :
 Before him sportive dancers glide,
 And all is dazzling pomp and pride !

2

Hark ! music gives her airy joys !

The dulcet airs attention chain !

Now the bold timbrel's deafening noise

Yields to the harp's inspiring strain :
 And now a hundred voices raise
 The chorus loud to Dives' praise !

3

The feast begins ! Behold the board !

What luxury ! profusion ! waste !

Sea, earth, and heaven, their gifts afford

To pamper and provoke the taste :
 The sparkling wine, the song is there,
 While Laughter, reeling, scoffs at Care !

4

A Guest, unbidden, opes the door !

I know him by his spectre form !

'Tis Death ! Ah ! where is now the roar ?

The lyre is still, and hush'd the storm !
 Th' imperious Stranger Dives calls !
 See ! from his seat, he, lifeless, falls !

5

At Dives' gate a beggar lies,

Cover'd with sores, and toss'd with pain ;
 There is no ear to heed his cries !

He asks for crumbs, but asks in vain !
 The very dogs compassion feel,
 And lick the wounds they cannot heal.

6

Death comes to *him*; his cares are o'er !

And now the difference plain appears ;
Lazarus his weight of suffering bore,
While traversing this vale of tears ;
But it was brief, and he could say,
“ My Father ! I thy will obey ! ”

7

Is this the end of both ? ah ! no ;

Lazarus the angels have convey'd
To yonder skies, from want, and woe,
And him, with spotless robe, array'd !
The joys of heaven will well repay
The sorrows of his mortal day !

8

Where now is Dives ? see him borne
Down to his tomb, with gorgeous show !
The crowd of hirelings, paid to mourn,
But ill conceal their hollow woe !
The heralds all his greatness tell,
While Dives lifts his eyes from hell !

9

He sees the beggar, whom he scorn'd,
In Abraham's bosom,—God, his friend !
With palms, and sun-like vest, adorn'd,
Eternity in heaven to spend !
While *he* contends with pangs untold,
Excluded from the Saviour's fold !

10

Dives, tormented, thus address'd
Abraham ;— “ O Father ! pity me !
“ Send Lazarus, from among the bless'd,
“ With water, though one drop it be !
“ And, o'er *that* glimpse of spirits bright,
“ Oh ! cast the veil of deepest night ! ”

11

Abraham replies ; “ Son ! bear in mind,
“ On earth, to every luxury known,
“ Thy heart to Mammon was resign'd,
“ While Lazarus *evil* call'd his own ;

“ Now, he forgets his former care,
 “ And thou, the fruit of sin must bear :”

12

“ Besides all this, 'tween us and you,
 “ A gulf, impassable, extends ;
 “ Though each, may each, from distance, view,
 “ All intercourse, with seeing, ends :
 “ And still, at sight of Heaven, must rise,
 “ Remorse ! the worm that never dies !”

13

Dives implores,—“ The warning voice,
 “ O, Abraham ! to the earth, convey,
 “ Lest my seven brethren make my choice,
 “ And feel the pangs that on me prey !
 “ One admonition from the grave,
 “ Their hearts might move, their souls might
 save !”

14

Abraham replies ; “ They only seek
 “ Time's momentary pleasures vain ;
 “ Moses, and all the prophets, speak,
 “ And yet they hear them with disdain !
 “ Those who despise what *they* have said
 “ Would spurn the message from the dead !”

520.

Madness of Atheism.

1

MEN, who the downward path have trod,
 Rejoicing, cry,—“ There is no God !”
 While evil thoughts their heart deceive,
 First they *desire*, and then *believe*.

2

What eye, reflecting, can survey
 The opening morn, the closing day,
 The hill, the vale, the wood, the stream,
 And still of *chance*, with Atheists, dream !

3

Who can behold, through countless years,
Th' harmonious circuit of the spheres ;
The "mind of man," that depth profound !
The seasons, in perpetual round :

4

What heart can hear the midnight storm ;
View life, in ever-varying form ;
Regard the curious human frame,
And, wondering, not, "A God !" exclaim !

5

Who shall the rising sun behold,
Encircled with his robes of gold ;
Who, ponder on the stars of night,
Nor own the One Great Infinite !

6

Who shall regard fair nature's face,
Replete with beauty, order, grace,
And talk, while Folly waves her rod,
Of *accident*, the Atheist's God !

7

[We much have view'd, and long have lived,
And lessons from our sires received,
Yet who has seen, in "*atom dance !*"
One grand achievement made by *chance !*]

8

If, truth, preeminent, there be,
Which all, but brutes, must feel and see,
It is, that there is, unconfined,
One vast, and all-presiding Mind !

9

O, may that God whose work we are ;
Whose voice directs the rolling star,
Be ever near, to guide, and love,
And fit us for the world above !

521. *The Book of God.*

1

FOOLS may the *Book of God* disdain,
 Who, fealty to their Lord, disown,
 But what they scorn, shall still remain
 Firm as heaven's everlasting throne.

2

The *Book of God*, like Zion's hill,
 Has borne th' assaults of many a storm ;
 And it shall brave assailants still,
 Of every name ! in every form !

3

That Book, O Father ! which thy foes
 Have never yet been taught to bless,
 On *us*, transcendent joy bestows,
 And fills our hearts with thankfulness !

4

When prosperous suns on sinners shine,
 The world a robe, deceptive, wears ;
 But when their heads with age decline,
 The nakedness of earth appears !

5

Imperial sway will not avail !
 Wealth's gaudiest show, nor honour's breath !
 These, in the times most needed, fail —
 The hour of sickness, and of death !

6

But ere that final day arrive,
 In musings sad, when tumults cease,
 The shuddering *doubt* will oft revive
 To dash their chalice ; mar their peace !

7

With all their confidence, and pride,
 The trembling of the ground they feel !
 The more their fears they strive to hide,
Misgivings, darker, o'er them steal !

8

They cannot look upon the sky';
 The ocean billows as they roll';
 The starry firmament, and cry —
 " There is no God who form'd the whole ! "

9

And if *there be* one Lord supreme,
 Pure, hallowed, holy, well they know,
 With crimes like theirs, (no idle dream !)
 He must, all-seeing, be their foe !

10

How dread, to meet *distrust*, at last !
 Too late, their injured souls, to save !
 To see their hour, their harvest past,
 And feel no hope beyond the grave !

11

How peaceful is the christian's state !
 No storms and tempests shake his mind :
 Confiding in heaven's Ruler Great,
 What God appoints, he bears, resign'd ;

12

If troubles press, a Father's hand
 He owns, and checks the starting tear ;
 The power who governs sea and land,
 He knows, is ever kind, and near.

13

Religion is his grand concern !
 He, in his *Bible*, meets his Lord !
 He reverences what others spurn,
 And, in it, finds his rich reward !

14

He marks perpetual change around,
 No form impress'd not by *decay* !
 Immortal beings — onward bound !
 Their sojourn here, one stormy day !

15

He longs to learn what prospects wide
 Will rise, when he from time recedes,

And his desire is satisfied,
When, in the *Book of God*, he reads !

16

Traced with a sun-beam, there he sees,
How he, his wanderings may retrieve ;
And that, the God of heaven to please,
He must, in Christ, his Son, believe !

17

There, he is taught, the world, how vain !
And that this life is but a span !
There, he perceives his duties plain ;
All that he owes to God, and man !

18

There, he alone beholds the light
That, o'er the future, radiance throws ;
That beam which clothes in colours bright,
The glorious realm to which he goes !

19

There, he is taught the value true
Of what the *finite* can bestow ;
And that, in an *Immortal's* view,
Meanness is stamp'd on all below !

20

There, he has learn'd the *Sovereign Good* !
That man, to man, is bound by ties
Of kindness and brotherhood,
And, that our object is, the Skies !

21

There, we the solemn truth derive,
That we undying *souls* possess,
Which must these transient scenes survive,
In misery, or blessedness !

22

There, the sole antidote is found,
When we to death our heads resign ;
Trust in the Saviour ! who is crown'd
With might, and majesty divine !

23

May, to *our* hearts, that holy page,
 The *Book of God*, a solace yield,
 When toiling o'er life's rugged stage,
 And, (conquerors !) when we quit the field !

24

He who would shake our faith in God,
 The sanctions of his *Word* impair,
 Travels, himself, to hell, the road,
 And strives that we should meet him there !

25

Thrice blessed book ! our hope ! our stay !
 The antidote for human woe !
 Thou canst convert our night to day,
 And art our only lamp below !

26

The Bible ! may its light extend
 To every nation, tongue, and tribe !
 Till all who live the knee shall bend,
 And glory to the Lamb ascribe !

522. *Hymn to the Supreme Being.*

(Formed, chiefly, from detached parts of the Psalms.)

I

LORD ! thou the dwelling-place hast been
 Of all, who ever fear'd thy name !
 Man changes with the changing scene,
 But thou art evermore the same !

2

Sceptres and thrones, the blaze of power ;
 Yea, all that charms the heart, the eye,
 Will wonder raise their little hour,
 And, like a scroll, be passed by !

3

But thou, unchanged, shalt remain,
 Encircled in thy robe of light ;

Thou, through perpetual years, shalt reign,
When sun and stars are quench'd in night !

4

Whirlwind, and blast, thy will perform ;
Lightnings receive their course from thee !
Thou rid'st upon the winged storm,
And thou restrain'st the raging sea !

5

Thou, unconfined by space or time,
Display'st thy power through endless years ;
In every age, in every clime,
The majesty of God appears !

6

Thy mandate gave all creatures birth ;
From Chaos, Nature rose Divine ;
The deep foundations of the earth,
The everlasting hills are thine !

7

Perfection marks thy works around ;
The *great*, the *small*, are one to thee ;
The element where thou art found,
Is all alike *Infinity* !

8

Thy dwelling, deep pavilions hide ;
Mists bar access ; dark waters frown ;
Yet, here and there, the clouds divide,
And bring celestial visions down !

9

The birds that, joyous, stretch their wing,
And wanton in the summer air ;
The insect, and the creeping thing,
Reveal the tokens of thy care !

10

Mountains, unchanged, from age to age,
Thou, by thy might, hast girded round,
And given to Ocean, in his rage,
The fix'd, and adamantine bound.

11

Leviathan, and all his train,

Through the wide sea, in myriads, spread ;
The beasts that range the wood or plain,

All, by thy bounteous hand, are fed !

12

The shrubs and flowers, in fair array,

The golden corn, the lofty tree ;
The fruits, that clustering, bend the spray,
Still claim our thanks and point to thee !

13

Thine is the Summer's ample store,

Thee, teeming Autumn owns her king ;
Thou shin'st in Winter's mantle hoar,
And thou renew'st the face of Spring !

14

On all that is, the Great First Cause,
Stamps his imperishable lines !

Resistless power the spirit awes,
Till, through the awful, *mercy* shines !

15

Thou, who above all thought art high,
The Great Unknown ! the Final End !

Dost hear the *ravens* when they cry,
And goodness to the *worm* extend !

16

Creation, to her utmost bound,
Regales the ear, and charms the sight !

Beneficence, the earth around,
Moves onward in her track of light !

17

We mark thee in the blush of morn !

We view thee in the glow of eve !
And generations, yet unborn,

Shall drink the transport we receive !

18

When to the *Heavens* we raise our eye,
The grandeur of thy name we see !

We trace, through all the spangled sky,
The finger, plain, of Deity !

19

Let the whole earth, in chorus wide,
 Praise thee, 'till faith expires in sight,
 That thou didst cast the clouds aside,
 And give to man, the Starry Night !

20

That tablet clear, that lucid page,
 Whereon is read Jehovah's sway !
 And which the Atheist, in his rage,
 To blackest shades would tear away !

21

There, sphere on sphere, in mystic throng,
 Direct to thee their airy lyre !
 The daring vision toils along,
 Through regions, kindling still with fire !

22

The moon august thou badest shine,
 While calm as thought the concave glows !
 Thou spak'st, and in one vast design,
 Ten thousand beaming worlds arose !

23

Amid the confluent flood of light,
 Sent from heaven's unimagin'd bound ;
 Suns, traversing, harmonious, bright,
 The constellated vault profound !

24

Arcturus stately passes on,
 Conspicuous through his lapse of years ;
 Orion, with his triple zone,
 Alike in radiant pomp appears !

25

And there the Pleiades proclaim,
 Dominion to the Lord on high !
 While all the planets sing the same,
 In their procession round the sky !

26

Though countless orbs through ether roll,
 These all are atoms ! power confined !
 Thou didst create the human soul !
 Efflux of thine eternal mind !

27

Still higher ! the angelic choir,
 With all the glorious hosts above,
 Sprang from thy fiat ! Sovereign Sire !
 Great Source of Being ! Fount of Love !

28

On earth, “ Omnipotence !” we hear
 Sent forth from every form, and sense !
 While heaven, with accent still more clear,
 Again repeats, “ Omnipotence !”

523.

Time is Short.

1

NARROW is th’ appointed space
 For mankind to run their race !
 Small the interval allow’d
 Between the cradle and the shroud !
 Scarce from slumber we arise
 Ere the longest liver dies !

2

The very tree may now be laid,
 From which our coffin will be made !
 Haply, now the web is spun
 To wrap us, when our race is run !
 And the spade, when we are dead,
 May wait to form our lowly bed !

3

Have we, with our days so few,
 In a little, much to do ?
 Let us not, regardless, spend
 Moments, which so soon must end !
 Life is frail ! a warning sound
 Comes from every form around !

4

When our own hand’s-breath we scan,
 We the measure see of man !
 When we mark the clouds on high ;
 When we view the shuttle fly ;

Whispers reach us, soft, and clear,
Time is short, and death is near !

5

Are we to a point confined ?
Have we an immortal mind ?
After this uncertain state,
Does an endless world await ?
Lord ! endue us with thy grace,
Well to run our mortal race !

6

Heaven before us, let us give
Our thoughts to God, while here we live,
Nor partake the fool's repast,
Which will sorrow yield, at last.
Since *anon* we pass away,
Let us wisely spend *to-day* !

7

May we still the *Saviour* prize,
'Till the Day-Star in us rise !
May we walk by faith, and bear
More and more, his image here !
That the Mansions in the sky
May receive us when we die !

524. *Pleasures of Religion.*

1

IS it a heart-felt pleasure high,
Mid trackless waste, and burning sky,
To reach a calm retreat ;
A shelter, with the evening near,
The shade to cool, the well to cheer,
And friendship's accents sweet ?

2

Is it a joy of soothing kind,
When, leaving winds and waves behind,
The seaman homeward flies ;
When first he views his native shore,
His haven now, and now the door,
Where all his treasure lies ?

3

These are delights that touch the soul,
 Yet on the choicest moments roll,
 And soon, alas ! they cease ;
 But there's an heritage sublime
 Beyond this little span of time,
 A world of perfect peace.

4

The fairest vision, here below
 Is fleeting, as the winter's snow ;
 A transitory guest ;
 But, Oh ! what realms are those, refined,
 Commensurate alone with *mind*,
 Where all, with God, are bless'd !

5

Teach me to seek, Almighty Friend !
 Delights, alone, that will not end ;
 The balm of Eden's gale ;
 Where, worshipping the Great, "I am,"
 With all the followers of the Lamb,
 Love, joy, and praise prevail !

6

A glimpse of this transporting scene,
 O'erwhelms, in night, earth's objects mean,
 That charm the heedless throng ;
 And makes the soul, impatient wait
 Her entrance on a nobler state,
 To join in Gabriel's song !

7

A few declining suns, and I
 Shall rise above this nether sky,
 Heaven's portals bright I see !
 Come, bless'd Immanuel ! bear away
 My spirit from its clog of clay,
 And let me dwell with thee !

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

“ For who to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 “ This pleasing, anxious being e'er resign'd ;
 “ Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 “ Nor cast one longing lingering look behind.”

One man, the christian, found in wisdom's way,
 His eye on Calvary fix'd, to God resign'd,
 Can leave these precincts of his mortal day,
 Nor cast one longing lingering look behind.

But there are those, who have no hope to cheer
 Life's sordid joys, their solace, “ poor and blind ! ”
 Who, till their last expiring hour appear,
 Still cast the longing, lingering look behind.

The dying Christian's farewell to Earth.

1

HEAVEN's gleams before me darting
 Proclaim my race is o'er ;
 I view the world departing,
 Nor seek its shadows more :
 Haste on, celestial Vision !
 Earth ! take my final sigh,
 That I may burst my prison,
 And soar to realms on high.

2

Farewell, my house, delighting,
 For you no more I grieve ;
 A nobler house, inviting,
 Stands ready to receive :
 Farewell, my Loves ; my Treasures ;
 I can resign e'en you ;
 In sight of endless pleasures,
 I bid you all, adieu !

3

Such scenes of opening wonder !—
Time must be cast behind ;
My spirit tears asunder,
These tenderest cords that bind :
May he who press'd the manger,
And once on Calvary died,
From every snare and danger,
Protect, and guard, and guide !

4

Farewell, this troubled ocean,
Its tumults, noise, and strife ;
Farewell, each rude commotion
Of this my chequered life :
Ere long, the heaving billow
In smooth expanse will spread ;
And, on his weary pillow,
The Pilgrim rest his head !

5

Farewell, to pain and sorrow,
Attendants on my clay ;
My soul, upon the morrow,
Shall enter perfect day :
Fruition then will banish
Each lingering cloud of night ;
Mist, doubt, and fear will vanish,
And faith be lost in sight.

6

Farewell, creation, lovely !
So long my joy below !
This hour, the heavens above me
Reveal their evening glow !
The mountain stream, o'erflowing,
The rock, the woody dell,
Sun ! moon ! the concave glowing !—
I bid you all farewell !

7

You made in moments serious,
 The tear of rapture start ;
 I heard your voice mysterious,
 That sank into my heart.
 Now prospects new delight me,
 Vast, permanent, divine ;
 And brighter scenes invite me
 With suns that ever shine !

8

Earth's choicest gifts (all fleeting !)
 Pass on with arrowy flight ;
 Beneath my view retreating,
 Like Phantoms of the night :
 Cares (once with power to harrow)
 Now sleep in memory's store ;
 The past is but a shadow,
 With "substance," all, before !

9

Was it with such devotions,
 At things of nought I aimed,
 Wasting those high emotions
 Which nobler objects claimed ?
 Folly ! pronounced in thunder,
 That grief in bliss has raised ;
 At which the seraphs wonder,
 And angels stand amazed.

10

Farewell, to human praises,
 No longer they allure ;
 Heaven now my longing raises,
 With praise that will endure :
 The breath of vain distinction—
 A bubble ! and a dream !
 I covet now salvation,
 With God, the Good Supreme !

11

Farewell, the cherished union
Which I with saints have known ;
Their social, sweet communion,
The balm of life, is flown :
But, brief our separation,
Oh ! joyous time in store !
When Friends, in quick succession,
Will meet to part no more !

12

Farewell, the earthly temple,
My praise of Zion's King !
Warm'd by my Lord's example,
Death now has lost his sting :
In loud, and loftier praises
I shall ere long unite,
Up-borne from error's mazes
Where all is love and light !

13

My mortal journey ended
An altar now I rear ;
For God hath me befriended
Through all my sojourn here :
Still gifts on gifts bestowing ;
From youth to age the same :
A stream for ever flowing,
And blessed be his name !

14

I thank, for preservation,
When he alone could save ;
I bless, for my creation,—
For hope beyond the grave !
E'en sorrows, once abounding,
I view with clearer eyes,
And own, the cross, confounding,
Was mercy in disguise.

15

Below, would I resemble
 The white-robed train above,
 Who round the throne assemble
 In purity and love ;
 But foes maintain dominion,
 Rebellious, from my birth,
 And my aspiring pinion,
 Reluctant drag to earth.

16

One thought, (o'er all things ranging,)
 Upholds my sinking frame :—
 While all around is changing,
 That God remains the same !
 The page that soothed the martyr
 Still speaks, invites, sustains,
 The christian's hallowed charter—
 The Bible lives and reigns !

17

Against that Rock of Ages,
 Begirt with strength Divine,
 In vain the scoffer rages,
 And fiends for war combine ;—
 No power their spirits shielding,
 At heaven's first battle-sound !
 That Arm, the lightnings wielding,
 Shall earth and hell confound !

18

Life's taper fast declining—
 Where now are nature's fears ?
 To God my soul resigning,
 A light in darkness cheers !
 No terrors now surround me,
 I hail my near release :
 Faith throws her mantle round me,
 And all within is peace !

19

Farewell, my imperfection !
That often caused the tear ;
With conflict and dejection,
I drop my frailty here.
Welcome the angels shading—
Their face, as they adore !
Welcome the crown unfading !
The “joys for evermore !”

20

Welcome, the fountain, laving—
Heaven’s jasper pavement bright !
Welcome, the palm, slow-waving !
The robe of spotless white !—
A shining convoy, hoary !
The chariot wheels descend !—
I go with Christ and Glory
Eternity to spend !

NOTES.

A. 241.

A few Metres have been introduced into this Third Book, not from their metrical rhythm, but in accommodation to certain old and established tunes.

B. 265.

A hymn in the same metre as No. 369 ; and, nearly on the same subject, will be found in some of the collections ; of which the following is the first verse.

“ Thou sweet gliding Kedron, by thy silver stream,
Our Saviour at midnight, when Cynthia’s pale beam
Shone bright on the waters, would frequently stray,
And lose, in thy murmurs, the toils of the day.”

C. 294.

“ Nor, in breathings for thy kingdom,
“ Would we banish from our prayer,
“ Men, renouncing home and kindred,
“ Tidings of the cross to bear ;
“ Ease disdaining—
“ Burning suns, and poisonous air !

“ Such, of high and noble daring,
“ Venturing thus the truth to spread ;
“ Bounteous Father ! good, and gracious !
“ On their path thy blessings shed !
“ And, in danger,
“ Cheer their heart, and shield their head.”

ADDRESS TO THE MISSIONARIES.

WHILE some the song to chiefs and patriots raise,
With nobler zeal, I loftier Spirits praise ;
Men, who, to please their Maker, and proclaim
To nations sunk in night, a Saviour's name,
Have left the land where pleasure sits and smiles ;
Joyous have left e'en Britain, Queen of Isles ;
Friends, home, contentment, all that life endears,
Freely renounced, for anguish, toil, and tears ;
Endured the scorching waste, the raging flood,
While fearless on the Rock of Faith they stood.

Must each be launch'd ere long on death's cold stream;
Each pass away—like a forgotten dream !
Oh ! higher thought, and fearful, doth there wait
For all the sons of men, an endless state !
You have believed, and for the deluge wide,
Prepared your ark that, safe, the storm shall ride.
You know there does. While others, till they die,
Deem all things serious, but Eternity ;
You, better taught, a *future empire* raise,
And spend, for God, your few, and fleeting days.

Like your great Master, you, your ease disdain,
And combat with the scoffer, want, and pain ;
Instructed in th' inestimable worth
Of that great treasure, Heaven bestow'd on earth ;
That precious boon, that Book of Life, and Light,
Which sheds fulgence o'er a world of night,
You your "exceeding" joy would not disguise,
And brood with sordid pleasure o'er your prize.
Truth, noble, generous, longing to impart,
Conveys a genial influence to the heart ;
Its element—is to dispense all good ;
It feels, for distant nations, brotherhood ;

Embraces, with one ardent grasp of soul,
 Men of all climes, from Ganges to the Pole.
 Religion, true, with an Ithuriel touch,
 May find the miser, but ne'er left him such.

Oh ! had the Vision call'd, in that deep dream,
 Paul *eastward* to have borne his Sacred Theme ;
 With Heaven's rich gifts, to feed the *Tartar* wild,
 And not the *Macedonian*, Europe's child :
 Had no kind Spirit, casting fears behind,
 Bless'd with a pulse that beat for all mankind,
 (Whose breast the light contain'd) once thoughtful stood,
 Framing luxurious schemes for human good ;
 Beheld where *Albion's* stately clifts appear'd,
 And boldly to the barbarous *Briton* steer'd ;
 How had *our* savage faith its strength maintain'd,
 And what e'en *here* the night that now had reign'd !

Kingdoms, for arts and science once renown'd,
 As time roll'd on, have plunged in shades profound !
 While lands, to ten-fold darkness long resign'd,
 Have burst their bonds, and led the sons of mind,
 Haply ! (Oh, Heaven avert the curse severe !)
 Again the Pagan Rite may triumph here !
 And regions, now, where men to idols bend,
 The Altar reverence, and the Ark defend !
 What might so soon God's sleeping wrath awake,
 And, o'er our Isle, tempt him his scourge to shake,
 His lamp remove, his heritage forsake,
 As langour, to extend the Gospel Sound,
 The Bread of Life, to starving nations round !—
 As that disastrous, graceless, spirit chill,
 Which scorns to work, and frustrates those who will !
 Soft as the far-off murmuring of the sea,
 Sweet as at morn the bird's clear melody,

(Amid the shout of orgies vile) I hear
The still small voice of penitence and prayer !
Sunk as they were in guilt, abased, depraved,
Ten righteous men had once a people saved ;
Hope, yet is ours ! Though crowds on every side,
Their Maker's Laws disdain, his Threats deride,
England may yet recount her righteous few,
Salt of our land ! and not the least in you.

How will the future sons of sires, who now,
In climes remote, to stocks and statues bow —
(Oh, fearful depth of folly and of crime !
~~Man~~, even Man ! endued with powers sublime,
Disclaims his rank, to basest things that be,
Lifts the adoring eye, and bends the knee !)
How will *such*, brought to their maturer sense,
Read with delight the Page of Providence !
How will *such* hail (without one faint alloy,)
Their happier state ; then, with seraphic joy,
Gaze backward far upon the men revered
Who *first* their tribes with Songs of Sion cheer'd ;
Brought *them* the Truth, the Book of Knowledge spread,
And, o'er the future, beams resplendent shed !
What gratulations, what transcendent praise
Their hearts to *you* will breathe, their voices raise,
While basking in the light, a glance they cast
O'er the dark vale, the dreary desert past !
As, on their race of storms, their night of woe,
Safe, from the Mount of God, they look below !
When waning age on age hath roll'd away,
Since you with earth have mix'd your honour'd clay,
While myriads on oblivion's tide are seen,
Borne downward, lost, as though they ne'er had been, }
Still shall your memories flourish, fresh and green ;
Of you, the lisping child shall learn to speak,
As the warm tear steals down the mother's cheek :

Yet nobler thoughts than these your hearts beguile ; —
Conscience' sweet voice, and Heaven's approving smile.

Ye GREAT of Earth, arise ! — At once appear
Cæsars and Pompeys, men estranged from fear ;
Whose warlike feats the porphyry column bears ;
Who view'd the world, and proudly call'd it *theirs* ;
Who lived to tread the steep, to build the name,
Whilst slaughter'd thousands track'd their road to fame.
What grateful heart, slow from the dying bed,
Ere call'd to heaven for blessings on *their* head ?
Crowds, rather, in their pangs, with death in sight,
Deplored the hour that gave them to the light.
These are not *Great* ! Illustrious men and wise !
You are the *Great*, whose deeds to glory rise !
You, distant realms have sought, with untold pains,
Not to explore fresh marts, or count new gains ,
But, with benign delight, your joys to share ;
To free the captive, smooth the brow of care,
Throw back the veil, the Star of Hope display,
And guide benighted souls to endless day.

Such once was Brainerd, whose ambition, high,
Aspired to teach the Indian “ how to die.”
Such Schwartz was found, who 'mong the heathen, long
Despairing roam'd, yet lived to hear the song,
From the wide Banian's sylvan altar, own,
In concords loud, Jehovah, Lord alone !
Such Wesley, Whitfield were ; both labourers tried,
Who find, above, the peace which Earth denied.
Such Trowt, and Chamberlain, who, (truly wise !)
Fought the good fight, and early gain'd the prize !
And such was Vanderkempt (his ransom paid,)
Who now looks down, nor mourns the choice he made :
But, at the name of Martyn, every eye
Glistens, and turns instinctive to the sky !

(Far back my eye, excursive, loves to gaze
 On one, associate of my younger days,
 A sainted spirit, *Pierce!* who long'd in vain,
 The Missionary Martyr's crown to gain ;
 With one, *just pass'd* to the celestial sphere,
Urquhart, of kindred mould, for whom, the tear
 Uncurb'd, unbought, will long and pungent flow,
 Who left no loftier, holier soul below !
 Both still promote the cause that fired their mind—
 They left their efficacious *prayers* behind !)

Though these to Heaven have soar'd, (a glorious band!)
 In the same cause, new heroes forward stand :
 Aspirants march to conquest, all endued
 With unction from above, zeal, fortitude.
 In long perspective galaxy, I trace
 Spirits, the glory of our age and race !
 Jowett, and Coul tart, Holbeck, Richter, Shaw,
 Whom love divine to dangerous realms could draw ;
 Fox, Carver, Ousely, known and praised afar,
 With Morrison, so long a radiant star ;
 Hartley, and Wolff, instructing on that shore,
 Where once the Lord that bought them taught before !
 While Carey, Marshman, Ward, that veteran train,
 Show, in their turn, what victories Faith may gain.
 And if remembrance of the host beside
 Here find no place, who equal toils divide,
 On nobler records such serene rely,
 Theirs is the grand memorial in the sky.

Their post, by dangers compass'd, now may be
 Where no observant eye, but God's, can see, —
 Around steep Caucasus, or on the shore
 Of ice-bound Greenland, or bleak Labrador ;
 Or in Columbian Isles ; 'mid Afric's land,
 Warring with dews of death, and burning sand ;

In Palestine, (where soon the Crescent Foe
 May see, once more, the Rose of Sharon blow)
 Or where, 'mid India's Tribes, like some vast sea,
 Soul-bondage reigns, till Christ the slave shall free :
 Nor must we lightly deem those spirits, brave,
 Who, o'er the wide Pacific, souls to save,
 Have sail'd, with richer freight, and costlier aid,
 Than, from Potosi, ever bark convey'd :
 Whose triumphs, (which each day and hour appear)
 Silence the scoffer, while the just they cheer :
 And thus shall Idols vanish, like a dream,
 As Truth, o'er earth, extends her healing beam.

New scenes, like spring, with flow'ry wreaths advance ;
 New prospects rise, no cloud to overcast.
 Religion, who so long "on tiptoe stood,"
 Hath past, indeed, o'er the Atlantic flood.
 Our Brethren of the West, for greatness born,
 Whom fools defame, and then affect to scorn,
 With step intrepid send their worthies forth
 To cleanse and fructify the moral earth.
 May offspring of one Parent, favour'd, free,
 Display the sight of "Brethren who agree :" —
 And, hence, one rivalry pervade their breast, —
 Who most shall honour God, and serve him best !

If, sometimes, while through distant lands you roam,
 You cast a lingering look toward friends and home,
 Restraine the tear ! Behold the blissful state !
 The palms, the crowns, which for the pilgrim wait.
 Should pain assault you, still in God believe ;
 Should sorrow reach, Oh, think for whom you grieve !
 Should want, in lonely climes, your steps pursue,
 Dwell on his Name who suffer'd more for you.
 Guiding the Gospel Plough, gird up your mind !
 Heed not the chaff which you have left behind ! q q 2

Look forward, courage take, behold the end !
What can you stoop to mourn with God your Friend ?
You seek not earth's reward, nor man's applause ;
You all are champions in your Maker's cause ;
And round your arduous path, though sad, the while,
Crowds of admiring angels watch and smile.

The hour must come, perchance it draweth nigh,
The fast unfolding dawn of prophecy,
When the *first-born* to Zion shall return,
And look on *Him* whom they have pierced, and mourn ;
When o'er earth's verdant fields, *one* flock shall stray,
One Shepherd lead, and *all* his voice obey :
When holiest love shall ev'ry heart inflame,
And every tongue confess Immanuel's name !
Warm'd with such hopes, though vain to feeble sense,
Be Heaven's Eternal Word your confidence !
With zeal, around, your glorious mission spread,
And make your Father's will your daily bread.
May He, in every hour of need provide,
In sickness cheer you, and through dangers guide :
Make smooth and plain your path, where'er you go ;
Whilst you, like Paul, the Gospel Trumpet blow,
Who, with a crown in sight, a heaven, a home,
All things could bear, stripes, bonds, and martyrdom.

Not o'er a sea, unruffled, calm, and clear,
Must you your venturous bark expect to steer ;
The sun sometimes may soothe, your fears subside,
And soft, and sweet, the tide of feeling glide ;
When, like th' alternate changes of the deep,
Tempests and storms, the low'ring skies may sweep ;
Expect, nor be deceived. Alike prepare
Hardships or ease to meet, the soldier's fare.
If friends protect, on God the praise bestow ;
If foes assail, with meekness bear the blow ;

Nor hope to root out errors, but with toil,
Resembling his, who, patient, tills the soil.
Hell, roused from slumber, in his dread array,
Ere long, in rage, may rise to meet the fray ;
Call up foul spirits, to himself allied,
And yield, with mortal throe, his empire wide ;
But he who leads you forth, for your defence,
Will screen you with his own Omnipotence.

Truth's Harbingers ! receive from one unknown,
Passing advice, that springs from love alone,
Be not, at aught, *too* joyous or *too* pain'd,
Fear must be check'd, and Hope herself restrain'd.
Our sight is but a point, our life — a day !
Grief soon subsides, and pleasures, where are they ?
Though with our own dear schemes our bosoms swell,
What might be best at last we cannot tell ;
The clouds that rise so fair, may waft distress,
The tear, the pang, the cross, be sent to bless.
That Sovereign Power, to whose pervading eye,
All times, the past, the future, naked lie ;
Whether he walk conspicuous, clothed in light,
Or, round his footsteps, cast the robe of night,
Still carries on (though Folly oft repines,)
His wise, but his inscrutable designs.

As on you go, declaring as you can
Redemption for the captive sons of man ;
Freedom that breaks the fetters of the mind,
Ears to the deaf, and vision to the blind,
Should hosts, with bounding heart, your tidings hail,
Should Satan's kingdon fall, and Truth prevail ;
Converts from heathenish night your footsteps throng,
Acknowledge *him* to whom all hearts belong ;
Yet, should but here and there a blade be found,
While weeds, in rank luxuriance, wave around ;

Should *they* be foes to *you*, who were before
Foes to the God, whom you unseen adore,
Let not Egyptian gloom your souls dismay,
Faint is the dawn that ushers in the day ;
But should no consecrated fruits ascend ;
O'er the wide scenes should *naught* but tares extend ;
Let faith, unshaken, still support your feet,
Heedless, though torrents roar, and tempests beat.
What though no wreath, victorious, crown your race,
And scarce one flower beside your path you trace,
Seed sown by you, long 'neath the ground may lie,
Water'd of God, unmark'd by human eye,
Ordain'd, in the appointed hour, to rise,
And with majestic verdure fill the skies.
Witness *Taheite* whose shades have past away,
So long were fiends maintain'd unbridled sway ;
Her Idols to the Bats disdainful hurl'd,
The prelude to a renovated world !

Soul reverenced men ! receive th' applauding strain,
Which kings and conquerors might desire in vain.
To you, a distant brother leads the song,
Which thousands join, in chorus loud and long.
'Mid climes that never heard Messiah's praise,
Aspire the Standard of the Cross to raise,
With new delight, proclaim their ransom near ;
Go ! and a Temple to your Maker rear !
Whilst there are lands, and tribes, that countless be,
Who never joy'd to hear our jubilee ;
Who never knew the Christian's rich repast,
Pardon and Peace, and hope of Heaven at last,
Strive in the glorious conflict undismay'd,
March boldly, in supernal strength array'd ;
Still fearless on the Word of Promise rest,
And trust the more for doubts that haunt your breast.

Where is the generous fire, the spirit gone,
That once in Cranmer glow'd, in Luther shone ?
Shall petty sights alone attract our eye,
The rise and fall of mortal majesty —
Kingdoms and men, that, in perpetual round,
Blaze and expire ? Shall these our prospects bound,
And not *your cause* — the glory of our age,
(Grandest of all which human thoughts engage !)
Awake our highest interests, hopes and fears,
The heart that vibrates, and the tongue that cheers ?
Those who, beyond the present, see combined,
The mighty FUTURE, trampling *time* behind,
Feel, with still kindling warmth, in every vein,
Ardour to burst the Heathen's mental chain —
To waft to them our pearl of matchless price,
And wider throw the Gates of Paradise,
Where is this Spirit ? Lo ! she lives and reigns !
Now we behold her, not 'mid ravaged plains,
Where Demons scream for blood, but on thy shore,
Oh ! Albion, dear, my Country, evermore
Loftiest of nations ! With proud garlands crown'd,
Sending the TRUTH wherever man is found.
Go on, triumphant ! spreading Life and Light !
Check not the Courser with the Goal in sight !
May you who wage the warfare with the foe ;
May you who nobly of your wealth bestow ;
May you whose hearts implore, that Heaven would shield
The tender germ from storms, and increase yield,
Strive in your different ways, more prayerful be ;
Not fainting, you secure the victory.

Once more, from sickening scenes that strike my view,
Good men, and great, refresh'd, I turn to you.
The Star of Bethlehem, from night profound,
Emerges fair, with sun-like splendors crown'd ;

Vision on vision kindling I survey,
'Till with o'erpowering beam it dies away.
And can it be that who the brunt sustain
Should call aloud for aid, yet call in vain ?
Bent by the weight, you arduous burdens bear,
The field is vast, but Labourers few are there.
Amazed, the Powers of Darkness stand and feel
Their temples tottering, while their idols reel,
And shall the Valiant strive, and only hear
Voices from friends far off that feebly cheer ?
With such a prize in view, in such a fight,
May kindred souls spontaneous spring to light,
Sent, and endued with graces from above,
Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove,
Proud to support your hands, and to extend,
O'er boisterous seas, to earth's remotest end,
Salvation, tidings of the Sinner's Friend.

Again, farewell ! and, Oh ! while thus you preach
Of Faith, and Righteousness, in every speech,
And your whole walk confirms the truths you teach,
Fearless, the path pursue, though men revile,
On which th' Almighty smiles, and *still will smile.*
Confusion them shall follow, whilst our eyes
Shall see the Tree of God's own planting rise ;
Wide shall it spread, and adverse storms disdain,
Fed by Heaven's dew, and nourish'd with his rain ;
And let all cry — WHEREVER SHINES THE SUN,
THY KINGDOM COME, O LORD ! THY WILL BE DONE !

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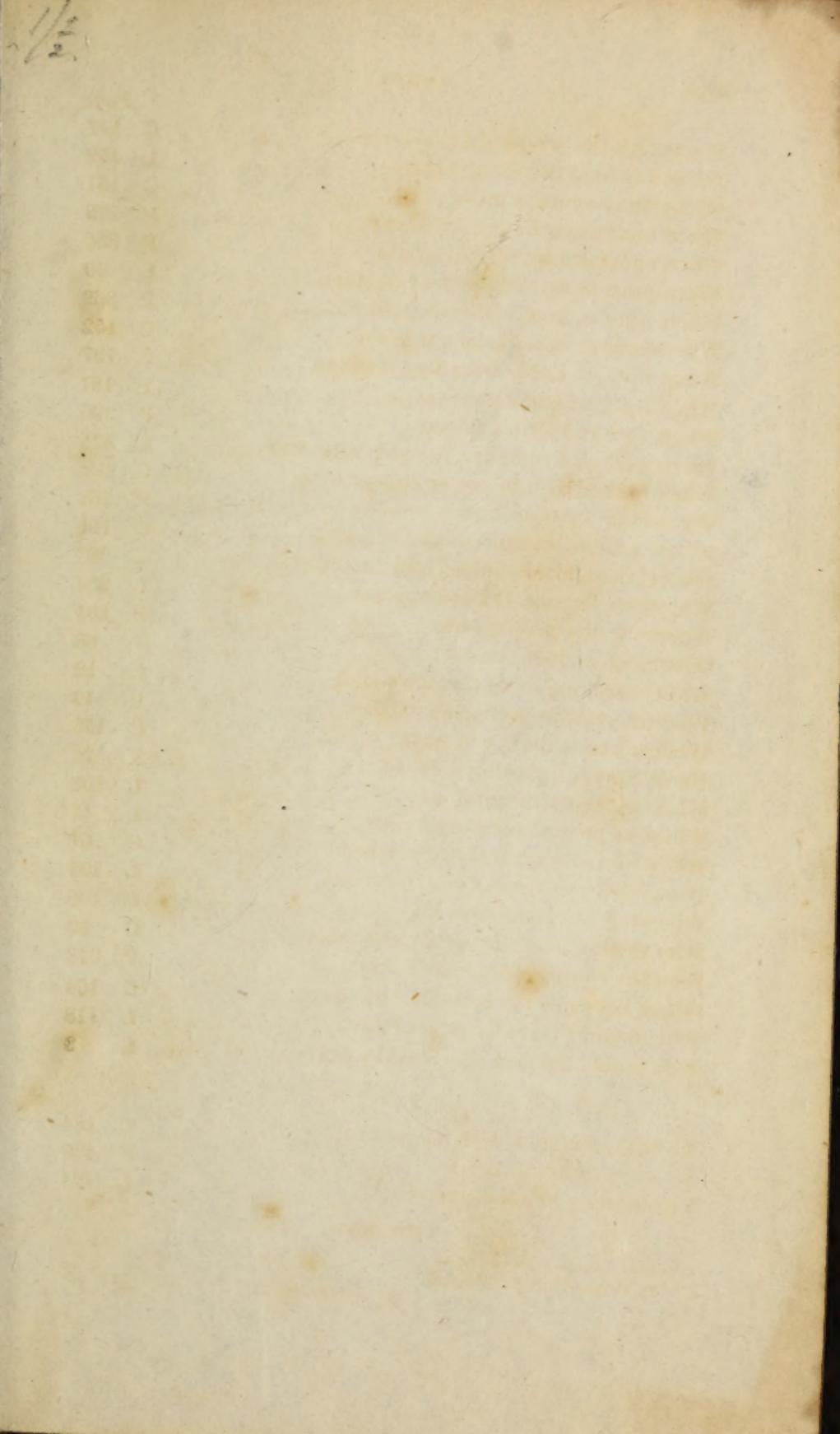
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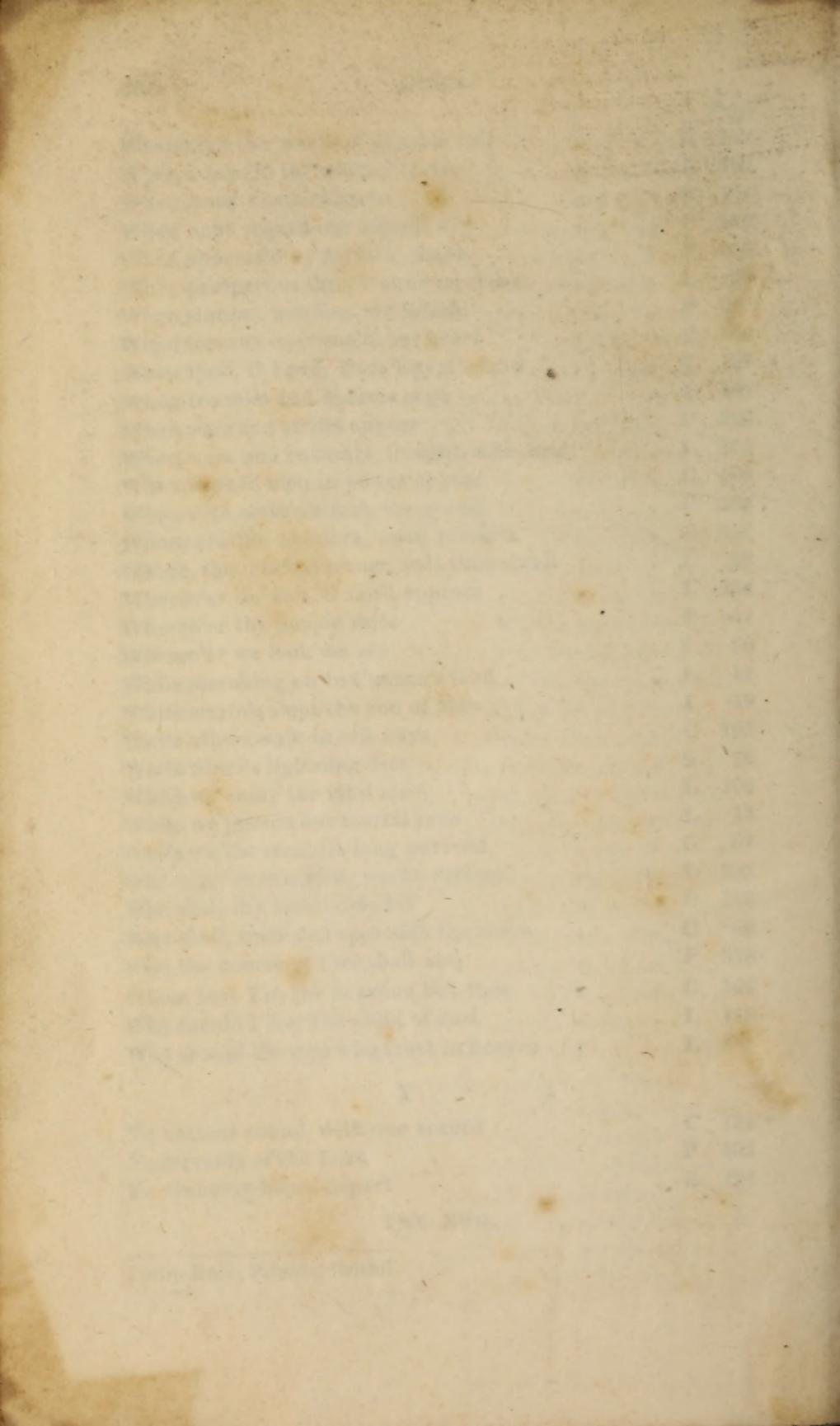
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Hughes
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